

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW

NUMBER 32

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Interviews: **ANDREW J. OFFUTT**
ORSON SCOTT CARD

YOU GOT NO FRIENDS IN THIS WORLD
BY ORSON SCOTT CARD

*Poul
Anderson*

*Elton T.
Elliott*

*Alan Dean
Foster*

*Michael
Moorcock*

*Darrell
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Tucker*

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NEW BOOK LISTS



SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW

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LAST ENTRY

7-10-79: I have a copy of GALAXY (June/July, 1979...Vol.39, No.10) courtesy Elton Elliott who picked one up for me in Salem. I see my first book review column is in print. I note that my reviews of THE HORROR ON THE BEACH by Alan Dean Foster, and THE ADVENTURES OF FAT FREDDY'S CAT #4 by Gilbert

Sheldon were not used, probably because Hank wants science fiction reviewed. I'll use them in the next SFR.

I note also that I'm listed on the masthead as Contributing Editor. That's a nice honorary title and I appreciate Hank bestowing it on me. Errr...Hank...I don't have to do any w-work for it, do I? WHAT? Include Alter-Ego in the book review column? Let him rant and rave?

Oh.... Uh-huh.... Well, if you put it that way.... Sure, he's around here somewhere....

"I'm here, Geis! Hank Stine wants ME to review books for GALAXY? Smart man. Now--"

WE will share the column, Alter! Remember that. beginning with the scheduled Nov/Dec 1979 issue.

"You're nothing without me, Geis! Nothing!"

Go outside and play, Alter. Maybe a piece of Skylab will fall on you.

7-11-79 Geis to Skylab: Haw! You missed me!

ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS, NEW AND OLD, ARE HONORED AND FULFILLED ON AN ISSUES NUMBER BASIS.

Next Issue.....

AN INTERVIEW WITH CHARLES SHEFFIELD

"A WRITER'S NATURAL ENEMY: EDITORS" BY GEORGE R.R. MARTIN
"NOISE LEVEL" BY JOHN BRUNNER

PLUS A CARLOAD OF REVIEWS, LETTERS AND MORE GEIS THAN YOU MAY BE ABLE TO TAKE.

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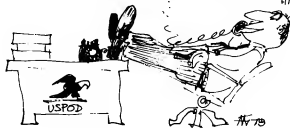
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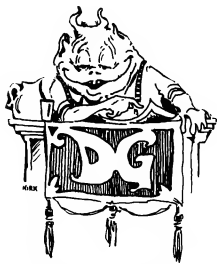
SAVE A HASSLE AND EXTRA EXPENSE

IF YOU MOVE WE NEED YOUR FORMER ZIPCODE AND YOUR NEW COMPLETE ADDRESS.

LISTEN, HARRY... AFTER WE GO TO THE TEN DIGIT ZIPCODES, THERE'S THIS NUT IN PORTLAND, OREGON, WHO COLLECTS OLD ZIPCODES! ... YEAH, ... YOU GOT IT... EMPT THE WAREHOUSES RIGHT ON HIS FRONT LAWN!



ALIEN THOUGHTS



BY THE EDITOR

4-13-79 There is beginning to be a glimmer of unwelcome truth to the theory that as we become subject to more and more complicated technology in energy, transportation, and food, we also become victims of the consequences of the occasional breakdown of that ubiquitous technology.

And since there is so much applied technology around, the breakdowns come more often. And because of tie-ins and interdependencies, the breakdowns can often be more widespread and more damaging to the affairs of mere humans.

There wasn't a single person killed by the Three Mile River nuclear accident...but about 50,000 people were scared enough to disrupt their lives by voluntarily evacuating the area. And commerce was severely hurt.

A power outage nowadays can leave anywhere from a neighborhood to a whole national region in the dark, helpless, for hours---or days.

We have yet to be seriously affected by a serious crop failure, but it will happen---and suddenly all those millions upon millions of people who depend on a long chain of events and other people to keep food on store shelves will find the shelves bare.

The longer the chain of technology and services---the more vulnerable we are.

And I think we are beginning to see how fragile that chain really is.

"Fail-safe" systems...back-up systems...emergency back-up systems...abruptly become junk, unusable, dangerous to use.

The experts---were wrong. Technology is turning vicious on us. And it just might be that the price of our high-energy, high-consumption life may be too high.

Do you ever feel like a captive? A slave? You pay high utility rates to build a 'safe' nuclear power plant...and when it has an accident and will require perhaps billions more to either repair it or shut it down...you will be billed for it, and billed for the extra cost of the needed power required while the nuclear plant is out of commission. Insult added to injury.

And I suspect the insults and injuries will be coming along with increasing frequency---because so much of our serving-us technology is in the hands of owners and managers who have a strong interest in cutting costs at the expense of greater risk of breakdowns.

We are indeed trapped in this web of oversold, vulnerable, fragile technology.

I am not advocating a return to self-sufficiency farms...candlelight, horse-drawn plows, handlooms and etc. [This may come, mind you, but only after we so exhaust the mineral wealth of this planet that our mass production culture and society break down because of cost and lack of materials.]

What I am advocating is decentralization of power networks and long-chain food networks. I'd like to see more autonomy by region and state...even county and city, in basic life-support systems.

I know the drawbacks to this---higher costs and so-called duplication of systems. Tell that to the citizens of the midwest and northeast, where already their electricity bills and fuel bills are making diesel generators in the home a way of saving money on electricity and where wood-burning stoves are less expensive than oil-burning furnaces.

Very soon now---a year or two---and we'll see \$1 a dozen eggs, \$1. a pound tomatoes....\$5. a pound meat.

Already home vegetable gardens are becoming an important way to save on food costs. As long-chain commercial food costs escalate due to labor, packaging and transportation cost increases, local food will be competitive. I expect to see public markets spring up where local gardeners sell their produce from tabletops and small roofed stalls. I expect to see local gardeners begin to specialize in one crop, for sale at the local public market.

It's coming. And the sooner the better.

The books have been pouring in, and I consider it a duty and obligation to list them, for your benefit as readers who want to know what is available (or soon will be), and for my conscience's sake, since I can't read/review or publish reviews by others of all of the output by publishers.

RECEIVED

AN OLD FRIEND OF THE FAMILY by Fred Saberhagen. Ace, \$1.95, June, 1979. Note: Advance copy. Original. Present-day vampire novel.

THE END OF SUMMER---S-F of the 50's. Edited by Barry Malzberg & Bill Pronzini. Ace, \$1.95, June, 1979. Ten story anthology with Introduction, story Afterwords by the editors. This book is part of the AN-ALOG series.

RULE GOLDEN by Damon Knight. Avon 43636, \$2.25, 1979. Collection of five previously published s-f novellists.

MIND SONG by Joan Cox. Avon 43638, \$2.25. Original s-f novel.

HELL SEED by Colin Peel. St. Martin's, \$8.95, May, 1979. Hardcover s-f novel. First published in Great Britain in 1978.

THE MAKESHIFT GOD by Russell M. Griffin. Dell 16219, \$1.95, 1979. Original s-f novel.

THE FOURTH "R" by George O. Smith. Dell 13419, \$1.75, 1979. S-f novel first published in 1959.

NIGHTMARE EXPRESS by Isidore Haimblum. Fawcett Gold Medal, \$1.95, July, 1979. Original s-f novel.

UNIVERSE 9 Edited by Terry Carr. Doubleday, \$7.95, 1979. Nine original s-f stories.

HELLO, LEMURIA, HELLO by Ron Goulart. DAW UMI451, \$1.50, 1979. Original s-f satire---A Jake (invisible agent) Conger adventure.

MESSENGERS OF DARKNESS (MAGIRA III) by Hugh Walker. DAW UMI452, \$1.50, 1979. First published in Germany, 1976. Translated by Christine Priest. Fantasy.

THE DOOR INTO SUMMER by Robert A. Heinlein. Signet E8574, \$1.75. Reprint s-f novel. First published in 1956.

THE TOLKIN QUIZ BOOK by Bart Andrews. Signet E8525, \$1.75, 1979. Non-fiction. Original.

BLACK HOLES Edited by Jerry Pournelle. Fawcett 2-3962-4, \$1.95, 1978, 1979. S-f anthology: four articles, three poems, and ten stories.

UNEARTH Winter, 1979. S-f magazine, edited by Jonathan Ostrowsky-Lantz. \$2. POB 776, Cambridge, MA 02139.

THE GREAT SF STORIES #1: (1939)
Edited by Isaac Asimov and Martin
H. Greenberg. DAW UEL454, \$2.25,
1979. Twenty-story anthology.

MASTERS OF THE PIT or BARBARIANS OF
MARS by Michael Moorcock. UWL450,
\$1.50, 1979. S-f novel originally
published under the pen-name of Ed-
ward P. Bradbury, 1965.

MORTAL GODS by Jonathan Fast. Sig-
net E8573, \$1.75, 1979. First pub-
lished by Harper & Row, 1978. S-f
novel.

LETTER FROM WILSON BOB TUCKER
34 Greenbriar Drive
Jacksonville, IL 62650
May 8, 1979

'Cheers:

'I recommend to you the May/June
issue of BIBLICAL ARCHAEOLOGY REVIEW
for a very good (and provocative) ar-
ticle entitled "The Hebrew Origins of
Superman".

'James K. Brower, the author,
strongly suggests that Superman is
of ancient Hebrew origin, having
been invented at the city of Megiddo
in the late 10th century BC.

'He traces the name itself from
its root "spr" which he says was
pronounced "sopher" or "supher" and
which was the name for a male scribe,
i.e. sopher-man. A man who could
read and write in that day was con-
sidered by the townsfolk and the
peasantry to be a magician, or at
least a man with mystical and magi-
cal powers.

'Brower also offers an answer
to the mystery of the rooms, six of
them, found in the Megiddo gate-
house. Most scholars are divided on
the nature of those rooms, some
holding them to be stables while
others claim they were storerooms.
After tracing the rise of the Super-
man myth in Megiddo, Brower shows
those six mysterious rooms to be
telephone rooms (booths in modern
American folklore.)

'Well, sir, it was an education.'

*((I would think the nature of those
rooms to be obvious: they had to
have been official publications
offices where "sopherman" worked
on manuscripts and regulations and
various word-control projects. Any
guild always tries to keep its look
on the "secrets" of its power.*

*((Where does this leave Gilga-
mesh?))*

LETTERS I NEVER FINISHED READ-
ING DEPT.

'Dear Sir:

It is my pleasure to

inform you that our Technical Selec-
tion Committee has chosen you for
inclusion in the 1979 Edition of
WHO'S WHO IN TECHNOLOGY TODAY.

'This distinctive reference
publication, which is compiled
and edited by scientists, engi-
neers and technologists, includes
the names and biographical sketch-
es of those individuals who have
contributed most to the advance-
ment of technology during the
past year.'

Hoog. I can hear Jerry Pour-
nelle laughing his head off.

4-18-79 To my utter astonishment,
Times Litho delivered SFR #31 to
our door yesterday---four days
after they'd picked up the copy.

I called to express my croggle-
ment and pleasure, and was told
that a job had been delayed, so
they slipped SFR into the slot a-
head of schedule.

It usually takes then up to
ten days.

So I'll probably be able to get
the issue into the mails a couple
days early.

The job that was delayed, I'm
sure, was a section of OREGON MAGA-
ZINE, which has been going around
in circles with the CIA lately,
because an ex-CIA agent who lives
in Oregon wrote an article entitl-
ed, "I Was Idi Amin's Basketball
Czar."



The CIA wants an additional 16
words cut from the humorous article,
and the magazine's editor has balked.
All this in page-one news cov-
erage in Oregon...which must have
made the CIA and the administration
back off. Latest word is that Tim-
es Litho is running off the last
section (containing the article) and
the mag will be distributed as usual.

As is often the case, the pub-
licity will have hyped the sales
and many more people than normal
will read the article and will be
speculating on which are the 16
words.

Anyway, you have to thank the
CIA for the appearance of SFR a
few days earlier than usual.

A letter I DID read all the way
through was sent by Hank Stine two
days ago. Full text follows.

LETTER FROM THE ELM CORPORATION
Two Sunlife Executive Park,
Suite 175,
Wellesley Hills, MA 02181
Phone: 617-237-5216

April 1, 1979

'TO: GALAXY MAGAZINE WRITERS, AR-
TISTS AND OTHER EDITORIAL CONTRIBU-
TORS

'Recently this company assumed
a substantial financial position
in Universal Publishing and Distri-
buting Corporation and its subsid-
iaries, one of which publishes GAL-
AXY magazine. Our plan is to work
with Universal and assist it in
honoring its financial obligations.
As senior secured creditor and lien
holder, we have resolved many of
Universal's debts.

'Much has been accomplished,
all of it on an individual creditor
basis and, quite frankly, at a very
sharply discounted basis. However,
Arnold Abramson, president of Uni-
versal, made it a condition of the
agreement with us that all the writ-
ers, artists and other editorial
contributors to GALAXY magazine
were to be paid in full. Mr. Abram-
son insisted that he had a deep com-
mitment to individual writers and
their association and that we must
honor that commitment. We finally
agreed on the condition that pay-
ments to writers et al would be
made over a period of time.

'We are outlining below the
schedule by which we plan to pay
all such obligations. The amount
due you is shown on the bottom of
this letter so you can quickly de-
termine how long it will take to
pay you out in full. If the amount
shown does not agree with your re-
cords, please contact Universal
directly in order to resolve your
record and theirs. Until such time
as Universal advises us different-

ly, we will regard the time that you as shown herein, but we recognize always the possibility of an error in fact or calculation.

'Also, should there be any individual hardship situation, we will make every effort to cooperate. In those circumstances please contact Arnold Abramson directly.

'The schedule for payments is as follows:

Amount Due	Payment Period
Under \$100.00	3 months
(approx.)	
\$100. to \$300.	12 months
\$300. or more	24 months

'The first payment is included with this letter, and subsequent payments will be made monthly.

'Now as to our plans for the magazine. In an effort to broaden its editorial base and appeal, GALAXY will publish on a bi-monthly frequency with a new editorial format commencing with the June issue. The editor is Henry (Hank) Stine, who will operate from his office in Baton Rouge, Louisiana. His address is 2661 North Boulevard, Baton Rouge, LA 70806. Hank Stine's first issue will be May/June. Payment for material for the new GALAXY is now being made on acceptance. Acceptance is regarded by Mr. Stine as the date GALAXY goes to press.

'We have been advised by Universal that with few exceptions, the writers, artists and other editorial contributors to GALAXY have been extraordinarily cooperative and patient with respect to GALAXY's problems and that cooperation is directly related to this offer. We join Universal in thanking you for that kind of attitude.

'Sincerely,
THE ELM CORPORATION
S. John Loscocco
President'

((Hank sent a personal note saying: 'These along with let checks went out on lat. Haldeman already has copy.'))

Okay. Fine. Thanks to Hank for the copy of the two-page Elm letter. The 'Haldeman' referred to is Joe Haldeman, an officer of the Science Fiction Writers of America.

I write my column for GALAXY in exchange for SFR advertising, so no moneys are due me.

The May/June issue should be on the stands by the time you read this.

RECEIVED

THE BUG WARS by Robert L. Asprin.
St. Martin's, \$8.95, 1979. Original s-f novel.

MATURITY by Theodore Sturgeon. Published by the Minnesota Science Fiction Society, POB 2128, Loop Station, Minneapolis, MN 55402. Cost: \$12.50 + \$1. for postage and handling.

Three-story collection plus author bibliography by Dennis Lien with help from Jayne Sturgeon. Interior illustrations by James R. Odibert. Jacket art by Rick Sternbach. 750 copy edition. Hardback.

JANISSARIES by Jerry Pournelle. Ace, \$6.95, 1979. Original s-f novel. Profusely illustrated by Bermejo. Trade paperback format.

GOD MEANT
THERE TO BE
SUCKERS



LETTER FROM DON NELSON
812 Queen Avenue, North
Minneapolis, MN 55411
May 12, 1979

'I don't think you need to worry (yet) about government censoring of magazines, books, or whatever that are distributed via computer. For a couple of reasons.

'1. The technology is growing at such a rate that I don't know of anyone that feels they can keep up with the current state-of-the-art. Including one person that is the manager of a computer store. If they see a new product announced and order it, there is a good chance

that by the time it arrives there will be a new, faster, cheaper version available.

'As a result, you can't predict the form that distribution will take. Centralized distribution (which is what you've been assuming by implication) is one method. Another is to distribute chips, just as books are distributed now.

'The computer and electronics field abound in rumors. One that I have heard recently is that Texas Instruments expects to be able to market a chip that holds about 5 million words. That's English words, not computer words. The cost would be about \$5, retail. Maybe less.

'With costs like that, it would be relatively simple (if that is a static memory) to distribute chip copies of books or magazines at a price commensurate with what paper and printing costs are likely to be. Especially since you can (if desired) put a half-dozen copies of MOTE (for example) on one chip.

'The Exidy Sorcerer (that's a brand name for a particular personal computer) has the basic approach that would be used already implemented. You plug in a cartridge, just as you plug in an 8-track cassette. Except that it's a chip in there.

'Considering costs of equipment, it might be as easy for you (taking a wild example) to buy yourself a ROM burner and send out copies of the magazine. Just like now, with not much (if any) more work than having it printed.

'Censorship, when that sort of distribution is practical, is a difficult proposition. Always possible, of course, but difficult.

'2. Centralized distribution will be too difficult to monitor. As with the post office, investigation is likely to be done primarily after receipt of a complaint.

'I work on a large, time-sharing system. Actually, it's 2 systems (soon to grow to 3), and sharing of information between systems is one of the problems we've got. There are over 1100 ports, altogether. As a matter of fact, now that I think of it, there are probably over 1200, as we've been adding at the rate of about 100 each month.

'One of the features of the system are notefiles. In a notefile, you can write something and store it. Others can read it and (if they desire) respond. Access to the notefiles is limited and under the control of the person 'owning' the file. You can, if you wish, say that anyone can read, write and/or respond.

'It is possible for some of the system staff to write a program that will allow someone WITHOUT proper access to read a notefile. There is no such program at present. And there isn't likely to be. Despite the fact that notefiles could get the company (Control Data, incidentally) in trouble with the FCC (among others).

'There's a simple reason: There are a LOT of notefiles.

'I have access to a handful, and am interested in only a subset of those. Yet, it takes me about .5 hour to 1.5 hours per day to keep up in the ones in which I AM interested.

'Review and censorship would require a staff that would be unmanageably large. Unless you REALLY WANT to censor things. And the cost would be large enough that it would be difficult to hide in a government budget, somewhere.

'Come to think of it, there's a third reason why you might not have to worry.

'There is no reason to believe that distribution will be from a single computer (or computer system) even if it is centralized.

'Most such transfer would probably occur over the phone lines. If you restrict access based on payment (all done electronically, of course), you simply publicize the phone number to call.

'It might even be possible to set up something so that the "average" user can put in such a restriction and billing procedure. In which case you (getting back to specific examples) would just put in a phone line, add the restriction package (at a small fee), and spread the word.

'Naturally, actual events may be quite a bit different than any of the above. There are various other factors involved, the primary one being the involvement (or otherwise) of the federal government. Or state governments, or whatever.

'Not in the form of censorship, but as controls. As I mentioned, Control Data might currently be in violation of FCC regulations through the Communication Act. Frankly, I don't know, and no-one else (including the FCC) seems to know, either. There are various other communications, copyright, trade (it is interstate commerce), etc. laws and regulations that could bollix things up.

'I think you can wait 5 years, and THEN start worrying about specifics.'

(*"Sigh" I will have to wait, of course, for the shape of things to come to come. But I also have great faith in the ability/need of government anal-retentive types to control people, events, thoughts... "Uncontrolled" communication among people gives a large number of certain personality types the galloping golly-wobbles. They get itchy palms, get short of breath, feel dizzy, get ill, all sorts of things happen to them if they cannot control various forms of the nation's sphincters. To get their way they will raise up all kinds of evils that go on if people are free to do as they wish. Freedom is a disease to the anal-retentives---and they have an imperative drive to destroy it.*)



4-24-79 *Sob* *Snuffle* I just read in the paper that ABC has not renewed BATTLESTAR GALACTICA for the next TV season.

Low ratings.

Why low ratings? Because the program was a juvenile, bland, unimaginative (beyond the first long episode) western-in-space, and then it started to limp into a soap-opera-in-space.

The reason all these science fiction TV series fail is because of the limitations of TV programming: no sex content, no violence content and no idea content. By sex I don't mean tit-and-ass; I mean examinations of alternate sex codes, alternate sexes, alternate sexual plumbing in aliens or androids...

The dictum that is Prime in TV is DON'T OFFEND! But s-f is inherently going to offend if it is presented in pure, unadulterated form. S-f is subversive! It cracks closed minds. It lets ideas in! It shows a multitude of societies and creatures! It shows other moralities built on other priorities.

Science fiction on TV cannot be

allowed to do that. A TV show is presented to attract viewers so they can be shown advertising. Too much viewer excitement or anger or thinking detracts from the effectiveness of the advertising!

STAR TREK used up all the good, safe s-f ideas and situations, in its first year and a half. After that it started repeating itself and fell in the ratings and in the end was a parody of its first year.

Every s-f TV series since STAR TREK has been forced to cover the same ground, and has worn out its welcome sooner.

So, no long BATTLESTAR. You was a good ship but you ran out of gas.

RECEIVED

THE SECRET SEA by Thomas F. Monteleone. Popular Library 04404-7, \$1.75, 1979. Original s-f novel using Verne's Captain Nemo and the Nautilus.

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE by James Blish. Ballantine 28023, \$1.95, 1979 (first printing, Orig. published in 1953. S-f novel.) A classic.

MISSION TO MOULOKIN by Alan Dean Foster. Ballantine 27676, \$1.95, 1979. Original s-f novel. A sequel to ICERIGGER.

JANDRAX by Syd Logsdon. Ballantine 28185, \$1.75, 1979. Original s-f novel.

ALL JUDGEMENT FLED by James White. Ballantine 28025, \$1.75, 1979 (second printing). Originally published 1969. S-f novel.

THE QUESTOR TAPES by D.C. Fontana. Ballantine 28024, \$1.75, 1979 (Second printing). Based on the 1974 TV pilot film. S-f novel.

SORCERER'S SON by Phyllis Eisenstein. Ballantine 27642, \$1.95, 1979. Orig. fantasy novel.

LETTER FROM POUL ANDERSON
3 Las Palomas
Orinda, CA 94663
11 May 1979

'Ordinarily I don't reply to reviews of my work, whether favorable or otherwise. If a book can't speak for itself, there's no use in the author trying to do so post fact. However, Sandra Miesel's of THE AVATAR does require a few words from me, mainly an apology for including her name in the acknowledgments list of a book she detests.

'What happened was simply that, two or three years ago, in the course of correspondence she made some remarks she may have forgotten since, but which I remembered and which later helped my thinking about certain aspects of the story. It seemed only proper to give her credit. Needless to say, I had no idea she would loathe the novel, and much regret any distress that mention of her name may have caused her. I will try to have it removed from later editions.

'In self-defense, I must now add a bit more. First, about the matter of dialect, specifically Irish dialect. The fact of the matter is that the bias spoken in the western part of that country is so special to itself that English and American visitors often have trouble understanding it on first exposure. I think the supposition is not unreasonable that it, or something akin to it, may take over the entire nation in time, under the influence of an ongoing Gaelic revival -- especially if there is a time of troubles to diminish the vitality of the cities, as postulated in the story.

'My problem was how to represent it. Such turn-of-the-century writers as Kipling and Dunne attempted to write it phonetically, but this seemed rather extreme for my purposes. Yet I did want to try to convey a hint of it. My method, whether right or wrong, was to study various of the great Irish writers, such as O'Casey and Stephens, and model the dialect on what they had done. Then a friend who has spent a lot of time over there went through the manuscript and told me when it was getting too stacy.

'Incidentally, though Mrs. Miesel is of course right about the ancient association of bards and Druids, I don't believe it was always an identity -- and in any event, in modern parlance the former word has the meaning usual, elsewhere. And nowhere in the story is it even suggested that the Sidhe were ever anything but a legend, though the Others did make use of it as they did of various legends throughout this planet.

'On a more personal level, I am a bit shocked to see myself represented as having set up shop as the Larry Flynt of science fiction. Certainly THE AVATAR does not preach libertinism, or anything else for that matter, any more than, say, A MIDSUMMER TEMPEST preaches royalism, or "The Pugilist" Communism, or "Eutopia" pederasty, and so on for a long list. When I preach, I do so in my own name. My characters speak and act for themselves.

'My attempt here was merely to deal with certain personality types and relationships that are common enough in real life and always have been. (If Lester del Rey thinks such women exist only in adolescent fantasies, as his review in ANALOG implied, I feel sorry for him.) True, that wasn't strictly necessary to the plot, but then, aren't we supposed to get away from the bare-bones pulp tradition? All the critics tell me so. Many of our most respected science fiction writers have brought quite a quantity and variety of sexual situations into their work; Olaf Stapledon, Theodore Sturgeon, Philip Jose Farmer, Robert Heinlein, Arthur C. Clarke, Chelsea Quinn Yarbro, F.M. Busby ... the names could go on for quite a while, including even Larry Niven on occasion. Then why this violent objection to some ordinary heterosexual messing around, never particularly explicitly described and actually taking up only a small percentage of the text? Are only certain writers supposed to try to explore the infinite ways of love?

'Well, obviously Mrs. Miesel doesn't like my treatment of that motif, and there is no point in arguing about matters of personal taste. Be warned, everybody, the forthcoming fantasy novel, THE MERMAN'S CHILDREN, has much more of an erotic element in it, for the good and sufficient reason that that is part of the medieval folklore about the beings involved, on which the story is based. On the other hand, also forthcoming is A STONE IN HEAVEN, perfectly straightforward science fiction in the Hal Clement vein, except for the very mild interaction of two aging characters; and probably my next novel will be utterly different from any of the foregoing. At least, I hope so.

'To conclude a letter that has, after all, gotten pretty long, let me say most sincerely, that I'm not mad at anyone. It would be ridiculous to take an unfavorable review as a personal insult. Rather, I repeat my apology for a mistake that was entirely inadvertent.'



LETTER FROM DARRELL SCHWEITZER
113 Deepdale Road
Strafford, PA, 19087
April 29, 1979

'I'm sorry but I'm not going to drip gore all over your pages over the Gernsback/Moskowitz/Lowndes/Ackerman business. It would only make the print hard to read, and my blood might turn out to be so acid it would rot the paper away like newsprint.

'Moskowitz's attempt at psycho-analysing my motives from a distance is a dismal failure, as might be expected. My views on Gernsback are nowadays very close to orthodox, and I suspect only those older readers who were close to the Golden Age of Science Fiction (i.e. 12) during the late 20s or early 30s are left to defend him. When that generation dies off there may be no one, or then again his reputation may be rehabilitated, since posthumous acclaim often works that way.

'Gernsback, like Shakespeare, may come out of eclipse, but I rather doubt it. I suspect in the long run old Hugo the Rat (as Lovecraft called him after being shamefully treated by AMAZING) will be seen only as a commercial influence. He created a kind of market, the specialised SF magazine, as opposed to the more general magazine or book publisher which occasionally bought SF (or frequently, in the cases of WEIRD TALES, ARGOSY, THRILL BOOK, etc.). Beyond that his impact on the field, especially on how science fiction was written was wholly negative.

THIS FANZINE
ADVOCATES BIRTH
CONTROL FOR
CRITICS



RETROACTIVITY, OF COURSE

'By shoddy editorial practices he drove off some of his potentially best contributors. He lowered the standards of SF as far as they could possibly go and still have sentences (or fragments of sentences, or ungrammatical lumps) on the page.

'By the example of his own work, especially RALPH 124C41', he burdened the field with the convention that everything was to be explained and footnoted in great lengths of gobbledeygook and wiring diagrams. This is hardly an advancement of the narrative art. SF writers really didn't overcome this handicap until John Campbell's day. Had Gernsback been a writer of some ability, or an editor with any sort of literary vision, much of the "revolution" of the early 1940s might not have been necessary.

'Whether or not Gernsback approved of women writing SF is practically irrelevant. My source for the statement made in the Vinge interview was Leslie Stone herself, not a printed speech or article, but something she said on an Old Timer's panel at a Lunacon a few years back. It is possible that I misremembered, and she said Campbell. If so, then let the truth be known, and something worthwhile will come out of all this.

'The point actually being made by the interview question is that cases of editors refusing to buy stories because they are by women have always been very rare. If it was Campbell and not Gernsback, the point stands, and the whole interview is hardly invalidated. (JWC was publishing C.L. Moore by July, 1939.)

'The overdefensiveness of Moskowitz, Ackerman and Lowndes merely shows us when they reached the Golden Age of Science Fiction. I don't know if any of them know me well enough to know I've been around long enough to realise that one can't build much of a reputation as fandom's leading hatchet man. Anyone who tries to draw attention to himself that way will get attention, but not for very long. There's no better example of a foundation of sand.

'If somebody has not contributed anything of his own, but just knocked down a few reputations, well... case in point: Does anyone remember Jeff Glencannon?

'Another instance: I got a lot of congratulatory mail after the Malzberg affair, and at every convention I went to for the next year and a half or so complete strangers would come up to me, shake my hand, and thank me for what I had done. But they don't anymore, and few people I've met remember it. So much for being fastest gun in the West.

And I prefer to keep it that way, which is why I'd rather not start a feud with Moskowitz, Lowndes and Ackerman. I'll stand corrected if it was Campbell and not Gernsback. Why don't we ask Leslie F. Stone?

'I'm also glad Charles Platt made the facts known about NEW WORLDS. However, 500 subscribers, rather than 250 is still pretty pathetic for a professional magazine, and I don't see how it changes my statement that NW couldn't have been in very good shape at the period in question. (However, NW wasn't the only magazine in such straits. Subscription copies of FANTASTIC were hand addressed. Imagine the crap you'd get, Dick, if you had to write out each address of each SFR reader by hand.) I'd think 20,000 subscribers at the very least would be required to keep a fully professional magazine healthy.

'NEW WORLDS remains a classic example of what happens when a magazine starts publishing material which is of interest to only the tiniest handful of readers. Actually, I think they would have done better to have started a new magazine altogether, lest they lose additional readers when people interested in that sort of thing not buy NW because the title was that of a science fiction magazine which had been around for a while. You would get the same result by turning Ellery Queen's into a little literary quarterly without changing the title.

'Michael K. Smith's letter is inadvertently very amusing. He's certainly the first person to insist I am too argumentative in my interviews! Normally people complain that I'm too passive, letting the interviewee lead the conversation and all, and the result is bland. A few issues back in ALGOL there was some reader discussion on the subject and Andy Porter, who doubtless saw the humor of the situation, published right next to each other two letters, one of which complained that my interviews were too scattershot, showing that I obviously had no plan and made everything up as I was going along. The second insisted that I was obviously adhering much too rigidly to pre-set questions.

'The truth of the matter is that I agree with Smith entirely that the thing to do in an interview is to get the person talking, then not interfere. The reader is interested in what the interviewee has to say, not the interviewer. If they were interested in the interviewer, somebody would be interviewing him, or else he'd be writing an article.

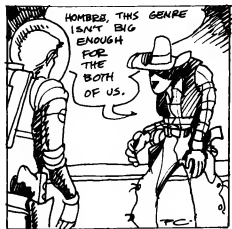
'So I enter into my own interviews only enough to get the person talking and keep them going. I'll also follow any interesting train of thought that comes up for as far as it will go. This is why the prepared questions method doesn't work. You can't go where the flow of the conversation is normally headed. The ideal interview subject is someone like Alfred Bester, who is naturally loquacious and will be interesting all by himself at great length with a minimum of prodding.

* * *

'Other matters: Prithee announce or let Elton Elliott announce that I will be reviewing small press magazines and fanzines for GALAXY in alternating columns. Obviously I'm making a clear distinction between the two types. A "small press magazine" is professional in everything but circulation.'

((Welcome to the club, Darrell.

((Being a hatchet man in fandom is okay, if in the muckraking tradition. God knows there is a lot of dirty linen in fandom and prodrom and publishing to keep at least one dedicated head-hunter occupied. But the hatchet must strike a legitimate target.))



LETTER FROM ROBERT A.W. LOWNDES
717 Willow Avenue
Hoboken, NJ 07030
May 9, 1979

'All thanks for running my letter in Issue #31. Unfortunately, I left out one word, or put in the wrong word, as the case may be. What I meant to say was that "Out of the Void", was Leslie F. Stone's first accepted story, as she told me in a letter, rather than the first

to be published. Old Hugo was the acceptor in both instances, but he got "Men with Wings" into print a month earlier than his successor at AMAZING STORIES managed to do with the short novel. So Forry Ackerman's date of July, 1929, for the first story published is the correct one: AIR WONDER STORIES, on sale June, 1929.

'I might add that, no matter what science fiction critics and fans may say, Hugo Gernsback's reputation remains solid among electronics hobbyists, etc. The October 1979 issue of RADIO ELECTRONICS will be a big, special 50th Anniversary issue, and I shall feel honored indeed, to be on the masthead of that number, even under the lowly title of Production Associate. I'll have a hand in editing some of the special mss., and just finished going over a 50-year survey by a former editor. (At times, he forgets that the magazine was dated one month ahead, so I did have some research to do in order either to correct a date or make it clear that he's talking about, say, a June issue rather than the month of June.)

'But, as I've noted elsewhere, the downgrading of old HG in the science fiction field is a fad and eventually sensible people will get tired of it. You find the same phenomenon elsewhere: overestimation of a particular figure at one time, followed by a period of denigration, then a revival of esteem -- but usually in not so an exaggerated form as before. It's happening to Rudyard Kipling now.

'PS: In one way, I'm sorry to be seeing SFR less often, but on the whole I approve. Unless you were making big money on it, the bi-monthly schedule was just too much.'



5-1-79 The subject of today's sermon, fellow riders of the s-f space ship, is cheapshots.

For lo these many generations s-f fans and some pros in fanzines (and some conventions) have been carried away by enthusiasms and love of insult and ignorance into the areas of libel and slander.

Libel and slander are legal terms and they are increasingly being heard in the land of our love.

In days/years past when 'the family' was small and money was smaller, insult and gleeful vilification was permitted. It was accepted. It was punch and counter-punch. Give and take. In the case of fans with severe emotional problems---- they became quickly known and what they said was discounted.

But. Lately in s-f the audience has broadened and a lot of people are reading fanzines and going to conventions who aren't aware of the long-term permissive "rules" of our fragmenting world. They believe it all!

And s-f fans and pros are becoming less willing to take a lot of crap off other fans and pros, and less willing to shout back in print or at cons.

They see a lawyer. And some are going to court. There is a fan in the midwest who has written things about me which are actionable. I've ignored him. But he's got a warped sense of humor and indulges in other acts which I consider harassment.

No, I'm not going to see my lawyer. All that does is make lawyers richer. But the point is he thinks he's immune from punishment. He isn't. He's vulnerable as hell. And he should know it. And leave me the hell alone.

In other cases fans in fanzines and semiprozines (and fans who are also pros) have out-and-out libeled and slandered others. There have been two recent instances in SFR where I through ignorance and inattention and misjudgement allowed words to be printed which could have resulted in lawsuits.

To identify those items would only make worse the damage, so I can but say that from now on these pages will not be vehicles for attacks on the personal politics or morals or personal history of anyone.

Nor will I permit slurs upon a person's name and reputation which could damage his/her earning ability in the future.

What this comes down to, folk, is that the Work is fair game, but the person who created the Work is not subject to attack on a personal

level. Ideas can be challenged, but those who hold those ideas cannot be put down and smeared.

Not in SFR.

I'd appreciate it if every contributor to SFR kept this in mind. Be sensitized to the laws of libel and slander. We live in a world now in which fortunes are at stake, literally. And a tempting cheapshot at an easy target can be very damaging---to the target and to you.

We've had special privileges in s-f fandom and prodrom, but time has run out.

HUNG JURY,
HUNG WITNESSES
AND NOW, LEARNED
COUNSEL FOR THE
DEFENSE...



RECEIVED-----

HEGIRA by Greg Bear. Dell, \$1.75, 1979. Original s-f novel. Advance proof copy. Scheduled for June 14 publication.

THE MAN-EATERS OF CASCALON by Gene Lancour. Doubleday, \$7.95, 1979. Original s-f novel; 4th book of the Dirshan, The God-Killer saga.

HOLY WAR MicroGame #13, \$2.95. INVASION OF THE AIR-EATERS MicroGame #12, \$2.95.

Board games by Metagaming, POB 15346, Austin, TX 78761

SHOCK 1 by Richard Matheson. Berkeley 04095-x, \$1.95, 1979. Fantasy collection, first published in 1961 as SHOCK! 13 stories.

CHRONOPOLIS by J.G. Ballard. Berkeley 04191-3, \$2.25, 1979. S-f collection of 16 stories. First published in 1971. Previously published by Putnam's.

AND CHAOS DIED by Joanna Russ. Berkeley 04135-2, \$1.95, 1979. S-f novel originally published in 1970.

THE EARTH BOOK OF STORMGATE by Paul Anderson. Berkely 04090-9, \$2.25, 1979. Twelve-story collection that spans and completes the future history of the Polesotechnic League.

THE 1979 ANNUAL WORLD'S BEST SF edited by Donald A. Wohlheim. DAW UE 1459, \$2.25, 1979. Ten-story anthology, plus Introduction.

SAGA OF THE LOST EARTHS by Emil Petaja. DAW UJ1462, \$1.95, 1979. First published in 1966. This

volume includes THE STAR MILL; both are short novels.

SPACELING by Doris Piserchia. DAW UEL460, \$1.75, 1979. Original s-f novel.

CITY OF THE CHASCH-TSCHAL PLANET OF ADVENTURE by Jack Vance. DAW UEL461, \$1.75, 1979. Original s-f novel.

THE ILLUSTRATED ROGER ZELAZNY edited and adapted by Biron Preiss, illustrated by Gray Morrow. Ace Books 36525-6, \$2.50, 1979. First published in large size in 1978. Note: much of the color and impact are missing from this smaller edition.

BERSERKER MAN by Fred Saberhagen. Ace 05407-2, \$1.95, 1979. Original s-f novel. Lovely cover by Boris.

FOUR-DAY PLANET / LONE STAR PLANET by H. Beam Piper. Ace 24890-X, \$2.25, 1979. First published in 1961. Novel and novella.

THE VERY SLOW TIME MACHINE by Ian Watson. Ace 86190-3, \$1.95, 1979. Thirteen story s-f collection, first published in England.

THE UNIVERSE AGAINST HER by James H. Schmitz. Ace 84575-4, \$1.75, 1979. S-f novel first published in 1964. The first Telzey Amberdon novel.

THE WHITE DRAGON by Anne McCaffrey. Ballantine 25373, \$2.25, 1979. S-f Dragon novel, first published in paperback in 1978. Map by Porter, Dragonex (places, people, other info) by Wendy Glasser.

DUNGEONS OF KUBA by Graham Diamond. Playboy Press 16524, \$1.95, 1979. Original s-f novel. Cover and interior illos by Jose Gonzalez. Second volume of the Adventures of the Empire Princess series.

THE WEATHERMAKERS by Ben Bova. Charter (Grosset & Dunlap) 87690-0, \$1.95, 1979. S-f novel, previously published 1967 by Holt, Rinehart and Winston.

NEW VOICES II Edited by George R. R. Martin. Jove M4554, \$1.75, 1979. An s-f anthology made up of the Campbell Award nominees. Five stories, Preface by Martin, Introduction by Theodore Sturgeon.

RENAISSANCE by A.E. van Vogt. Pocket Books 81859-7, \$1.95, 1979. Original s-f novel.

ASTRA AND FLORINDIX by Seamus Cullen. Pocket Books 82256-X, \$1.95, 1979. An erotic fairytale first published by Pantheon in 1976. Not very erotic in my view.

THE CITY by Jane Gaskell. Pocket Books 82052-4, \$1.95, 1979. First published 1966 by St. Martin's Press. S-f novel. Volume four of the Atlan saga.

DESTINIES #3 April-June, 1979. Edited by James Baen. Ace 14277-X, \$2.25, 1979. S-f magazine in pb format.

ENDLESS UNIVERSE by Marion Zimmer Bradley. Ace 20661-1, \$1.95, 1979. S-f novel, expanded, revised from original version published in 1975.

HAMMER'S SLAMMERS by David Drake. Ace 31593-3, \$1.95, 1979. Seven-story collection about Alois Hammer and his mercenaries. Introduction by Jerry Pourmeille.

THE GODS OF BAL-SAGOTH by Robert E. Howard. Ace 29525-8, \$1.95, 1979. Collection of Howard stories, with one, "Nekht Semerkeht," completed or expanded by Andrew J. Offutt. I'm really not sure which stories are pure Howard and which are "collaborations" after his death.

SHIP OF STRANGERS by Bob Shaw. Ace 76098-8, \$1.95, 1979. Original s-f novel created from previously published short stories.

THE HOWARD COLLECTOR (By and About Robert E. Howard) Edited by Glenn Lord. Ace 34458-5, \$1.95, 1979. Stories, articles, letters, etc.

LEGACY OF THE STARS by John Gregory. Leisure Books 634, \$1.50, 1979. Original s-f novel.

WERENIGHT by Eric Iverson. Belmont Tower \$1.365, \$1.50, 1979. Original sword&sorcery novel.

JEM by Frederik Pohl. St. Martin's, \$10.00, 1979. Original s-f novel.

LETTER FROM HENRY LAZARUS
282-42-8689, US Army Dental Clinic
Mil Com Aschaffenburg
APO NY 09162
June, 1979

'I have been reading SFR for a while and enjoying it very much. silently. With Orson Scott Card's Roger Awards, I felt I had to write.

'Most of the Roger Awards were well deserved, in spite of heavy dump on BG. Surely there has been worse SF on television, but one was not. I refer to the Insult to Injury Award given to IA's SFM.

'I was working for George when Scott (as he prefers to be called) submitted a story. As I was the only one on the staff at that time still reading ANALOG (I read everything) and as I had mentioned to George several times how I felt the stories of Scott were getting very good and well worth reading, I was saddled with reading his submissions

I'm sure that at that time his best stuff was going to ANALOG. I'm also sure that he had several magazines on his list for submission below. In fact from the quality of that particular submission, the list must have included every other possible submission before it reached us. In short, it was a dog. As George would not let me write the rejection note the story deserved (he was a published author), my only recourse was to include the particular form letter Scott refers to in his award.

'At the time I worked for the mag it was not the policy to give the form letter describing how to write to published writers. I take full blame for the form letter to Scott, but I think it was deserved.

'Keep up the good work with SFR. In Germany it is very hard to keep up especially when the only book store, Stars and Stripes, is four to six months behind. SFR fills that need.'

LETTER FROM RONALD R. LAMBERT
2350 Virginia
Troy, MI 48084
May 9, 1979

'I have been thinking about your response to my condemnation of the later Gor novels. You said that probably the author was merely indulging his id. You implied that was no different from what you and others do in writing pornography.

FUCK COCK
FUCK COCK
FUCK COCK



SABERS, LASERS AND STARSHIPS

AN INTRODUCTION AND REVIEW OF SCIENCE FICTION
AND FANTASY WARGAMING

BY MIKE GILBERT

For those uninitiated into the madness of wargaming, an introduction is in order. No doubt you've seen games and miniature figures popping up in hucksters rooms. Perhaps you've even heard fannish-looking people mumbling about "dungeons" and wondered what it's all about. Well, wargaming fandom has been around for ages. Fletcher Pratt wrote a series of naval gaming rules which are still in use today, and many other science fiction authors have had an interest in military matters that is readily apparent in the stories they write. The SF-fantasy field was a slumbering giant, just waiting for gamers to hand it a club and start writing rules of combat for that giant to follow.

Almost all games can be seen as wargames in disguise, though a true wargame is best described as an attempt to simulate, as realistically as possible, a historic (or other) military encounter. This is done in one of two ways. The first is on a hex board where small marked counters represent large tactical units of troops, ships, armored units, etc. The board is printed with all kinds of topographical information. The second method is to game with miniature figures. These are usually 25mm. in height (although 15mm. is swiftly becoming the popular economy size). But no matter what the height of the figures or what historical period they cover, they are usually excellently sculpted and detailed and then are painted both as accurately and skillfully as the ability of the painter permits. Once dressed for action, they are assembled into historical units, usually at the ratio of one casting equals twenty actual men.

Where board games are most often fought on a printed board about the size of a Monopoly board, miniature games are fought on a table at least 4 x 8 feet in size, complete with in-scale forests, buildings, mountains, and all the trimmings. Besides these obvious differences in the basic set up, board gamers usually deal with large scale actions (a board could easily encompass all of Europe) while miniaturists, naturally enough, deal with small-scale actions involving comparatively small groups of men

(even though a typical unit might have 15,000 figures on the board). Suffice it to say, these differences kept the two types of gamers at each other's throats much as the New Wave controversy had everybody taking sides in Dick's magazine so many years ago.



BLACK HOLE

There were a lot of science fiction fans playing wargames even before the big Tolkien gaming fad hit. But that's when a whole new crop of SF gamers joined the crowd. Look at that! they said. Fantasy battles! And Conan, too! That was when a British figure company, Minifigs Ltd., released a new line of miniatures -- "Middle Earth" and "Sword and Sorcery". And all of a sudden these lines of figures were outselling the top ranges of the most popular wargaming figures (Napoleonics). There was something here that could definitely make money and so the field exploded. We now have science fiction/fantasy miniatures, board games, rules, and a curious cross breed: adventure gaming.

In board games, you'll find Heinlein's STARSHIP TROOPERS, Anderson's YTHRI, and many others. In miniatures, you'll find figures and rules for CONAN, TOLKIEN, H.B. PIPER's DOWN STYPHON, Norton's WITCHWORLD, STAR TREK, FALKENBERG's 42nd; you name it.

The cross breed began with the concept of "adventure gaming" starting with the popular DUNGEONS AND DRAGONS (which pitted a group of fantasy adventurers against a wizard's trap-laden tomb or the like). This game could be played with min-

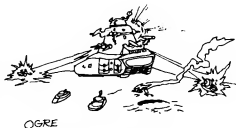
iatures or counters and could be as simple or complex as the players liked. This soon led to all the variations which fill the field today.

One of the best series of games to come along for people who would like to discover whether or not gaming is for them is: MICROGAMES by METAGAMING, Box 15346, Austin, TX, 78761. All the games are \$2.95 and consist of a small board, die cut counters, and simple yet realistic rules. These games are fast-moving with plenty of challenge, and they pretty well represent the whole spectrum of gaming.

METAGAMING also puts out a magazine, THE SPACE GAMER (6 issues for \$8.00; 12 issues for \$15.00) which contains articles about various games and projects.

Some of the latest MICROGAMES are:

BLACK HOLE -- Asteroid mining cartels battle on an asteroid constructed by someone else long ago. The main asteroid feature is a captive Black Hole, and all missiles, units, etc. are subject to the effects of the Black Hole's presence. Recommended.



WARPGAR -- The best introduction to space warfare, using ships with varying arms, speeds, and defensive capabilities, plus the added factor of movement through warps; some of the concepts are based on THE FOREVER WAR AND THE MOTE IN GOD'S EYE. Excellent.

OGRE -- Land warfare of the future; it's Laumer's BOLOS, Lapp's GOTTLOS, and more; see how these things really work. Recommended.

The last three games fit into the adventure gaming class. They could be played with miniatures (as could the above games, since they now make tanks, spaceships, etc.)

STOMP -- This features two large counters which are a giant's feet and a pack of elf and dwarf counters held captive in a garden. The giant attempts to, well, stomp the little buggers into the ground while they attempt to pin the giant's feet and trip him, amusing, fun, and very well done.

WICKS AND STONES -- Warfare in the Stone Age, at first, between villages armed with weapons appropriate to the times, and then moving on to all kinds of scenarios including a mastodon hunt; unusual but worthwhile.

MELÉE (THE FANTASY TRIP) -- This game is part of a series about single combat, historical or fantasy, before the age of gunpowder; the perfect introduction to gaming in all its forms.



MELÉE

In the future, I'll attempt to provide reviews of more MICROGAMES as well as other types of rules, figures, and games on the market.

ALIEN THOUGHTS CONTINUED

'Now, personally, I have no use for pornography. Dutch Elm Disease is, I think, a more valid reason for trees to die. But I do recognize that we all indulge our ids at one time or another, in one way or another. So it is not the indulging of the id, per se, that I object to in the later Gor novels. What I really object to is something different and far more important.

'John Norman (alias Lange -- and I thank Elton T. Elliott for clearing that up for me) violates what I hold to be the fundamental first rule of fiction: that fiction must tell the truth in the broad sense.

'I do not mean by this that fiction writers should write parables about eternal verities. All I mean is that fiction writers should not lie about eternal verities. That is what John Norman (Lange) does in the later Gor novels. He lies about human nature, lies about female psychology and sexuality, lies about right and wrong.

'I take exception to the notion that this is a mere indulging of the id. It is more than that. To call a spade a spade, I think it is evil.

'Now, you suggested that I was making the mistake of confusing the beliefs of a fiction character with the beliefs of the fiction writer. Of course, being a fiction writer myself, I am aware that fiction characters must have beliefs that are in character for them, and such beliefs should not be attributed to the writer necessarily. I know from first hand experience how annoying it is when someone makes this mistake. In my first published story, "The Last Alchemist" (ANALOG, January, 1979), I took my own beliefs about modern education and deliberately exaggerated them to the point of satirizing them -- because such exaggerated beliefs were right for my lead character. Yet everyone I know thinks I seriously meant every word.

'But I wonder if there is not a limit to how far a writer can dissociate himself from his fiction. There is such a thing as personal moral responsibility. Why would anyone want to be a creator who brought into existence something evil? I am not talking about villains. Fiction needs villains. I mean something like the later Gor novels, which lie about reality, misrepresent right and wrong, good and evil, which constitutes intellectual dishonesty, for which the writer should feel a sense of guilt.

'Am I placing unnecessary strictures on the artform of fiction? Am I making unreasonable demands of fiction writers? I do not think so. I believe we are each one morally responsible, and we can never under any circumstances avoid or defer to others our individual moral responsibility -- not by putting on a soldier's uniform, not by putting faith in church leaders, cult leaders or any other kind of leaders, and not by writing fiction. Just because it is make-believe, that does not mean that it does not matter.

'I guess what I am really saying is that I believe in the sanctity and primacy of conscience. I believe that fiction and fiction writers should show a conscience. (It is, moreover, a moral duty for us to see to it that we have an educated conscience.)

'The later Gor novels I find to be, in a word, unconscionable.'

((You'll have to be more explicit about the Gor books' evilness: what specific passages, values,

etc. are you talking about here? As it stands it sounds as if Lange has gored some precious beliefs of yours and you don't like it. Eternal verities have a way of changing as the decades pass. A thousand years ago the basic cultural and social values underpinning Gor would not have brought this response.

((Do you feel this way about other genres that do not reflect reality---like gothic romances?))

LETTER FROM ØYVIND MYHRE
Huldevveien 15
1482 Nittedal
Norway

'A brief reaction to Steve Brown's review, in the March/April issue, of Clarke's "The Fountains of Paradise". I suppose Clarke is by most SF readers, going to be credited for being the first writer to publish a novel about the space elevator. Brown states: "So perhaps it is inevitable that someone else would soon try to fictionalize it". -- Well, someone else already did, ahead of Clarke, just for the record, the space elevator looms largely (in two senses) in my latest novel, SABORTØRENE, published in Norwegian by J.W. Cappelen Forlag in September, 1978.

'No doubt hundreds of reviews are soon going to appear stating that Clarke is, once again, the first writer to introduce a revolutionary technological idea into fiction. Nothing I can do or say will ever penetrate very deeply among SF readers, publishers and reviewers in the U.S., I suppose. I just want to stake my claim, and have it put on the record.

'I'm willing to send a copy of my novel to anyone who claims to be able to read Scandinavian, just to prove my point, on the condition that the receiver will state the facts in SFR or in some other widely read & respected semiprivate. I just can't run around beating my own drum all the time...however dear to me the subject may be.'

((Okay, it's on the record. But I'm sure Clarke would not be concerned about who published first or last using a given s-f idea. YOU may not have been first, we may discover. So? Will you cut your throat? What counts is how well the idea is used. There may not be any really new ideas, after all these years. And they cannot be copyrighted.))

AN INTERVIEW

WITH ANDREW J. OFFUTT

on this with me, and to Carolyn Cheryll for the beautiful and perceptive introduction.

The interview was conducted in August of 1978 and therefore contains many references to what was happening, or what had just occurred, in the science fiction field at that time: Harlan Ellison, ERA, Worldcon, SFWA controversies now all but forgotten; and many other sights, smells and sounds that permeated our micromosm in 1978. To read about these things at this time can be confusing if one wasn't on top of the major events in the field last year -- or fascinating, if you were. For a fuller understanding and clarification of many of the topics discussed in PART I, I strongly suggest the reader obtain a copy of the Spring, 1978 ALGOL (now STARSHIP), in which are printed Harlan Ellison's SFWA resignation speech, as well as two other pieces by Harlan.

ALGOL/STARSHIP

Andrew Porter, Editor & Publisher
POB 4175

New York, NY 10017

Price is \$2.25/issue. Whole number 31 is the number of the issue referred to above.

---David A. Truesdale

Conducted By David A. Truesdale



SFR: Would you outline how you came to be editing the Zebra Books fantasy collections? Do you like what you are doing, and why?

OFFUTT: Whew! In college I always liked the ones that began "Outline" or "Discuss"... Let's see. By an editor who had read and loved my MESSENGER OF ZHUVASTOU and THE CRUSADOR series I had much to do with, I was asked if I wanted to continue the Robert E. Howard character, Conmac mac Art, of fifth-century Ireland.

Yes! A year later, I'd written one novel and most of another (after compiling 55,000 words of research notes). It was exciting and I loved it. I had come out of the closet as a real heroic fantasy fan. Zebra -- Kensington Publishing, NY -- had published other REH and was so connected; heroic fantasy(hf) was visibly in renaissance; a Conan movie was being discussed; the Conan graphic magazines or comics were selling... "training" new hf fans; I'm one who knows good stories when I see 'em. All that I put together in a 1 1/2 page proposal: Give me money, turn me loose, let me seek stories and edit an anthology of new stories of hf. It was logical. Zebra agreed in about four minutes. Naturally, I did not get any huge advance.

I absolutely love it. I'm a

though editor and yet a helpful one. I think I'm a better editor than writer; I'm good at spotting what's wrong with stories or adding complications and telling the writer what to do about it. With Zebra I am not so happy, which is why SWORDS AGAINST DARKNESS III went in in late autumn of '77, came out in April of '78, and I've never asked Zebra for another contract. How is it possible for a publisher to put in so many typographical errors after the editor has spent hours and hours going over the galley proofs -- supposedly the final proofs?

Believe this, Dave: A lot of the stupid errors you see in published books and stories are NOT the fault of the writers.

SFR: A lot?

OFFUTT: A lot. Not, however, all. Unfortunately.

SFR: While you're busy grinding your teeth, let's go on about the anthology. What are you looking for in the stories you print? Are you reading now? Anything else you want to get off your chest?

OFFUTT: The books are selling. They are good. More Zebra problems; due to their newness in the business, we didn't get royalties after the normal period. We're still waiting. Great people, great people. What I am looking for is implicit in the introductions I write, and the forewords to each writer and story. I publish what I like. No same-ole-stuff. Some writers I invited to contribute, and some I didn't. I never announced that I was open for submissions: That is a masochistic act and I swing the other way. I really worked to persuade Andre Norton, who was down right then, both psychologically and physically, and I'm proud to have helped her out of it.

As an oletefan fan of Manly Wade Wellman, I asked him -- and delighted him! First time he'd been asked to write hf in a lot of years and he enjoys it. I'm a fan of Tenth Lee's work, and worked to get material by her -- Wellman wouldn't even give me her address! Manv stories I caused to be revised and reworked/rewritten -- a writer's R&R -- and specified how.

One story's ending just wasn't right. It was by a man whose work I'd adulated for years -- a man of 70, then. Steeling myself and taking heart in hand and all those other cliches I will neither write nor buy, I wrote Manly and said so, with specific suggestions. Five days later came back a new ending -- and a thankyou note calling me a helpful editor! What a pro Wellman is! Only

PREFACE TO ANDREW J. OFFUTT INTERVIEW FOR SFR

This is the second and final of the interviews conducted specifically for my defunct fanzine TANGENT. I wish to express extreme thanks to Andrew J. Offutt for taking the time and energy to work so long and hard



he, I think, and Dave Harris -- who had edited at Dell and later sold me his first story, after I showed him its faults and "suggested" that he rewrite it -- only they really appreciated what I was doing: No forms, no first readers. Long letters of rejection or suggestion.

Each writer's contract is with me. Mine is with Zebra, and the advances were slight. "My" writers accepted short wages: advances against royalties. I am a writer, editing, and our writer-editor agreement is a writer-oriented document. My "profit" so far is teeny; I doubt I've come up to the national minimum wage on these anthologies, for pete's sake. Of the nine stories in the first volume, seven were rewritten at my direction -- including the REH-AJO story! I read and edited/rewrote Howard's unfinished story four times ... and then wrote it, ending it, another four times! I set it aside. In came submissions. After I'd made so many improve, I read over the REH-AJO ms again -- and decided it didn't meet my requirements. Into the crucible again, for rewrite!

There's a word for that, you know?

SFR: Dedication? Perfectionism?

OFFUTT: No, dumb!

A novel's worth of work went into that one volume -- for about the same money Ballantine paid me for the long novellet "The Greenhouse Defect" in STELLAR SHORT NOVELS. I put in too much time even telling submitters why I turned down many, because I know what it's like to be an hf fan. Nearly ALL of us buy nearly ALL of it, and (try to) write it. It's a totally helpless addiction. I understand, and have more empathy than I can use. Want some?

A few I bought -- the second time around. The three SADS contain a number of first sales. Too. I read many, many issues of semiprozines; once a sharp writer named David Madison sent me a couple, suggesting that his work therein was good enough, different enough, for S.A.D. Others came wafting in the mails forwarded from Zebra in New York. Stories from poor helpless hf aficionados who didn't know if there'd be a second volume or not. They just crossed their fingers and popped 'em in the mail. Some were good! And some were just elementary, or poorly written -- my country certainly is stuffed with college graduates who can't write their language! Anyhow -- there's no regular professional market for hf, you see. I was it.

SFR: You keep saying aich eff...

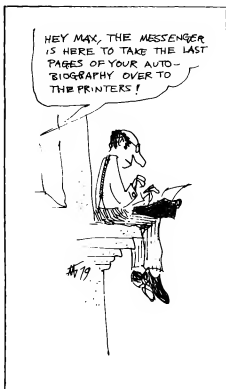
OFFUTT: HF, for heroic fantasy. "Sword 'n' Sorcery" sounds flip to me; pejorative. I want good, different stories. I believed they were there, and now I know it. It is a living, open-ended sub-genre, dammit! To hell with mistaken Sartre and the sterile, ruinous school of Futulism, which now Donaldson has introduced to hf! To hell with trials a year or two from now, and twisted judgments in these overworked courts and all the shades of gray and the frustration we live with. One does not feel all oopsy-poo fu-tile when one Does. I live in that world, and I love it, love being here, and I Do. I give damns, and fight. Lord, just one careful letter -- and a half-dozen marked-up pages -- that I sent to its editor brought us all a better quality of writing from NEWSWEEK! I didn't scream. I didn't like the way Zebra was misusing the names "Howard" and "Conan", and their use on the Talbot Mundy TROS books made me mad. So I drafted a letter -- four times. I didn't send it to Zebra; I sent it to the agent for the estate, and the literary agent. They stopped it!

This person, see, doesn't feel futile, because he isn't. Pete Rose of the Cincinnati Reds doesn't have sense enough to know he "can't" get a hit every day, and that he "can't" run like a kid and belly-flop slide at 37. I don't know that I can't affect my life and my world. A bumblebee doesn't know that it is aerodynamically unsound and "can't", statistically, scientifically, fly.

The three of us just Do. I do not want to read about pore helplessness frustrated futile and futulism-believing boboes with no solutions because they make no attempts. I hated the movie FIVE EASY PIECES for that reason; what a piece of shtme that guy was! Nor did he change.

Readers often mention that frequently my protagonists have to be dragged kicking and screaming into doing things "heroic" -- just Doing Things, that's all, rather than reacting or knuckling under. Keniston had to be, in MESSENGER OF ZHUASTOU, and Staunch Kirk in EVIL IS LIVE SPELLED BACKWARDS (that was NOT my title and I spit on it), and Hank Ardlor in ARDLOR ON AROS, and even the Andrews in THE CASTLE KEEPS. Jarik, the miserable, unhappy but competent protagonist of my new series For Jove is going to be called an anti-hero. No! He's an un-hero, and he does err, as I do and you do.

Put it this way. My protagonists eventually come up against what I call Hamlet's Decision, and -- Bam! They act. They take up arms; they act; they fight back or merely initiate action. (I wonder what the question was...) That's a great part of



what hf is about, and that's why it's popular and has been since ILLIAD and ODYSSEY, through THE THREE MUSKETEERS and MAN IN THE IRON MASK through Conan to -- Clint Eastwood movies. And some un-heroic bloke named Skywalker who decided to Act -- and a cynical anti-hero named Han Solo who ran into that wall of Hamlet's Decision -- and smashed through. And don't people love the concept! Even those who are too chickenshit to fight back -- Nothing ventured, nothing lost, so: Don't venture... They love to dream of it, to read about it, to see it in movies. Doers.

Did I get carried away? Hi, Truesdale.

SFR: Hi.

OFFUTT: That's what I'm about. If it's too corny, don't print it. I admit to being corny. I believe we need, even desperately because so many are going the other way, Conan and Skywalker and Solo and D'Artagnan and the guy who will dare fight TVA or the Army CORPSE of Engineers or sue the U.S. gummint. Some wind up as tragic heroes. Very well; they are heroes, and most never intended to be. So... I call it heroic fantasy, hf: A living, open-ended necessary field that isn't as flip as sword 'n' sorcery sounds. As "sci-fi" sounds. I pronounce that "skiffy" because that sounds even more stupid.

Back to SWORDS AGAINST DARKNESS, and Zebra -- there are too many other problems, and I don't want to

talk about them. I'd rather be with another publisher for the anthology, as I am with my writing. If I can't accomplish that -- I will probably go to Zebra for another contract for another anthology. Lord, I still receive submissions!

SFR: When you're not buying, not a market? What do you do with them?

OFFUTT: Send them back, spotted with tears. I hope to god the anthologies sell! I love it, the field and doing the editing, without having made beans, honestly, on those volumes. It would be nice to see some royalties. This is NOT crying. I love hf and loved having given us pore helpless inveterate unreconstructible aficionados of it three collections of good stories: Stories a little different, and all certainly written well.

SFR: Some have labeled your heroic fantasies chauvinistic. Can you defend or deny this?

OFFUTT: Some have said precisely the opposite, and they've read them, too. What should I tell them?

SFR: You don't care to reply?

OFFUTT: I have watched some presidents spend entire press conferences defending, letting someone else decide what they talk about. I'm not that dumb or easily malleable. Sure. Cormac is an Irish chauvinist, and Valeron of Branarius is a Branarian chauvinist, and Keniston and Cleve are Earthside chauvinistic ("my planet's better than your planet, Jack!") and my Eve Smith is a U.S. chauvinist and I am a chauvinistic Kentuckian and then a chauvinistic American, and after that a planet-Earth chauvinist -- note it's pronounced "show-vinist" -- and a human race chauvinist!

SFR: Uh, yes. What I meant---

OFFUTT: Oh, I know what you meant. I wanted to point out that word has a specific meaning, not just the jingoistic name-calling by rude bigots who don't know it's been in the dictionary for years. A chauvinist is someone who believes "My country, Right or Wrong". That is also the title of an Offutt novelet; I wrote it and called it that to show how most, most unfortunate that state of mind is. I know too many stupid Caucasians to believe that "white" is superior, and too many stupid or un-

consciousable or incompetent males to believe male is superior to female. My books damned well show it, too. I won't believe that any sensible person said that to you about my work.

One has to twist reality a bit to create believable female heroes in hi; Dick Lyon and I tried in DEMON IN THE MIRROR and, I hope, succeeded. People of both sexes like it, and we're congratulated on writing not about just a name: Tiana, and definitely not about a girl, and yet not just about ~~person~~ person, either; she is a woman. So is my Eve Smith in my so-called "feminist" novel. My title was CODE: CHROMIUM and a piece of slime there in '73 changed to OPERATION: SUPER MS, which is embarrassing. Make that '74. I wrote it in '66, and couldn't sell it then; a market for a non-sexpot, non-silly, non-comicbook female secret agent did not then exist. I have not and never will stick a female(name) in hf in order to have something to squeak and be rescued. I started reacting against that in my work long ago, though in a lot of ways I freely admit that I've come late to consciousness and conscience, and am still learning, and trying. I just do not go arguing or even responding to some



one whose mouth is made up. And I know that semantics will NOT make anyone free, or equal.

You know... A few years ago I decided that we'd fallen into a pattern of dumping on the country. This one. The war was over and Nixon was out and even though I still call the Internal Revenue "Service" the Secret Police and hate 'em a lot, I can't call America bad. Vietnam was traumatic because it taught us that we don't always wear a white hat. It's gray. So... at a convention in Nashville, I made a pro-America speech. I was even heckled! Well, I wound up quoting a bit from the Constitution, and dared say, "...that all persons are created equal", rather than "men" and damned if I wasn't jumped for that! Semantics. I said a word that hit that guy's knee, and it jerked, poor baby. Certainly I do not think that males and females are the same, or interchangeable -- thank god; I am a most sexual, almost sex-driven person, and in that area I show bias: I am not sexually interested in males

Ah, damn... I shouldn't have said all that.

SFR: You want to erase the tape?

OFFUTT: Nope. I've just got to get better control of me. It's too hard for me to say "no" or "screw off" or "I won't answer that because it's dumb". I have made it a rule never to answer a question that begins with "Yeah, but" or "But don't you think that". It's time to be stronger. Got a question?

SFR: Even before we held this interview, I asked C.J. Cherryh to write an introduction...

OFFUTT: Good! She's a good guy. Lord, but I love her work!

SFR: GUY!

OFFUTT: HA! Sexist! Male CHAW-vinist haw! Where's it say only males can be guys? Leigh Brackett was a good guy. Carolyn Cherryh's a good guy. You bitch, Truesdale!

SFR: Uh--

OFFUTT: Careful. Any comment you make on "bitch" may tend to incriminate you. It is fun to play with semantics. Try calling women "guy" and men "bitch" and-in jest, as I was with you -- a woman "bastard" or something we think of as being gender-bound. It's fun. And I'm sorry, Sir David -- what's the question? May I see the introduction? Hmmm. ALL RIGHT! Didn't know she was so perceptive should have; her work is... Hm. A good guy, Carolyn Cherry. Wonder if she likes beer...

SFR: From reading her words, I'd like to know your secret enthusiasm in re fantasy or SF. What really excites you, gets your adventurous blood acoursing?

OFFUTT: Women!

SFR: What kinds of medieval art, or history, or the SCA, or what? What is your secret passion, and tell us so we get excited.

OFFUTT: My god. Go back over everything I've said. I am chronically excited and juvenile-ly enthusiastic. I love and am loved. I like me. I love what I am doing, and really have nothing to get off but enthusiasm and excitement. Now carefully, I think you misunderstand what she means by 'medieval man'. I think; how do I know for sure? Bear in mind you'd have got entirely different words from others, including people who know me much better; Gordon Dickson, or Poul Anderson, or -- my Zebra editor who calls herself the Zebress! -- or Jodie, my best friend and also wife, or ... oh, Mike Glickson or Rusty Hevelin. Well. Others, see, have called me an 18th century man. I'm proud of it. Obviously, I do belong to an era of solutions, personal ones. I prefer pre-gunpowder eras. Do NOT ask me to jive that with my owning two Selectrics and five AM-FM radios -- all working -- and a hundred phonograph records ranging from Douce Dame (medieval) through Sinatra and the Moody Blues through Renaissance, Yes, Alan Parsons Project, and...oh, Pink Floyd, I do love Pink Floyd. I'm a product of the electronic age, and an atavist in other ways, just as I am extremely liberal in some areas and conservative in others. I just don't wear labels worth a damn.

You know... I'm usually in a hurry. And don't need stimulants.

Dave: I have no secret enthusiasm. They are all open and constantly obvious and if they're not I'll answer anything. You know; toxic personalities and chronic futilists and frowners don't care to be around me, as if being happy and enthusiastic were obscene acts. Lord, I'm even comfortable, secure in my manhood -- though it did take me one hell of a lot of years! My dad stuck me with the same unhappy childhood and kooky machismo-shit so many other dads enforce -- some without even knowing it.

Right now, heroic fantasy is the second greatest love of my life. It is my hyper-enthusiastic desire, oft stated but not stated in print and aloud, that it be better. LeGuin said "there would be nothing whatever to say" about the rot she thinks

of as heroic fantasy, and I knew she is wrong, and set out to prove it -- by means other than with my mouth. This is a bit pretentious sounding, but ... By'r Lady, I am on record, again and again, as saying I love the sub-genre and intend to raise its level.

Carolyn Cherryh's doing that, too -- she just doesn't shoot off her mouth as much as I do. So is Tanith Lee. And Dave Drake, and Patricia McKillip, and Keith Taylor. (You knowonda McIntyre on why so many of the really Good new or 'new' writers are female? McIntyre says it's because they have to be; all a male has had to do is compete, while a woman has had to prove she is better, just to sell! I read that, and I was instantly sold. I think it's true. It also explains, conversely, why we see khrudd such as Dowdell's WARLORD or GF GHANOU and Donaldson's THOMAS THE SNIVELER and whatever Tolkien-or-Burroughs Xerox someone buys next and drums as a Great "New" book, just as it tends to explain the general excellence of Lee and Cherryh and Tiptree/Sheldon and McKillip.)

Honestly.... every now and then I make that pretentious statement and someone in the school or workshop or convention audience asks what I mean by raising the level of hf, and I grin and reply, "Oh... I think a paragraph of characterization per novel would do wonders..." And we all laugh, and nod. And I am SERIOUS! I hope it is not an evil act, or a betrayal, my making Conan a person in some current (summer, '78) projects.

Bernard Shaw said that most people think only once a year, and that "I have gained an international reputation by thinking twice a year!" In my case, I am gaining readers and love and becoming internationally unfamous by putting in more than one paragraph of characterization....

I'm tired of the grunt-slash-thwack-cardboard characters with Frazetta bods who pursue the "plot" of rescuing-the-pore-totally-helpless-kidnaped-female with a lovely lovely soft sweet ultra-female pussycat name and big solid tits that wouldn't sag on Jupiter. What a ball I had, writing Cormac through pages and pages of his battling through attackers sorcerous, to rescue poor Samaire who'd been grabbed by a card-carrying-certified-wicked sorcerer -- and knowing readers were thinking Here We Go Again. And Cormac got there just as Samaire offered the bastard with 'is own dagger! He fell at Cormac's feet. He swallows and tries to accept his un-herodom, and calls her 'dairlin' girl!', whereupon she calls him 'dairlin' boy' and Crom (God of Ireland and Cimmeria!) knows how many readers call that a betrayal of RHJ,

I made Samaire and Cormac a team. In truth, it's a double-cross of the whole 5th century, too; that's what I meant while ago when I said something about "twisting reality" to get real women in, and let them talk and even choke-gasp Act!

MISTS OF DOOM, the Cormac "origin" novel, is a novel devoted creating that guy's character, making him a person. That sort of writing was not RBH's thing, or Burroughs's thing. Like Otis Klein, writers have been plodding along in their heroic footsteps for half a century! Yes, I know that is what is done in the THOMAS THE INCOMPLETE books. I love the fact that he's a leper. The first few chapters of the first novel are extraordinarily well written, and that really sticks out in our millpond. It is just that I hate and abhor the character Donaldson creates, and think it is most unfortunate for us, and for our time, and for heroic fantasy. The cult of the Futility has disabbed and petrified the main stream of U.S. writing, and dear Lord don't let it come in to this field, well told and containing interesting characters and cultures and creating: Unheroic fantasy! I'm really sorry to be mean, and I'm really sorry the Del Reys have made him big.

All I want is good heroic fantasy. That's why I got Poul Anderson to write his How Not To article for the third volume of SWORDS AGAINST DARKNESS. It's called "On Trust and Blunder".

I really -- should I just sit here and babble about hf this way?

SFR: I asked about what gets you excited. You're excited, all right.

OFFUTT: Yes, and I'm really sorry to have stomped toes by coming down so hard on one writer. Maybe success will make him decide the name of the world isn't Futility. I reckon a lot of people are identifying with Ole Thomas. Maybe it reflects, while I prefer...ah! Take SCA. It isn't a recreation of medievalism; it is a reconstruction as it should have been. You know: Sir Walter Scott. He wrote beautiful bullshit, with some truth, and Twain wrote ugly truth, in CONNECTICUT YANKEE, with some bullshit. Some of us write about other eras when individuals were more important, and could do more -- ever bearing in mind, dammit, that many still do! -- While others transfer the problems and difficulties and frustrations and futilisms of this age into others. There is nothing beautiful or heroic about Gene Wolfe's THE DEVIL IN A FOREST, an ugly book that feels very true -- and I loved it. He was not pretending to write heroic fantasy, and he didn't. He wrote ugly truth.

It's in my hf books, and the reader has to accept one more facet: My protagonist will prevail. I need very badly to get off this subject...

SFR: SCA?

OFFUTT: I constantly read pre-gunpowder books, weighty tomes. I research. I'm at pains to write it right -- as Anderson is, as David Drake is. When I describe a sword, or armor, or how one removes it, or cleans it (catch one of MY protagonists shoving his sword into someone and then into his scabbard, or even once into the sand and then into his sheath! -- gods! Rust that valuable blade? Muck up that nice scabbard?! or the weight of a sword or ax or shield or how one throws an ax or wields the sword, or how one cares for a horse or how one gets so tired... even what it feels like to be wounded, struck by a bladed weapon (see this thumb? Just so: a machete) ... in my work, they are Right. (And yes, I screw up, too. Through the ignorance I daily work to ameliorate.) It is researched.

Look how I am built: for speed, not combat! Hell, I'd have to be movie-cast as the mage -- so beautifully embodied in Richelieu. Some good Society for Creative Anachronism people tolerate me, now and again, and teach me. And I learn. A tactic I invented won the crown for an SCA Middle Kingdom monarch. I've been hit, hard (in armor). I've donned helmet and taken a hard blow to the head, to know what it felt and sounded like. And what I felt like, later. (Fine, once my hand was in its natural state: wrapped around a cold can.) I am not in SCA and I would NOT be competent; I am Andrew the Scrivener or Wordsmith. They have let me put on 35-pound mailcoat, and I've run in it, carrying sword and buckler -- whee! Iron men indeed! Do not smart off to or even try to push past an SCA knight. And I have sat in a mailcoat, which was a new experience.

Fifty pound swords my ass -- or even 15-pound! "Our voyage asea will take so-and-so many days" my arse! They knew not when they'd get there, or when they'd be back, or if. Girls in hf my butt; I am boyish but not a boy, and I love women and want women in hf, not girls. None of that "His mighty sword described a silv'ry wheel of death around his head" for me; opponent was chopping that guy's legs off while he played wheel. I LIKE comicbooks, including Roy Thomas's John Buscema's, and Moorcock's comicbook novels and Lucas's comicbook movies. Love 'em. It just is not what I want to (have to, need to) write, or buy if I'm editing.

I love comics well enough to have written a fan letter to SAVAGE SWORD OF CONAN, by the way, and another to Stan Lee, chief at Marvel Comics, citing example after example of godawful grammar in the books and pleading with him to take responsibility for teaching our juveniles rotten "English" -- Thor'll be using that damned buzzword "basically" next, while saying "Lay down" and "Neither of them were"! That won't stop me from reading -- or writing Stan and/or Roy again; I can't believe it's futile.

Sorry, Dave Truesdale and your millions of readers -- I'm just about the most Pollyannaish exuberant enthusiast you're likely to get locked up with, that's all. Secret enthusiasms: None. Enthusiasms: Many. Excited: Usually. Next question.

SFR: In an interview concerned solely with the so-called Golden Age of SF --

Oh, I read every sword and sorcery book that comes down the pike. But so far, ain't one of them has got much past the point.



OFFUTT: Not-so-paradoxically, some of my favorite Sf. Uh... some of.

SFR: Clifford Simak said that "WEIRD TALES died when an undue emphasis on science fiction over fantasy came about. Today that trend is changing. Fantasy now is ranked up there with science fiction and I am glad to see it happen. My hunch is that we will see more of it. My one hope is that it does not gain the ascendancy over science fiction that s.f. at one time gained over fantasy. There is room for both. We can afford to lose neither one." Any comment on Simak's opinion?

OFFUTT: I agree down the line with the man I proposed for Grand Master, and the man to whom I handed that award in April of 1977, in New York. The more research good SF writers

ly, the more they think extrapolative, the more they see ugliness in future. Is the Big Crash going to come next autumn; October or so of '79? Will we just not be able to continue the space program on any decent basis? Do we have to destroy our government to restore it to that Noble Experiment of 1775? Is it workable? God, it looks ugly. Futile, even. So... in SF we get more mirrors: Ugliness, gloom 'n' doom, and ... so fantasy's in renascence.

SFR: Do you think fantasy is more popular today than ever before? Than SF?

OFFUTT: In a way, yes. I dare not answer positively; I am no genre historian and haven't measured. Is STAR WARS SF or is it fantasy?

SFR: Where do you personally draw the line between strict science fiction and fantasy?

OFFUTT: Did you know that John Campbell called time travel fantasy and wouldn't buy any ... though he published those marvelous VIAGENS-Krishna novels of de Camp, with a sneaky getting around lightspeed? And that I have sold one story to ANALOG (to Ben Bova): a time travel story, a nutty one. Ask 50 people to define SF, and fantasy, and you'll get 50 definitions and ten might be able to occupy the same space at the same time. Some will be contradictory even -- and the definers militant! Do you know that Hal Clement pronounces it SCIENCE fiction, always, emphasizing the first word? Did you know that WRITER'S DIGEST recently asked me to define the two for them and I had the nerve and gall and stupidity to do it?

Simply form two columns. At the head of one goes *Frankenstein*: SF. At the top of the other goes *Dracula*: Fantasy. Then, if you want to insist on categorizing, start listing everything under them. And stumble over such as GATHER, DARKNESS! and STAR WARS and Moorcock's Hawkmoon books -- and "Barbarella"!

Fantasy is manifestly in high renascence. It isn't a matter of what I think. If I say it isn't, I'm one of those who dares deny fact; elect me Pope or Presidential Economic Advisor! Fantasy is up, from SALEM'S LOT through the current enormous Conan boom to more ERB copies and a novel such as THE SPACE GUARDIANS, which is SF and which Pocket Books and Boris have endeavored to make resemble fantasy. Right now yes, fantasy is more popular than SF -- outside our millpond.

Americans dig ghosties and demons and believe in angels and devils while letting the space program sag. They'd rather have the devil

scared out of them by a book and movie about possession than think about tomorrow. We are different; we weren't shaken by the final scene of PLANET OF THE APES because we'd seen that before, in our heads or on the cover of an old AMAZING. We know that They took a good, meaningful novel called MAKE ROOM, MAKE ROOM and junked it up, and we are not shaken by a future in which dead humans are processed to nourish live ones. It makes rather good sense.

Among us, in our microscopic millpond of fandom, more still seem to prefer SF. In very different ways, guys such as Fred Pohl and George Lucas are doing much for the expansion of SF's popularity -- and Herbert, and Niven/Pournelle. (Different ways: Because Pohl's last two novels are so good, so mature; sophisticated and well written books about people and ideas... while STAR WARS, a science fantasy, is manifestly ridiculous -- and we all love it! It's the greatest comic book I ever saw. It's a trip. As a book: Ptui! SW got us all, even such as Mister Careful Mature Writer, Gene Wolfe. Books, see; writing for real as opposed to telewriting or moviewriting; that's a different form. Among us now, Pohl, Bester and King are the new masters. (And I hope that Lucas makes more movies, and that Buck Henry and Ring Lardner Jr. write more. Dammit, Leigh -- come back!)

I believe I've covered the definition. Who cares about definitions? They are for scientists, teachers, cri-ticks. I'm an engineer. A creator. I don't define it. I just do it.

SFR: You do answer, don't you!

OFFUTT: You got enough paper? You know that I think TANGENT and THRUST are the best around. I let my ANALOG sub expire -- and sent THRUST ten dollars. You want ten bucks? A hundred? Wish I were rich enough to hand you a thousand and say "keep doing it your way, Dave." Of course, then we'd be honorbound to sent this interview someplace else. Aren't you glad I'm not wealthy? -- yet?

SFR: No. Is it true you don't like to be called "Andy"?

OFFUTT: It is not true. I don't like it on envelopes or on flyers; hell, it's my diminutive nickname. I bristle at phonecalls and letters from strangers who start off "Andy": mannerless and presumptuous! I abhor some "reviewer" or crit-tick -- what a horrid appellation to allow to be applied to oneself; critics and Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever ticks and woodticks and eye-tick and other parasites of humankind! -- us-

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ing my diminutive nickname while she dumps on me in a review. No matter how good buddies you and I may become, I'd never address an envelope to "Dave Truesdale" because that is not your name and envelopes are formal -- gods know the Postal "Service" charges enough to make 'em white tie! I LIKE being called Andy -- by adults, and people I KNOW. Twice I have received letters that began, coolly and informally, "Dear Andy" -- from a stranger who signed himself most formally indeed: "Doctor Stuart David Schiff". What incredibly bad manners!

SFR: You are a mixture of liberal and conservative. What did you do?

OFFUTT: Nothing. Absolutely nothing. Maybe he wonders why. So send him a copy. And...Dave....

SFR: Yes?

OFFUTT: Call me Andy.

SFR: Sir Andrew: In Brian Aldiss's marvelous critical work BILLION YEAR SPREE, he ends the tome by predicting an ever-growing split with SF on the one hand and fantasy, comic books, etc. on the other.

OFFUTT: Weird! Most comicbooks are SF now!

SFR: You are going to let me finish one question before we finish, aren't you?

OFFUTT: Sure, I'm sorry. You want to know what I think of the Aldiss Postulate, right?

SFR: To agree or disagree and how you think things are lining up now. It seems that he may be right, at least for the short term. Is it a good or an evil? Any speculations as to where this may lead the fantasy field?

OFFUTT: That's three questions and an implied one. Let's see.

A lot of SF fans don't care for fantasy. My family is an interesting cross-section. For a lot of years I didn't care for fantasy! My son Jeff doesn't, much. My mother and my daughter Scotty prefer fantasy: that which contains the element of preternatural, supernatural, life after death, sorcery, those things we assume haven't happened and aren't going to because they can't. (Oh, my god -- I just defined!) My wife Jodie prefers SF -- unless it's my fantasy. She hears all that aloud, before the final draft.

One little bigot in fandom wrote a review, ostensibly of my MY LORD BARBARIAN. Really, it was

of all my hf and sword-and-planet work: Decrying it, sneering, condemning it and me for perpetrating such ridiculous unworthiness. His reason: ha! He loved my THE CASTLE KEEPS, in '72 (a book I labored over for two years in bloodsweat, to change the world -- that's the kind of naif dummy I am), and felt I showed "promise" and so have let him down by writing "ptui!" heroic fantasy. I write what I want to write. Tomorrow: Who knows?

Now we have an annual World Fantasy Convention. It is four years old and it is different from the World SF Con, in attitude and atmosphere. Fantasy fans are more inclined to adulate. We're mostly True Believers. I hadn't thought of this as divisive; I suppose it is, and so Aldiss must be correct. Hm!

Yet consider comics. Wonder Woman and Green Lantern, for instance, and Thor, are fantasy heroes, with magical paraphernalia. They are constantly involved in SF plots. The comicbooks are in the superhero and supervillain era -- along with heroic fantasy. The powers of some stem from science or "science" -- Superman, Ms. Marvel, Spiderman, for instance -- others from the supernatural or sorcerous. All costumed, mit muscles up to here. It's nice of National and Marvel to be training all those readers for us and blurring the designations!

So Frankenstein is SF and Dracula is fantasy. So what? STAR WARS is both. In a way, fantasy means "that which is not possible -- or doesn't seem to be..." We think... and so SF is a sub-genre of fantasy: the conceivably possible. HF is the oldest fantasy, coming from the old god-myths and Homer. Yet now Von Daniken would turn these into SF...

you ask nice simple questions, don't you! Maybe you should stick to interviewing nicer simpler minds, Truesdale.

Is it good or an evil. Listen, I think that old Persian dualism is right in there with defining, Dave. To hell with it. Let definers and those who must separate all black over here and all white over there ... let them go into monasteries, or teach science in colleges.

SFR: Pinpointing doesn't interest you?

OFFUTT: Trying to get the exact right word of so many available, when I write -- that interests me. I analyze, yes. The Vietnam War taught me to stop believing in Aristotelian/Randian black and white. Gray exists. Bad people do good things and good people do bad things ... yes, I do believe that evil exists objectively. I do not believe that the doing of an evil makes a person or a nation evil. Want to consider poor old Larry Talbot, the werewolf? The "villain" of a Conan novella I've recently done for Ace is an old, old man. Offered youth at the expense of a human life -- another's of course -- he cannot refuse. He's been a "good man" all his life. What is he now? --Tragic, I hope, like the emperor-slashing Darcus Cannu in MY LORD BARBARIAN; he believed it was for the good of the empire that he knock off the aged emperor who was looking at the wrong guy as successor. Was Darcus Cannu good, or evil?

Hm. Obviously I enjoy playing with that concept. Excuse me. I mean writing. It is play, to me. It's been my recreation and my hobby and my compulsion since I was eight years old.



Look, Dave... I am full of the Sense of Wonder. I love life, and me. I'm ridiculously happy and supremely confident of prevailing without having to try to suck or destroy others, literally or verbally. I love writing, and women, and cons, and graphic art, and there's no curbing my mind or my enthusiasm. It's hard for me to be deadly serious or presidential, and impossible for me to be gloomy. I have down periods that last minutes. I can't be formal, and I won't pretend. In the introduction to my fun-satire wild-thing ARDOR ON AROS (three several meanings in the title alone) I quoted Conan Doyle:

'I have wrought my simple plan
If I give one hour of joy
To the boy who's half a man
Or the man who's half a boy.'

Yes, that describes Chris and Jeff Offutt and their dad. It describes Gordon Dickson and Roy Thomas and Paul Anderson, and in a way, it describes my agent Kirby McCauley, and our best short-storyist, Theodore Sturgeon. He's the only 45-year-old I know who published in 1940! That's high compliment to any human; most people my own age are intolerably old. Ted's not childish or juvenile; just chockfull of warmth and enthusiasm. Not just still learning, but still seeking to learn. Me too. By the same token, I am at once distinctly male and yet un-macho; full of the so-called "female" traits Jung called "anima". Or was that Reik?

SFR: Would you tell us a long, involved, ribald medieval/fantasy/historical joke that you would feel easy about telling any of your close friends, if they came to visit or you met at a con over a few drinks?

OFFUTT: No.

SFR: !

OFFUTT: No one is equipped to handle that sort of answer, is he! I wonder if Wayne Dyer is! No. The best medieval joke I know ends with "You forgot the key!" Ricart-called-Richard of the Lion's heart was a medieval joke, as king. As a warrior -- Conan's match, surely. Look, I get paid for wisecracking and doing jokes in all the MC/Toastmaster gigs I get at cons. Let's don't, now.

SFR: Tell us about your projects in the works, even projected ones. What can we look forward to from you in times to come?

OFFUTT: Are you serious? Here goes your ear for the next thirty minutes! People are going to read -- or skim, or skip -- this and say "Offutt's not this important".

SFR: I'm serious. It's my fanzine. Who talks about a writer's works better than the writer?

OFFUTT: Ho -- ask all those poor creatures who allow themselves to be called cri-ticks! Well -- ha! ENTHUSIASM! You can look forward to better writing. I feel me getting better and I am also doing less, with more time and care. That's probably called age... Just now I am in my fantasy phase, or fantasy faze. If I had any sense and less boy in me I'd be writing Dis-ass-ter or military SF books: That's the money market. I still do what I want to do though, darn it.

For Conan Properties Inc. and Ace Books I wrote -- after researching and more researching, honestly! -- two Conan novellas. They'll be truly profusely illustrated -- 40 or 50 per book -- by that superb Esteban Maroto, who of course will not pay any mind to what I say the characters are wearing; he'll strip 'em down. And I won't mind. These will be outsize, library-bound paperbacks, at four or five bucks, as Sunridge Press books -- you wouldn't believe how many imprints Ace (which is owned by Grosset, which is owned by -- and so on) has! The first is scheduled for October, as CONAN THE SORCERER. My title preference is "The Eye of Erlik", but they paid big money for that magic CONAN name and want it in the title. Therefore the second, rather than SOUL OF THE CIMMERIAN, will be CONAN THE MERCENARY. I suppose regular paperbacks will be along in 1980, sometime.

It's interesting. I'm conscious of not just aping Howard; of trying to do them well, better; yet I am aware that I am not at license to do purely my own thing, either. I'm bound by Howard, and the mythos. So -- I chose to write about Conan back when he was 17, just after Howard's "Tower of the Elephant", before Conan knew it all -- he's still naif, and can screw up, and does.

Next: A full-length Conan novel, THE SWORD OF SKELOS, for Bantam. Mighty fine money, and a lot of fun, that book for Bantam.

SFR: Are the plots connected?

OFFUTT: Each story follows the other, as sequels, and all three are linked by an amulet: The Eye of Erlik. It is presumed of great value to the Khan of Zamboula. His agents, some Iranian agents, some sorcerous types, and others all want it -- and Conan gets it. The three tales will mass to about 150,000 words or so, covering some three months, and could be considered one fat book, I suppose.

I'll miss it. Writing them is fun, and a boy's dream for me, come true. Gosh! Writing Conan, as best I can!

After that, I'm to write two more in the Cormac Mac Art series -- now at Ace, not Zebra -- with my picked collaborator, Keith Taylor. He's an Australian and we've never met. He is Good. We'll do three in all -- having written one already -- and then I am assuming that I'll say farewell to Cormac and the fifth century. I have my own series to do. My very, VERY own, I mean.

SFR: You put characterization in Conan?

OFFUTT: Yep. Accept the sorcerous premise of the Hybrian world and I think he's believable.

SFR: Naughty, naughty!

OFFUTT: Naughty you for saying. Next, the other two books of the Tiana of Reme trilogy that Richard Lyon and I began with DEMON IN THE MIRROR. That came out from Pocket last January: A genuine woman as heroic fantasy hero, and the sequels have been held up due to this and that. We and the Pocket editor like her -- and her foster-father Caranga, a reformed cannibal now gone respectable: He's a pirate -- a lot, and apparently even readers do. I'm certainly being asked a lot about when we're going to do the rest.

Meanwhile, I am putting together the SF READER'S COMPANION, a BIG book, for New American Library and the S.F.W.A., which will receive the royalties. It will contain lots of articles, poems, art, writers' own maps and odd letterheads and notes... lots of non-fiction by creators of science fiction and non-creating fans as well.

And I am most, most excited about my own, solo series. I spent two months just outlining the first three novels, in November and December of '76.

SFR: Just outlining?

OFFUTT: Yeah; I love working that way. In July of '77 the editor at Jove, which is what Pyramid's name is now, bought those three, unwritten, and the series -- if, of course, those three sell well enough to merit it. The over-title is THE WAR AMONG THE GODS ON THE EARTH. Each will begin with "There were gods on the earth in those days, and there was strife among them. It was humankind they fought over..." and so on. The series combines fantasy and science fiction set long and long ago; some interesting technical effects such as flash-forwards and

out-of-the-body experiences (or is it all prescience?); and a more specific application of my knowledge of psychology/people that shows in everything I do.

There will be multiple protagonists: Jarik, the number one, is a sometime hero who is terribly mixed up, confused and who does some really terrible things and who eventually is called the Man who is Two, because he is a dissociative personality! Definitely not a Conan -- and definitely not an anti-hero; he's an Offutt un-hero. Oh, how he is used by those gods, all plotting against each other and humans! He utterly dominates the first novel -- though it's called after three of the gods, THE IRON LORDS -- because I am creating a character. Reader is watching him develop, emphasizing agonizing and I hope cheering him on.

In the second novel he meets the second protagonist and becomes whole, or The Man who is Three... once he and a hyper-independent and totally competent weapon-woman named Jilain nearly kill each other, they become lovers and friends and companions. They serve one faction of the gods -- make that "gods"; I said this was also SF -- against the others.

The good guys and the bad guys; the good gods and the bad gods.

SFR: Black and white?

OFFUTT: Not quite! Jarik is gray. And so is Rander, the short, dark, hooknosed desert-dweller who appears in the third book as third protagonist. The series is open-end. There are a lot of gods who must be taken out, and they are served by minions human and un-, and by scientific constructs that are seemingly magical. The third book is named THE CERULEAN HAWK after one of those Birdlike monitors and spies for Lord and Lady Cerulean, a couple of gods on the Other Side.

Look, I like it a lot, and I am prodigiously excited about it, and I am going to stop this kid-chatting about it. The first novel, with five illustrations by a new guy, Rod Whigham, who loves my work and the book (that makes for mighty fine illustrations!) is scheduled to appear from Jove in April of '79, which is probably about the same time the second Conan novella will be out from Ace/Sunridge. I turned in THE IRON LORDS last April, and am supposed to have had the sequel -- THE LADY OF THE SNOWMIST -- in by now, or nearly. Conan intervened, and I couldn't resist.

Obviously Janina and Zhauba, women in MESSENGER OF ZHUVASTOU who dared talk back to men and take up

weapons to fight beside them, and Samaire in the Cornac books, who was more so, and the Jheru character in MY LORD BARBARIAN... Obviously those were practice, getting ready, coming up on this concept of the team: Jilain and Jarik, Jarik and Jilain. I hope I can bring it off and be true, and still make them believable, and the series both fascinating and exciting.

SFR: That's a big order. And please everyone, too?

OFFUTT: Nope. That I can't do. Too many resist too strongly. There certainly exist those whom Fritz Perlis -- the psychology/sociology genius, Frederik Perlis -- called toxic personalities, and we have plenty of 'em in sciencefictiondom. Unfortunately some fan-write a lot and



attend cons wearing their shoulder-chips and their armor -- figurative armor, I mean. Their mouths are made up. I can't please them. Or those who love pure SF. Or...well, a lot of others.

Out in Texas, when Fred Pohl and I were guests of a lovely annual convention called AggieCon, I watched a SCA combat in which a woman participated -- well. She was short and yet held off this very tall opponent for minute after minute -- he had unbelievable reach on her; inches and inches. I learned, and talked with her later at a party, and was permitted to feel her arms and her back. She is short, constructed in a most female manner indeed, and powerful. That taught me that a woman doesn't have to be a Russian gymnast to be one hell of a h/w hero. Jilain will be taller, with a ballet dancer's development of calf and thigh -- and with the overlay of

muscle. I found on that woman's back. Quelle femme! She was married and he was right there, Texicanly big; quel damage!

SFR: You do research both avidly and -- in unusual ways.

OFFUTT: Yeah. Also carefully! Books, observations, SCA, even movies and some comics have taught me. So -- with that woman, Jarik becomes whole, the Man who is Three and yet one, for he and Jilain are a unit, as Jodie and I are a unit. Without Jilain and Jodie, Jarik and I are half-persons.

SFR: You really are in love, aren't you?

OFFUTT: I really am, Dave. I really am. Wife and companion, mommy and daughter and best friend, all at once, all in one: Jodie. And do it occur to you that I am also in love with this series? I know things about Jarik and the gods, who are of both sexes, of course, that I am dancing up and down to tell -- and won't. Not even the Jove editors know -- oh. Disconcerting. The woman who bought the series in July of '77 was fired in December or maybe January. In April I flew up and met the new guy. Fortunately, he loved the book, and it was he and I who agreed then on illustrations. Just over a month later he quit. Now my Jove editor is the same woman who bought the fiano of Reme book, DEMON...MIRROR. Oh, hey -- a fan wanted to tell me how much he loved that book, and he kept calling her a "piratess". She ain't no piratESS! Jilain ain't no warriorESS, and my editor isn't an editRIX or -RESS, and Snowmist is a female god, not a god-DESS.

SFR: What are you, some kind of militant?

OFFUTT: Yeah. Don't call me Boy, Whitey! Oh, I just remembered. Someone -- I think it is Bantam -- is bringing out Howard's King Kull stories in a new edition, come fall. October, 1978, I think. I wrote the introduction -- about three years ago. I'd nearly forgotten; I always preferred Kull and his world to Conan and his. Did you know that "Conan" is an old Irish word; Celtic? (To me, saying "S-eltic" is so dumb I'd never be able to live in Boston!) And "Crom" was a god of old Ireland. "Amra" was or is a Celtic word meaning ... uh ... damn. I forget; something to do with death Eulogy! As the old word for the old British -- the true British -- was Cymyr, which give Cimmerian/Celts. Howard was often transparent -- and often devious, too.

SFR: So you spent your summer with Conan, the Cimmerian.

OFFUTT: Yeah. And four conventions and teaching two writing workshops. And with Lee N. Falconer's superbly helpful GAZETTER OF THE HYBORIAN WORLD of Conan, which I bought, along with the beautiful and really huge Starmont full-color map of that world. I spent a ridiculous amount of time making notes, pondering and calculating distances, considering how far horses can move in such-and-so a time, rereading REH and the like. Enough of this!

That's what I've been doing, and am doing, Dave. It should hold me for the next several years. And after that -- who knows?!

SFR: More SHORDS AGAINST DARKNESS anthologies?

OFFUTT: Beats me. SEND NO MANUSCRIPTS. I AM NOT A MARKET. I AM WRITING, NOT EDITING. I GET PAID FOR CRITIQUEING MSS. And I am busy writing... god, Dave, what a life! To be paid, paid well, for doing my hobby, full time! I out-earn a federal judge -- can he possibly be so happy? And... what's his contribution to human happiness?

SFR: Let's hope.

OFFUTT: Un -- let's.

SFR: You say you read and critique mss for money?

OFFUTT: Yes. For both the Writer's Digest Criticism Service and on my own. I enjoy it; I do NOT profit, because I give it too much time. I enjoy it; obviously there's a psychological need; my teacher-mentor persona, you see. And I have one student. I am NOT on the staff of Writer's Digest School, as they said when they printed an article of mine this summer -- on this language. A fellow wrote in to join the (correspondence) school, and asked for me. So WD asked me. I decided I could NOT afford it -- and took him on anyhow. One student. His name's Anderson.

SFR: Poul?

OFFUTT: Not that I've noticed. I am not Sydney Offit, either, or Elizabeth Offutt Allen.

SFR: Here comes The Question --

OFFUTT: Ask me 'where do you get your ideas' and I'll bounce this empty Miller's Lite can off your coco!

SFR: You've talked about STAR WARS -- what do you think of CLOSE ENCOUNTERS? Ouch! Any good fantasy

or horror films we should see or watch for? Any of your stories you think would make good fantasy or horror movies?

OFFUTT: My THE CASTLE KEEPS would make a terrific SF movie. My MESSENGER OF ZHUVASTOU could be a big sprawling fun-pageant of a movie, with humor. A better-than-good tele-movie could be made of my long novellet "The Greenhouse Defect". It's a bionics story; a locked greenhouse murder mystery.

SFR: I have read it.

OFFUTT: It's a good story in with two other good ones by Dickson and Weinstein, in Ballantine's STELLAR SHORT NOVELS. '76, I think. As to SW: I also love the music. We own the two-record album and two SW

I DON'T KNOW WHETHER I
LIKE /BMS SELF-CENSOR AT
ALL!



suites, one conducted by Zubin Mehta with the L.A. Philharmonic, the other the National Philharmonic with Charles Gerhardt. Both have Close Encounters suites on the other side. Just give me those, Pink Floyd's "Animals" and "Echoes", some Yes, Maynard Ferguson's long McArthur Park cut, and several Moody Blues and Santana and the British pressing of the EL CID scores -- and a few highly imaginative books. And lots of paper and cartridges for my felt-pen -- and I'm happy, alone. Oh -- so long as beer and bologna are available.

SFR: Bologna?!

OFFUTT: It's my daily breakfast. I don't otherwise eat during the day until dinner. You could also provide a projector, and SW, EL CID, MASLI, YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN, the Matheson television, DUEL, several versions of THE THREE MUSKETEERS, and I'd just see how many times I could sit in front of those old favorites. Haven't mentioned CE3K, have I?

That's because I haven't seen it -- yet. Don't tell anyone, Dave. This isn't really for publication, is it? Dave? Dave?

Oh, damn. Now all thirty of your readers will know and make fun. I'll see it. I WANT to see it. I will. I will love it, too. I'm easy. Like any other exuberant kid of sixteen, I'm an easy audience.

SFR: And an easy interviewee. Thank you.

ALIEN THOUGHT CONTINUED

((Let me amend that: as science advances, s-f writers will naturally explore the new information for story uses, and there will be some similar, closely timed appearances of "same idea" fiction. It isn't important.))

LETTER FROM ALLEN KOSZOWSKI
217 Barrington Road
Upper Darby, PA, 19082
May 8, 1979

'Some people want to find "sexists" lurking under every rock, sneaking around every corner, peering from every dark alley, and so on, and so on

'Sexist! Oh, how I hate that over-used, and much abused word. When I did the spot illo that appeared on page 8 of SFR #30, it never occurred to me that I would have to defend it against a charge of sexism, which also implies that I am a "sexist". I resent the implication very much. I am simply ... me, trying to pass the short span of time allotted to me here on Spaceship Earth as enjoyably as possible.

'I love the female form. As an artist I occasionally enjoy drawing the female form. I also love fantasy, so naturally most of my drawings are of a fantastic nature. For the drawing in question I simply combined these two great loves of mine. I drew a nude female, and added a fantastic element. Is this sexist? Is this wrong? Oh, come now

'Can't I simply be myself. Do I have to spend all my time trying to analyze everything I do. Why couldn't the woman who wrote you simply have criticized my drawing, instead of trying to criticize my values, which she knows nothing about, through one damned drawing.

'I wonder if most of your female readers found my drawing offensive?

'I guess I'll just have to submit the enclosed ill of your everyday Macho Male/Allen to help soothe the righteous indignation of this unnamed letter writer.



'P.S. I don't know if I'm over-reacting here. Maybe I am, but I'm just so fed up with this sexism thing. Like everything else in this country it's getting blown so out of proportion that it's becoming ridiculous. If I have overreacted then so has the woman who wrote you.'

((Yeah, wotthehell, Allen, let's have more beefcake with our cheese-cake. Let's satisfy all kinds of sexists.))

LETTER FROM DR. DEAN R. LAMBE
10 Northlake, Route 1
Vincent, OH 45784
8 June 79

'Couple of updates: Been in communication with Neil Barron of Borgo Press' SCIENCE FICTION & FANTASY BOOK REVIEW (note "Book"). No, he doesn't pay and it seems, given the circ., that he won't ever be

able to. All reviews are solicited, however, and the reviewer does get the review copies and a free sub for his troubles. That might be a reasonable exchange, except for the requirement that review copies be immediately returned at your expense if you can't/don't want to review a particular work. The target of SF&FBR is clearly libraries and non-genre buyers/readers, although fans could do worse. With the exception of the ubiquitous D. Schweitzer, very few of the reviewers' names are familiar in the issues I have seen, and some of them believe that they are reincarnations of Freud or Jung, and therefore qualified to discuss the author's state of mind and deep symbolism of the novel (a lit. crit. practice I've always considered crap, having spent some time studying and teaching what Freud and Jung actually said). Despite all that, however, I'd like to see SF&FBR survive and will help Barron out for awhile (as long as he doesn't send me any more Asimov popular science books to review).'

5-4-79 Interesting. I've just received a call from an executive in the Copyright Office in Washington, DC. We have been hassling about the meaning (obscure, legalistic, esoteric) of the phrasing of some parts of the new forms. "Author" means one thing to you and me, another to the Copyright Office. And what does "Employer for hire" mean to you? No, you're wrong. She (in her call) mentioned they've been having a tremendous problem with people not understanding the new forms, and are trying to get the forms revised and re-phrased. But the mills of the gods and the bureaucracy grind exceedingly slow.

The main part of her call was about my copyrighting my novel CANNED MEAT and attempting to copy-right Bruce Conklin's covers and interior illustrations at the same time, in his name. The forms do not allow that. One must send in two separate forms, one for the novel, one for the artwork. The two copies of CANNED MEAT can serve as "copies" for both applications, but an extra \$10. fee is required.

She'll send a letter and more forms. She sounded harassed. And admitted their mail volume has soared because of the need to ask copyright claimants to make changes in their answers and claims.

So it goes.

The Sky(lab) is falling! And believe it or not, western Oregon is in its possible "footprint". Of course the odds are... Of course there isn't a conspiracy to silence an outspoken critic of the Rockefeller/Morgan financial empire by programming a maneuverable part of Skylab to "fall" on his home! Of course not! I'm being paranoid.

I'm not that important. No doubt They have those big sections already scheduled to hit more strategic places and people.

Now I feel better.

LETTER FROM VICTORIA SCHOCHET
Senior SF Editor
Berkley Publishing Corporation
200 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10016
May 4, 1979

'I would like to respond to your article about the Putnam warehouse flood, since the information in it is not merely misleading, but downright wrong.

'No one is going to be out any substantial amount of money in royalties -- not hundreds, not thousands. (I wish also that the writer you quoted who sounded so bitter would contact his editors here at Berkley and talk to us.)

'None of the books that you mention in your article are officially out of print. Yes, some of them will be, undoubtedly, when all the counts are in. But I'm sorry to have to disillusion those of you who think you are buying collector's items of certain books (but please buy them anyway, they're awfully good!), because that is just not the case. Our newer books (THE YEAR'S FINEST FANTASY, CATACOMB YEARS, WATCHTOWER) had approximately 1500 copies each stored in a different warehouse. That quantity, added to the initial shipment of each title, adds up to almost the total printing. Orders are being filled on all of those titles (have been since the second week after the flood) -- there is absolutely no loss to any one there. (There are even several hundred copies of RED NAILS left.)

'Of the older titles: Some are going to be out of print. There are undoubtedly copies of all the books out with distributors, but we won't know how many of which titles until they surface. Certain titles basically sold out their printings. (Science fiction titles in hardcover have a finite sale which is usually reached within the first 6 months of publication.) Whatever small quantity of copies remained (and again, probably not all of those were in that warehouse),

were going to sell, or if they did, those sales would be balanced by future returns -- in other words, those titles had reached a natural attrition point. I would say that this is really the case for all of the 1978 titles, even those that did not sell out their printings, so although some copies may have been destroyed, it's simply not realistic to say that the authors are out income from those books.

'The effects of the flood on the SF titles was made to sound considerably worse than the reality. If anyone, especially any Berkley/Putnam authors whom we haven't already spoken with, has any questions about it, please get in touch with me.'

RECEIVED

This section is devoted to a number of Gregg Press releases sent a week ago. They are permanent library editions, built to last generations, printed on the best acid-free book paper and bound in that special, tough coated cloth that library reference books are enclosed in. Sewn signatures and so on. These books will outlast you!

The texts of these books are photographic copies of original book publications, and each has an added full-page photo of the author and a special introduction for this edition.

SUNBURST by Phyllis Gotlieb. Gregg Press, \$12.00, 1978. Introduction by Elizabeth A. Lynn.

LORDS OF THE STARSHIP by Mark S. Geston. Gregg Press, \$9.50, 1978. Introduction by Thomas F. Monteleone.

TOO MANY MAGICIANS by Randall Garrett. Gregg Press, \$12.50, 1978. Introduction by Sandra Miesel.

THE LAST UNICORN by Peter Beagle. Gregg Press, \$10.00, 1978. Introduction by Jean Tobin.

I WILL FEAR NO EVIL by Robert A. Heinlein. Gregg Press, \$15.00, 1978. Introduction by Paul Williams.

THE SCIENCE FICTION STORIES OF WALTER M. MILLER, JR. by Walter M. Miller, Jr. Gregg Press, \$15.00, 1978. Introduction by David Samuelson.

THE DREAMING JEWELS by Theodore Sturgeon. Gregg Press, \$11.00, 1978. Introduction by Paul Williams.

WE WHO ARE ABOUT TO... by Joanna Russ. Gregg Press, \$12.50, 1978. Introduction by Jean Tobin.

THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH by Walter Tevis. Gregg Press, \$10.00, 1978. Introduction by Norman Spinrad.

PILGRIMAGE: THE BOOK OF THE PEOPLE by Zenna Henderson. Gregg Press, \$12.50, 1978. Introduction by Sandra Miesel.

ANY OF THE ABOVE BOOKS MAY BE ORDERED FROM: G.K. HALL & CO.
70 LINCOLN ST.
BOSTON, MA 02111

PRICES OUTSIDE THE USA ARE 15% HIGHER.

(ALL OF THE ABOVE TITLES WERE RELEASED IN DECEMBER, 1978.)

IF VIOLENCE IS THE FIRST OR LAST RESORT OF THE INCOMPETENT AND THE SCOUNDREL, PERHAP'S THAT'S WHY THEY WIN SO OFTEN.

LETTER FROM MICHAEL MOORCOCK
c/o Anthony Shell Associates
2/3 Morwell Street
London WC1B 3AR

'Thanks for SFR #31 and I'm sorry if I didn't acknowledge #30, which contained that excellent and very literate review of GLORIANA: It was a joy to read, not because it was praising, but because it understood what the intention was -- rare enough, I'm sure you'll agree, in any area of reviewing. So please say thanks to the writer. If he's interested, it cheered me up a lot and probably would have cheered me up even if it hadn't been so favourable.

'It was also nice to see your review of NW. That issue was edited primarily by me, with Charles doing a fair amount of contributing and, of course, all the hard work on design and so on (with some help from Jill). The previous issue was almost entirely me and Jill. The next issue will be done by Dave Britton and Mike Butterworth (of Savoy Books fame, and will be much "straighter"). The issue (216) in the pipeline will have been edited by Charles (with me helping) and also designed and typeset by Charles.

'We're deliberately keeping the circulation down, by the way, and almost all back issues of this current format have been sold. We're determined not to get into a circulation-go-round, with all the bizarre logic involved in meeting specific deadlines, being sold at a specific price (and therefore having a specific number of pages, etc. etc.), and do not intend to publish on any sort of regular basis, as the term's generally understood.

'People can subscribe for four issues, for instance, and will get four issues (no matter what the cover price) probably in the course of a year.

'Liked the O.S. Card "Roger" selections. What's obscure about NOVYA MIRI? It's been a well-established title (as NOVY MIR, at any rate, the singular) in the USSR since the 20s ... There can't be people over there, surely, who still can't read Cyrillic?

*Mir is also meaning peace. Now can you work out the name of a popular brand of Soviet pipe-tobacco...

'P.S. Russia and other Warsaw Pact countries now pay royalties by conventional means. It often takes time, but that's the fault of their appalling bureaucracies. I made, for instance, \$8,000 for Serbian translations of two Elvish books last year.

'It's often better money than other European countries and sometimes faster (than, say, Italy).

'Politics aside, they do now pay in "hard" currencies for the books they buy. Often, however, they'll publish a limited edition of a book in order to "bury" it, if they disagree with its contents, but wish to display a "liberal" attitude at home and abroad.'



THE VIVISECTOR

A Column By Darrell Schweitzer

THE BOOK OF THE DUN COW

By Walter Wangerin, Jr.

Harper & Row, 1978, 241 pp., \$6.95

People are already beginning to talk about this book. At the Nebula banquet last month the word was going around that a certain editor had paid a huge sum for the paperback rights. Since I can't confirm the story and am just reporting what I heard, I won't quote a figure, but I'll give you a hint: 25% of that amount would be record-breaking for a science fiction first novel. Obviously the paperback publisher expects this one to go over big. "It's supposed to do for chickens what WATERSHIP DOWN did for rabbits", someone said.

The curious thing is that few could remember the author's name. So I'll shout it loud and clear:
WALTER WANGERIN, JR.

I think we'll be hearing a lot about him in the near future. The reason is that his first novel is unusual, and it's good. And it really is the WATERSHIP DOWN of the poultry set, quite simply, an epic fantasy in the grandest tradition most of the characters of which happen to be chickens. (There are also weasels, foxes, mice and one of the most important figures is a dog.) It also follows, as far as I am able to tell, the proper medieval rules for a beast tale, although, contrary to what a couple people have said, Wangerin didn't swipe it all from Chaucer. Both have roosters named Chaunticleer, but the similarities end there. Chaucer's version is a kind of domestic comedy. And his THE PARLAMENT OF FOWLS isn't like this book at all.

The story is set in a mythical past when animals possessed the power of speech and the world is still fixed in the center of the universe. Inside the Earth, and kept there by the vigilance of the various God-fearing creatures, is the evil serpent Wyrn, which starts all the trouble by trying to get out. A cockatrice (half rooster, half serpent, born out of an egg laid by a rooster and sat upon by a toad) is born, a country is ruined, and this creature, with the aid of millions of

basilisks it has spawned and a river which floods nearly everything, invades the land of Chaunticleer. Mighty deeds are done, the mysterious supernatural cow of the title appears to aid the forces of good, and finally Wyrn is defeated by the sacrifice of a mangy mutt called Mundo Cani Dog, who wandered onto the scene at the beginning moaning about the unsightly hugeness of his nose. All this works, and is made compelling by the sheer power of Wangerin's writing. It would have been so easy to slip and make it ridiculous, and yet the author falls off his tightrope only twice. It is essential for a story like this to work that the characters really be animals, not humans thinly disguised, and for the most part they are. But there is one scene in which a hen nurse in a moment of hysteria forgets about her lost charges and spends an hour cleaning up the coop with a broom. At no other point do any of the animals use artifacts, so this clashes. Also, it's anachronistic to have somebody named Comingware Turkey.

If I have any serious objection at all, it's that Mundo Cani Dog is the most intriguing of all the characters and the least explained. He is mourning and repentant over some past sin, real or imaginary, but we never find out what. He appears out of nowhere at the beginning and remains an enigma throughout. We want to get inside his mind, and never do. Finally, when he has

leapt into a chasm to drive the horn of the Dun Cow into the eye of Wyrn and been buried, it is suggested that he may still be alive down there. I'm not sure how to take this. The dog is a sympathetic character, and it's nice to know he can be saved, but in the meantime he must be enduring unspeakable horror while trapped in the company of the foul Wyrn. So the book ends on a questionable note, neither upbeat or down.

As you've probably surmised, all this is allegorical, and religiously allegorical at that (the author is a Lutheran minister, so it figures), but I'm happy to report that this enhances the story values, as it does in the best work of C.S. Lewis, rather than detracting. THE BOOK OF THE DUN COW is not a simplistic sermon. Wangerin is not John Bunyan, thank God. (No question of which one either.)

Recommended.

THE PERILS OF PUTNEY

By Stephen Krensky

Atheneum, 1978, 116 pp.

Illustrated by Jurg Obrist

The problem with this book is that the author is too consciously writing a Fairy Tale, and feels obligated to pile in all the stock elements, Black and White Knights, a Fair Damsel, a Wicked Stepmother, a Witch, a Giant, a Fair Damsel, and so on. It seems that the Fair Damsel has vanished, and is not available for her usual workout of capture and rescue which is what keeps the knights occupied. The League of Black Knights demand that she be returned to circulation at once, or they will ravage the kingdom. One White Knight with nothing better to do demands that the amiable giant Putney hand over his hoard or do battle. But Putney doesn't have a



heard, he takes the other option allowed by the rules: Recovering the Damsel. And so on.

Unfortunately none of the characters are more than one-dimensional types. Krensky lacks the ability of a T.H. White or a John Belairs to make a screwball epic like this come to life. As a result, it doesn't. I got bored with it quickly. Since it is published as a children's book, I imagine it might amuse some kids who haven't encountered this sort of parody before. The actual writing is perfectly competent.

FIGURES OF EARTH

By James Branch Cabell
Del Rey, 1979, 290 pp., \$2.25
Introduction by Lin Carter
Illustrated by Frank C. Pape

Yet another reissue of a volume from the old Ballentine Adult Fantasy series, although this may be the first one to retain the original Lin Carter introduction. As is usual for this sort of thing, the original cover is gone and an inferior one is substituted, although it is not nearly as bad as that infamous thing which made Poul Anderson's *THE BROKEN SWORD* look like *COGNAR THE CAVEMAN*. Howard Koslow's cover painting is very accurate in its details; it fails to capture the spirit of the book. I suppose the del Keys know what they're doing in leading buyers to expect a lusty and violent heroic fantasy, but I can't help but feel that the less sophisticated of those buyers are going to feel cheated, a lot of people are going to be puzzled and only a handful will make a delighted discovery. The best way to package a Cabell book is to have somebody color in one of Pape's endpapers, as was done with the original Ballentine printing of *THE HIGH PLACE*, but I suppose this was deemed not commercial enough. If the 1979 edition sells more copies than the 1969 one, that must be the case.

Cabell is one off the oddest cases in all of fantasy. He was once propelled into best sellerdom on the basis of a ludicrous obscenity charge, but then fell into obscurity. His books simply refuse to die, and will probably never be genuinely unavailable (even if we are only talking about easy to find second hand copies), but at the same time there's no evidence they will ever have more than a small readership. They aren't heroic fantasy, unless you can imagine Conan written by Oscar Wilde and accept that as such -- I don't think Howard's audience and Cabell's overlap. They aren't really romantic

fantasy in the Tolkien/William Morris tradition, because Cabell constantly lampoons the conventions of such stories while at the same time displaying a sense of regret that he can't really believe in love at first sight, heroic quests, and the like. His humor is as sparkling as that of T.H. White, but there is little of the genuine humanity of White's Arthur. For Cabell it's all a literary game, so his novels are larded with verbal tricks, innuendoes, obscure references, and parodies. At the same time, just as the tendency to stand romantic conventions on their heads is in conflict with a kind of sadness, the literary game is battling with the pure imagination, with what I suppose we could call real fantasy, i.e. something which exists for itself, not as a commentary on something else. For example, the ending, in which Dom Manuel rides off with Grandfather Death, comes to the river Lethe, and forgets everything, is masterful. There are similarly brilliant sequences in *JURGEN*, *FIGURES OF EARTH* and most of the others.

I suppose that as time passes people will read the books more as fantasy than as satire because no one will know what the references mean and they'll be less distracting. In my copy of the deluxe McBride edition (from which the illustrations for this paperback were taken), where Dom Manuel has adopted a slogan "Mum with Manuel!", the original owner has written in the margin, "Cool with Coolidge". Many of the literary references are going to go the same way.

To make things more complicated, saleswise, *FIGURES OF EARTH* isn't Cabell's best book. It's more self-consciously literary than some of the others, and the satirical asides are more obtrusive. There are some very good parts, but as a whole it doesn't work as well as, say, *THE SILVER STALLION*. But it is essential for the understanding of some of the others. Cabell's main work is called *THE BIOGRAPHY OF DOM MANUEL*. In *FIGURES OF EARTH*, Manuel, a not very bright swineherd, goes on to achieve astonishing feats, often by accident, and to become ruler of the land of Poictesme. Later, as his legend grows, he is held to be a redeemer and rises to mythic stature, until somebody reverses time by moving a decimal point in the Book of the Norms, and the Sisters have to rewrite what is lost. Unfortunately, they don't have much in the way of imagination or memory, which explains why the good parts are only found in Cabell's books.

FINDING BURIED
TREASURE IS A
LOT EASIER THAN
FINDING RELIABLE
HELP TO DIG IT UP.



Del Rey intends to reissue the other Cabell titles Ballentine did before: *THE SILVER STALLION*, *DOM NEI*, *THE HIGH PLACE*, *SOMETHING ABOUT EVE* and *THE CREAM OF THE JEST*. One can hope they'll go on to do the other Cabell fantasies, perhaps *THE NIGHTMARE HAS TRIPLETS* (three dream novels intended to "extend the naturalism of Lewis Carroll") in one volume, and I think a good collection or two could be made out of the shortish novels, *THE DEVIL'S OWN DEAR SON* and *THERE WERE TWO PIRATES*, the three novellas in *THE WITCH WOMAN*, the short stories "The Wedding Jest" (from *THE LINE OF LOVE*), "The Thin Queen of Elfhame" and "The Delta of Radeconde" (from *STRAW AND PRAYERBOOKS*), "An Amateur Ghost" (from *ARGOSY*, 1902, considerably rewritten as a chapter of *JURGEN*), and "The Fable of the Foolish Prince" (from *CORDS OF VANITY*), and perhaps some others I don't know about.

ORBIT 20

Edited by Damon Knight
Harper & Row, 1978, 248 pp., \$9.95

This is overall the best *ORBIT* I have yet seen, and I have been reading the series off and on for ten years. It also is the next to the last one, according to current reports, which is ironic and a shame. When Knight puts his mind to it he can produce a book a large number of people will want to read, and my feeling is if he had done a few more like this back about the time when paperback publishers ceased to be interested (*ORBIT* has not been paperbacked since #13, the last Putnam volume), the series might have been saved. This is a book which might have retained those readers who have been driven off over the years. It is at least as good as an average issue of, say, *F&SF*. All of the items in it are stories. There are no non-functional word-patterns. All the stories are coherent, with characters and a point.

The best is very good indeed. This is doubtless heresy, but Gene

Wolfe's "Seven American Nights" was my choice for the novella Nebula last year. (Varley won, of course. "Persistence of Vision" depicts a society brilliantly, but I got the feeling he didn't know what to do at the end, so threw up his hands and went mystical on us.) It is about a young Persian coming to a ruined America in the future, and it is instructive to compare this with J.A. Mitchell's *THE LAST AMERICAN* (1888 and later revised in 1902) which is about the same. We can see the tremendous growth of science fiction over the intervening years.

Both authors account for the destruction of America by a bit of handwaving; it is not their concern; but there similarities all but cease. Mitchell was so entranced with the very idea of taking the reader through a tour of a ruined U.S.A. that he did little else. (Amazingly, *THE LAST AMERICAN* holds up remarkably well, and the illustrations are marvellous -- I particularly like the reconstructed street scene, and the screaming newspaper headline: "SON EATS FATHER'S dinner WITH A KNIFE.") Wolfe is, of course aware that the idea alone won't carry a story today, so he has to make his America real, rather than just an amusing construct. And he does.

His moody, atmospheric creation is one of the most convincing milieus to come along in SF in some time. The whole country is tottering on the edge of chaos and madness (and ultimately, the hero falls in), but the inhabitants of Washington D.C. go about their day to day lives in a calm enough fashion (blithely taking the Washington Monument apart for building material), as the people of Rome must have done almost until the very end. The foreground story is about a romantic love affair in which the rather naive young narrator finds himself in with more than he bargained for. And yes, the plot is science fiction, not something else transplanted, but if I were to be more specific I might ruin the ending for you, which Wolfe seems to intend as a surprise. I'll just say that it is one of those inevitable surprises that makes sense in retrospect, not a reader-blinding gimmick. Wolfe is too good a writer for that sort of thing.

The other real winner in the book is Kate Wilhelm's "Moongate", which is also a novella. Between them, Wolfe and Wilhelm take up the majority of the book which would make ORBIT 20 worthwhile even if the rest of the contents were turkeys. The story is a bit hard to follow in spots because minor information cues are missing -- at times I had to go back and reread to find transitions or to tell how many peo-



le were present in a scene and where the other characters went -- but when it gets moving it is very good indeed. I can't think of anybody in the field who couldn't afford to take a few lessons on depicting human relationships from Kate Wilhelm. She also has great descriptive powers, which are evident both when she is writing about the deserts of the southwestern U.S. and about strange phenomena. Ultimately, the desert and the odd goings on, and the characters, come together, and everything fits beautifully. I suspect some people may find this story too diffuse at the beginning, but it is definitely worth reading all the way through.

Despite its title, Pamela Sargent's "The Novella Race" is shorter. It's also a marvellous example of a kind of story a beginning writer should never attempt to write, but which an established one can pull off. Novices should not write stories about writing. As every editor knows, they often do, and the result is usually narcissistic, pointless, or else it shows the author doesn't know his/her subject matter. But Sargent manages to both satirize the whole genre of Struggling Artist Tales and include some real truth on the subject. The basic premise is that writers train and perform like Olympic stars, which is one of those simple satirical transpositions beginners consistently think novel enough to carry a story all by itself. All of which goes to show why Ms. Sargent is not a beginner. Some editors, I think, might almost be afraid to publish this because of the bad submissions it would generate. "Aha!" the amateurs would exclaim, "They do publish stories like mine after all." No they don't. Look closely at Sargent's to see the difference.

R.A. Lafferty's "Bright Coins in Never-Ending Stream" is about just that. A man, having made a bargain with a Certain Party, can live as long as he chooses (even if he gets older) and is equipped with a purse which always has another coin in it. Unfortunately, they keep coming in smaller denominations. Then pennies are declared valueless and they can only be sold for scrap. What Lafferty has done is take a simple premise and carry it as far as it will go, which means farther than most writers can imagine, in his own inimitable way.

Ronald Anthony Cross's "The Birds are Free" is a good example of an archetypal kind of story -- the promising student of the philosopher finds he knows less than he thinks he does, and in the process learns more. The philosopher is into martial arts, as a way of life, as the Orientals see it, not just an excuse for violence as shown in Kung Fu movies. The story works because the master-student relationship is convincingly depicted, and the background, what little we see of it, fits the situation.

The remaining three items are decidedly minor. Steve Chapman's "A Right-Handed Wrist" hasn't got any particularly interesting characters, and the best idea is not well developed (that a former prosthetic hand would come back and try to eject its rival off the wearer's wrist) even though it has considerable potential for comedy, or, if the author is audacious enough (and capable of preventing it from getting silly), something serious. All I see going for it is one memorable image (the two, joined at the wrist, scurrying off like a ten-fingered spider), and that is not enough.

Terrence Brown's "The Synergy Sculpture" is a competent but routine story of the effect of a new invention on two people. Philippa C. Madden's "They Made Us Not To Be and They Are Not" I could have done without. This is what we call an ANALOG story when we use the term disparagingly. What we really mean is a story ANALOG should not have published, i.e. an inferior specimen of the sort they run regularly. It's of the planetary exploration/contact with the natives variety. The writing is better than usual. Madden shows signs of understanding the things one can do with prose.

But she takes shortcuts with the imaginative content. Her aliens are simply horsemen. Of course, STAR TREK to the contrary, the least likely thing to evolve on another world is a duplicate of an earthly lifeform. If there are (apparently) men, horses, grass,

trees, etc., there had better be a damn good explanation. So far virtually no writer has provided one. Most either mumble about "lost colonies" or ignore the point altogether, as Madden has done. The result is an unconvincing story. And her only vaguely realized characters spend most of their time just chatting about the Enigma that is always present in these things. Conclusion: The author shows promise, but the story doesn't.

DARE

By Philip Jose Farmer
Berkley, 1979, 201 pp., \$1.95

This is apparently the work bought but never published by STARTLING STORIES in the early 1950s which is described by Sam Moskowitz in SEEKERS OF TOMORROW. The title in those days was A BEAST OF THE FIELDS, which strikes me as a better one. I don't know if the book has been revised since it was written, but if so Farmer did it on a whole series of off days.

It is decidedly minor, and had it been published by STARTLING in the wake of his other two novels of the period, THE LOVERS and MOTH AND RUST (variously retitled since), I think the readers would have been disappointed. The main problem is that the plot runs continuously and dangerously close to standard cowboys and Indians. There are some good science fictional ideas, notably a huge underground being in whose "horns" one can live symbiotically, and there are some rather charming intelligent dragons, but none of these are integral to the story. It's the old favorite about the young man caught up in the unjust war between the settlers and the natives and unable to decide which side he's on.

Conrad Richter did a bang-up version of it in THE LIGHT IN THE FOREST. Farmer's is a lot more superficial, with strictly one-dimensional characters and so much action that in a stricter sense very little happens. Nothing interesting goes on between the people involved.

There's a very rudimentary interspecies love affair, but, especially when compared to THE LOVERS, it seems flat and unconvincing. The title, by the way, isn't daring you to read this book (which has a naked lady on the cover), but refers to a planet named after Virginia Dare, the first English baby born in North America. The Roanoke colony was spirited off to the stars, it seems, for reasons never quite made clear.

Also, for unclear reasons, the

descendants of the settlers seem to be Roman Catholics and used to hearing masses in Latin, even though 1588, the year the colony was "lost" was also the year of the Spanish Armada, and being a Catholic in Protestant England was less fun than being a Communist in America in 1950.

Of course, the book maintains a certain level of readability, but Farmer has done a lot better.

ALIEN THOUGHTS CONTINUED

5-17-79 The Hugo Nominations that will appear on the final ballot have arrived from England.

The 37th World Science Fiction Convention this year will be at the Metropole Hotel, Brighton, England, 23-27 August.

1978 HUGO NOMINEES

The following items will appear on the final Hugo ballot for material first published in 1978. Counting and verification were performed by David Pringle of the Science Fiction Foundation. We received 473 ballots; the spread of nominations in each category follows the name.

NOVEL—61-90

BLIND VOICES by Tom Reamy (Berkley-Putnam)

DREAMSNAKE by Vonda McIntyre (Houghton-Mifflin, Gollancz)

THE FADED SUN: KESRITH by C. J. Cherryh (DAW, SFBC, GALAXY Feb-May)

UP THE WALLS OF THE WORLD by James Tiptree, Jr. (Berkley-Putnam, Gollancz)

THE WHITE DRAGON by Anne McCaffrey (Del Rey, Sidgwick & Jackson)

NOVELLA—39-182

ENEMIES OF THE SYSTEM by Brian Aldiss (F&SF, June)

FIRESHIP by Joan Vinge (ANALOG, Dec.)

THE PERSISTENCE OF VISION by John Varley (F&SF, Mar)

SEVEN AMERICAN NIGHTS by Gene Wolfe (ORBIT 20, ed. Damon Knight: Harper & Row)

THE WATCHED by Christopher Priest (F&SF, April)

NOVELETTE—34-57

"The Barbie Murders" by John Varley (IASFM, Jan/Feb)

"The Devil You Don't Know" by Dean Ing (ANALOG, Fan)

"Hunter's Moon" by Poul Anderson (ANALOG, Nov)

"The Man Who Had No Idea" by Thomas M. Disch (F&SF Oct)

"Mikal's Songbird" by Orson Scott Card (ANALOG, May)

SHORT STORY—30-50

"Cassandra" by C.J. Cherryh (F&SF Oct)

"Count the Clock That Tells the Time" by Harlan Ellison (OMNI, Dec.)

"Stone" by Edward Bryant (F&SF, Feb)

"The Very Slow Time Machine" by Ian Watson (ANTICIPATIONS, ed. Christopher Priest: Faber, Scribner's)

"View From a Height" by Joan D. Vinge (ANALOG, Sept)

"Dramatic Presentation"—62-137

HITCH-HIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY (BBC: Radio 4)

INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS

(United Artists)

LORD OF THE RINGS (United Artists)

SUPERMAN (Columbia-EMI-Warner)

WATERSHIP DOWN (Cinema International Corp.)



PROFESSIONAL ARTIST—44-71

VINCENT DIFATE

STEPHEN FABIAN

DAVID HARDY

BORIS VALLEJO

MICHAEL WHELAN

PROFESSIONAL EDITOR—52-150

JAMES BAEN (Ace Books, DESTINIES)

BEN BOVA (ANALOG, OMNI)

TERRY CARR (UNIVERSE, THE YEAR'S

BEST SF, THE YEAR'S FINEST FANTASY

EDWARD FERMAN (F&SF)

GEORGE SCITHERS (IASFM)

FANZINE—26-71

JANUS ed. Jan Bogstad & Jeanne

Gomoll

MAYA ed. Rob Jackson

MOTA ed. Terry Hughes

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW ed. Richard

E. Geis

TWILL-DDU ed. Dave Langford

FAN WRITER—24-61

RICHARD E. GEIS

LEROY KETTLE

DAVE LANGFORD

BOB SHAW

D. WEST

FAN ARTIST—24-64

JIM BARKER

HARRY BELL

ALEXIS GILLILAND

BILL ROTSLER

STU SHIFFMAN

Thus the ten categories of Hugo Awards proper. The newszine LOCUS would have featured in the fanzine category had not its editor, Charles Brown, announced that it was to be treated as a professional magazine. The following awards are not Hugos but are administered by Season.

JOHN W. CAMPBELL AWARD-----15-54
STEPHEN DONALDSON (THE CHRONICLES OF THOMAS COVENANT THE UNBELIEVER: Holt, Rinehart & Winston, Fontana)
CYNTHIA FELICE ("Longshanks": GALILEO, Jan 77; GODSFIRE, Pocket Books)

JAMES P. HOGAN (INHERIT THE STARS: Del Rey)

BARRY LONGYEAR ("The Tryouts": IASF, Nov/Dec 78)

ELIZABETH LYNN ("We All Have To Go": FUTURE PASTTIMES, ed. Scott Ed-
elstein; A DIFFERENT LIGHT: Berk-
ley)

CHARLES SHEFFIELD ("What Song the
Siren's Sang": GALAXY, April 77;
etc.)

The alert reader will have noted that owing to a tie in nominations, six names are appearing on the final ballot in this category.

'GANDALF' GRAND MASTER-----31-73
RAY BRADBURY

URSULA LE GUIN
MICHAEL MOORCOCK
JACK VANCE
ROGER ZELAZNY

'GANDALF' BOOK-LENGTH FANTASY-----20-44
THE COURTS OF CHAOS by Roger Zelazny
(Doubleday, Faber)

GLORIANA by Michael Moorcock (Alli-
son & Busby, Avon, Fontana)
SAINT CAMBER by Katherine Kurtz
(Del Rey)

THE STAND by Stephen King (Double-
day, New English Library)

THE WHITE DRAGON by Anne McCaffrey
(Del Rey, Sidgwick & Jackson)

The final ballots will be distributed very shortly and must be received on or before **31 JULY 1979** if they are to be counted. Only members of Season are eligible to vote.

Season membership costs \$10.00/\$5.50 (supporting) or \$20.00/\$11.00 (at-
tending) from local agents or from the address on the first page of this bulletin. Please note that correspondence concerning the Hugos should be clearly marked HUGO SUBCOMMITTEE or similar; it would make life easier for us all if other convention correspondence--membership applications, etc.--were sent separately and not so marked.

The Hugo presentation ceremony is scheduled for the evening of Sunday 26 August, at Season. It should begin at approximately 9.30 pm. A portion of the auditorium will be set aside for the nominees and their guests. We would appreci-

ate early notification of designated stand-ins for nominees unable to attend. Each nominee or stand-in will be able to bring one guest to the reserved section.

Congratulations to all whose work was nominated for the Hugo or other awards. We hope to see you all at Season... and hope too that every member will vote in the final ballot, to make sure that these are true popular awards.

This is an advance bulletin for the consumption of newszines, nominees and various sf-linked organizations; it may be reproduced wholly or in part by any interested person.

THE HUGO SUBCOMMITTEE

REG COMMENT: It should be noted that the nominations in each category are listed by alphabet and have no relationship to the number of nominating votes received.

Of course I'm pleased as punch to have been nominated this year for both the Fanzine and Fan Writer Hugos. There is always that shiver of delight, that happy glow. The thought: *fandom still loves me.*

The nominations for the Novel category will cause some to blink: four women and a dead man. To those who are sexist oriented this will be either Cause For Alarm or It's About Time!

The male sf writers do dominate the other fiction categories. Make of this what you can.

I also note the large number of stories from the MAGAZINE OF FANTASY



& SCIENCE FICTION in the shorter fiction categories; perhaps this year Ed Ferman will win the Best Professional Editor Hugo. The nominations provide evidence that he is the best at choosing quality stories.

I am of course prejudiced in hoping that Steve Fabian wins as Best Pro Artist, and Alexis Gilliland as Best Fan Artist.

This issue of SFR will probably reach you too late for you to join Season and get a chance to vote in the final ballot. Too late, too late.... I'll be carrying the list of Hugo and other winners in the November issue.

I was underinformed when I reported the new Postal Service requirements on envelope sizes. Thanks to Marty Cantor and Anne (Pinzow) Golar I can now report that the 74 surcharge will be imposed only on letters and postcards smaller than 3 1/2 x 5 weighing an ounce or less, and on letters and postcards larger than 6-1/8 x 1 1/2, weighing an ounce or less.

The 74 per piece surcharge also applies to single piece third class envelopes smaller than or larger than the dimensions above, which weigh two ounces or less.

Any fan editor can easily divine the ways to avoid the surcharge.

The surcharge and dimensions rules go into effect July 15.

RECEIVED

THE ILLUSTRATED HARLAN ELLISON Edited by Byron Preiss. Baronet, \$8.95, 1979. Seven Ellison stories copiously illustrated by nine artists; "Repent, Harlequin!" Said the Ticktock-man" is presented with 3-D illustrations. A 3-D viewer is provided. NOTE: The thin cardboard, blue and red cellophane lensed viewer doesn't work well, and the 3-D effect is not very thrilling, because the effects possible are limited. A gimmick not worth the effort.

Still, the other artwork is lovely, beautiful, impressive and exciting. Altogether a collector's item worth collecting. Excellent writing and artwork.

NEEDLE by Hal Clement. Avon 44263, \$1.95. S-f novel first published in 1949.

WANDOR'S VOYAGE by Roland Green. Avon 44271, \$1.95. Original Sword & Sorcery novel, 1979. Third in the Wandor saga. [WANDOR'S RIDE, WANDOR'S JOURNEY]

THE STAR-SPANGLED FUTURE by Norman Spinrad. Ace 78475-5, \$2.25, 1979. S-f theme collection of 14 stories.

THE PSYCHOPATHIC PLAGUE by Steven G. Spruiell. Dell 17230, \$1.75, 1979. S-f novel, published by Doubleday in 1978.

SPACE PIRATES [#2 in the Lord Tord-
pice series] by Gordon Eklund (in
the tradition of E.E. "Doc" Smith).
Baronet trade paperback, \$4.95, 1979.

MISPLACED PERSONS by Lee Harding.
Harper & Row, \$7.95, 1979. S-f
Juvenile.

IT, US AND THE OTHERS by David
Churchill. Harper & Row, \$5.95,
1979. S-f Juvenile (Ages 10 and up)

BANDERSNATCH by Kevin O'Donnell, Jr.
Bantam 12620-2, \$1.95. S-f novel,
original, 1979.

THE WEIRD GATHERING & OTHER TALES
FROM THE ENCHANTED WORLD OF DARK
LEGENDS Edited by Ronald Curran.
Fawcett 2-3994-2, \$2.50. Thirty-
four story anthology of "Supernatural"
Women in American Popular Fiction,
1800-1850.

THE ALIEN by Victor Besaw. Fawcett
1-4197-7, \$1.75. Sword&Sorcery novel,
original, 1979.

MILLENNIAL WOMEN edited by Virginia
Kidd. Dell 16301, \$1.95. S-f Antho-
logy of four short stories, a novel-
ette, and a short novel by Ursula K.
Le Guin. Orig. published in 1978 by
Delacorte Press.

ROBOT #35 AND #36
Italian sf magazine.

NOTE: Use of female nudes in covers
of both issues.

SUM VII by T. W. Hard. Harper & Row,
8.95, 1979. Original s-f novel.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE NIGHT Essays on
Fantasy and Science Fiction by Ursula
K. Le Guin. Edited and with intro-
ductions by Susan Wood. Putnam,
\$9.95, 1979. Non-fiction.

NIGHT VISION by Frank King. Marek,
\$10.95, 1979. Original supernatural
novel.

FIGURES OF EARTH by James Branch
Cabell. Ballantine 28170, \$2.25,
1979. Orig. published 1921.
Classic, literate, subtle fantasy.

GATHER, DARKNESS by Fritz Leiber.
Ballantine 28073, \$1.95, 1979. Orig.
published 1950. S-f classic. Note:
This made a tremendous impression on
me in my early days. A mind-blower
for young or beginning s-f readers.

MISSION OF GRAVITY by Hal Clement.
Ballantine 27092, \$1.75, 1979. Orig-
inally published 1954. S-f novel; an
oldie and a goodie.

THE WAY THE FUTURE WAS by Frederik
Pohl. Ballantine 26059, \$1.95, 1979.
Non-fiction--a memoir--first pub-
lished in 1978.

THE INSTRUMENTALITY OF MANKIND by
Cordwainer Smith. Ballantine 27716,
\$1.95, 1979. S-f collection. Intro-
duction by Frederik Pohl.

JUNIPER TIME by Kate Wilhelm. Har-
per & Row, \$10.95, 1979. S-f novel,
original.

SUPERNOVA--EXPLODING STAR by G.A.
Skander. Vantage, \$7.50, 1979.
S-f novel, original.

MACROLIFE by George Zebrowski.
Harper & Row, \$12.95, 1979. Orig.
s-f novel.

ACT OF PROVIDENCE by Joseph Payne
Brennan & Donald M. Grant. Grant,
\$10. [\$.20. for limited, signed edi-
tion] Illustrated by Robert Arring-
ton. Short horror novel. 1979.
Original, detailing an episode in
the career of Lucius Leffing.

THE REVENGE OF DRACULA by Peter
Tremayne. Grant, \$15, 1978. Hor-
ror novel, illustrated by Dan Green.
First American publication. Limited
edition [1250 copies signed by author
and artist].

NIGHTCHILD by Scott Baker. Berkley/
Putnam, \$8.95, 1979. S-f novel,
Original. [Advance proof copy.]

WINDOMS by D.G. Compton. Berkley/
Putnam, \$9.95, 1979. Original s-f
novel. [Advance proof copy.]

THE MERMANS' CHILDREN by Poul Ander-
son. Berkley/Putnam, \$10.95, 1979.
Original s-f novel. [Advance proof
copy.]

CARD FROM ROBERT HOSKINS
POB 930
Chatsworth, CA 91311
May 9, 1979

'Noted in passing but can't find
in SFR 31 a suggested derivation for
Conan. According to my paperback
edition of KINGS, RULERS AND STATES-
MEN, (Sterling, Oct. 67, revised
Oct. 68; Bantam 69) Conan I (987-
992) is the first listed Duke of
Brittany. There were also Conan II
(1040-1066), Conan III (1112-1148)
and Conan IV (1156-1171). Only Con-
an III is also given a birthdate,
1089.

'Quote: "In the 10th Century,
Britany threw off Frankish rule and
maintained its identity until the
marriage of Duchess Anne (1488-1514)
first to Charles VIII of France and
then to Louis XII led to its union
with France."

((Interesting that the Conan line
only surfaced in recorded history
in the 10th Century. I suppose
we'll never know much about the
many milleniums between the Conan
we know and love, and that Duke of
Brittany.))

((I'm sure there'll be some
good academic work done on that
missing lineage. Maybe a Masters
thesis....))

LETTER FROM BILL ROTSLER
POB 3126
Los Angeles, CA, 90028
May 1, 1979

'Alexis Gilliland is superb! He
is cerebral and insane, wacky and
topical, bizarre and very, very fun-
ny. He is far better than "just a
fan cartoonist" (as I have been tel-
ling him for some time) and should
seek a wider and more lucrative ad-
vance. In my own pantheon of Sup-
erb Cartoonists (headed by Saul
Steinberg) which includes B. Kli-
ban, Sergio Aragones, J-C Mezieres,
"Moebius" and others, Alex is by
no means at the bottom of the list.

'The fact that he has not re-
ceived a Hugo is outrageous. (But
my feelings about Canfield & Don
Simpson not winning when someone as
feckless as Foglio wins two are
well known.) I hope that the omis-
sion will be corrected in the next
three years.

'SFR continues interesting,
but I don't think you need "waste"
space on "Books received". I mean,
if you are not going to say any-
thing about them, why bother?

'Your cover: I am still not a
Fabian fan, but he does seem to be
inching better. (All opinions are
highly subjective and mine are more
subjective than most; even my excel-
lent objectivity is subjective.)
But I still hope he will run out of
that pebbly-surfaced paper that gives
his work such a grayness and murk-
iness.'

ALIEN THOUGHTS CONTINUED ON P.40

AND SO, MY SON, THE ADMINISTRATOR,
THE COMMISSIONER, AND ALL THE
ASSISTANT COMMISSIONERS SAT
AND QUAISHED THEIR TEETH, AND
TORE THEIR HAIR AND RENT THEIR
GARMENTS, SAYING UNTO ME: "WHY
IS THIS SO?" AND IN THAT MOMENT
I OPENED THE FILE AND SET IT
BEFORE THEM, AND LO, THEY FELT
SILENT AND CAST DOWN THEIR EYES
AND WERE MUCH ASHAMED.

"WELL, HELL," SAID THE COMMISSIONER,
"WE CAN'T TELL CONGRESS THAT!"



AN INTERVIEW WITH ORSON SCOTT CARD

Conducted By Cliff Moser

SFR: Which direction do you see science fiction going?

CARD: There's nothing sure about the future of SF except that there will be one. For all that purists deride STAR WARS as a return to the bad old days of space opera, it has made SF big business, both in books and films. And while there will be no lack of writers who hack out mediocre work just to "cash in", the fact that there exists a large and growing public for SF means that publishers will also buy some good books. Of course, the publishers knew that the STAR WARS novelization and SPLINTER OF THE MIND'S EYE were schlock -- profitable schlock. But editors can, by and large, tell the difference between schlock and the good stuff -- and the good stuff will get published, too.

SFR: What do you feel determines whether something is good science fiction, and how will it be recognized from the "schlock"?

CARD: The problem, of course, is whether a good book finds its public or not. There are only a few "classics" in SF: DUNE, of course; LORD OF THE RINGS; FOUNDATION; STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND; 2001. I can't presume to give the recipe for their success -- if I knew it, I'd have sold as many books as they. But there are some things that all these books have in common, and I think these are the things that have made these books the enduring successes they are:

1. They all have a transcending purpose. Transcending what? Ordinarity, I suppose. It's not just that they're out to save the world. It's that the world is worth saving, that there is something good that must be preserved or given or taught or found. The Ring must be destroyed, not just to save a world, but to save this world, the beautiful world full of honor and kindness. Hari Seldon has a plan to recreate the galactic empire -- but not just as it was before. Now it will be an empire where people are really able to communicate, where the viciousness and corruption of the old way will be abolished. The astronaut does not just find aliens in 2001 -- he finds the purpose of human life, the next magnificent step in evolution. The great books are reaching for something beautiful.

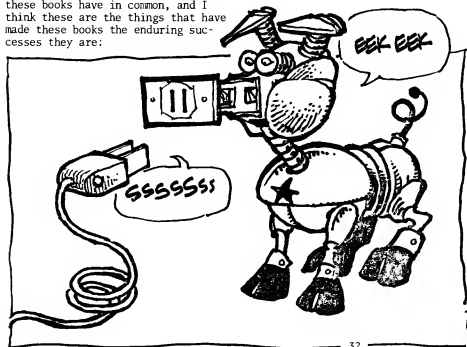
2. They all create a new universe. Tolkien's Middle Earth was such a wonderful place to live that he chose to live there himself for many years. Dune and the culture of the Fremen are unforgettable, by far the most memorable things about the book -- and underlying that is the culture of the Bene Gesserit, another layer of discovery. Even in STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND, there is a world created inside the mind. Of course, created worlds are a dime a dozen. But the great SF books al-

most always have layer upon layer of intellectual and geographical and sociological and historical depth. The illusion of reality is intense. Unfortunately, too many writers trying to emulate the great ones spend far too much time wallowing in their made-up worlds. Long description is deadly. Jack Vance's footnotes are distracting and cute. Except for the boring openings of both THE HOBBIT and LOTR Middle Earth is revealed piecemeal, as needed. We don't usually get long descriptions of terrain that no one will pass through, of customs that don't apply directly to the story.

3. They all have unforgettable characters. I know, Tolkien has been accused of having cardboard characters. But, while many of his heroes are the one-dimensional sort in the sagas he emulated, there are some fully realized characters, too -- and they are the ones most memorable. Samwise Gamgee, Gollum/Smeagol, Frodo Baggins, Bilbo Baggins. And even the one-dimensional characters have enough real majesty (and it isn't enough just to call them majestic -- they must live and act majestically) that we are stirred by them. Even 2001, with its Everyman hero, has a memorable character -- HAL.

The recipe doesn't always work; however, few have actually followed it. Evangeline Walton's Mabinogion books follow points 2 and 3 -- but there is no high purpose and the books have not really caught on with a huge group. John Crowley's THE DEEP slipped up on the same grounds, beautiful though it was. C.S. Lewis's magnificent TILL WE HAVE FACES doesn't create a world -- I still can't picture the world his people moved in. He left it far too nebulous. And STAR WARS, while it was delightful tongue-in-cheek entertainment, also lacked on every single point. Lacked, but tried.

And I believe its success is because it was moving in the right direction. Instead of trying to frighten or intrigue or horrify, as most film SF has tried to do in the past, STAR WARS tried to set up a workable universe and succeeded better than any other SF film (2001 popped out and gave us a light show). Tried to give us memorable characters and gave us, instead, classy costumes and Obi-wan Kenobi. Tried to give us high purpose but



chickened out and never really explained why the Federation was bad except that they were rude and liked to kill people (while, of course, the rebels were nice and regretted killing people). -- STAR WARS is full of almsots. But because its near-misses brought such stunning box office success because so many people knew that at least it was close to what they wanted, films will treat STAR WARS as if it were already perfect, instead of a small step along the way. Too bad. But in the books, in today's writers, we have new worlds, new visions, new characters waiting to step out and fill that need awakened by Tolkien, Herbert, Heinlein, Asimov and Clarke. And others.

SFR: Will your stories appeal to the new SF buying public?

CARD: Will my writing appeal to them? Who knows? Ask me in a year, when the sales figures are in.

SFR: How do you view sociological science fiction, and do you write it?

CARD: Sociological science fiction is a term that arose to distinguish between gimmick SF and space opera and the new kind. What was the new kind? Good SF, folks, that's all. Ursula K. LeGuin's stories and books are every bit as exciting and adventurous and world-creating and gimmick-laden as any other SF writer's work. You just don't realize it because she's such a damn fine writer that the seams don't show. Likewise, Larry Niven is still doing space opera and gimmicks -- but they work so much better than the Lensmen books because Niven knows something about how people work together or against each other in groups and individually. That's all that psychological or sociological SF is -- science fiction that treats people believably. My writing better work well as sociological and psychological fiction. Because if it doesn't work that way, it doesn't work at all.

SFR: Do you write your stories around moral considerations?

CARD: As to moral considerations, it's impossible to write any story that is morally neutral. Some position is inevitably taken. We only think that no moral position has been taken when a story follows the line of least resistance -- when it sticks right to whatever fad in morality is most popular on the bookstands. This year everybody's supposed to be sexually liberated but feel bad about violence? OK, that's the way my story's going to be -- but that's still a moral position. It is a moral position of weakness.

The writers with guts actually examine a question. Ellison's "Croat-oan", for instance, takes the morality of abortion inside out. It deals with the matter of responsibility -- something that the current fads utterly ignore. In a world of doing your own thing, the idea that your own thing may be someone else's destruction just isn't the popular thing to say. It's quite possible, however, that it's the right thing. So, insofar as a story takes a moral stance at all contrary to the going thing, the moral of the story sticks out. If the writer is bad, it comes across as preachiness. If the writer is at all good, it comes across as a prod or an itch that makes the complacent uncomfortable. If the writer is great, it's a harsh kick in the groin and the reader gets furious or agonizes over the problem or even (is it possible?) changes his life.

I hope some of my stories have taken such moral positions. "Killing Children" and "A Thousand Deaths" and "Mortal Gods" and "Kingsmeat" all take moral or philosophical positions that, with any luck, will stir some thought -- perhaps some change. But I have never, and I hope I have enough sense that I will never use a story just to preach. The story itself must be interesting; the meaning must arise out of the story.

SFR: How about religious ideas?

CARD: As far as actual religious ties are concerned, I avoid them like the proverbial plague. I have strong religious convictions. That naturally influences my stories. But the influence will be as hidden as possible, because as soon as I catch myself saying or writing something overtly religious, or at least overtly in line with my own particular religion, I delete and censor like crazy. If anyone cares to hear about my church, I'll be glad to tell him or her, in a personal conversation. But in my stories, I am not out to support any particular institution. My moral beliefs, my personal philosophy are inseparable from my work; my theology and institutional membership have no place in it.

SFR: What is your history within science fiction?

CARD: I first discovered science fiction in my first venture from the children's section to the adult section in the Santa Clara Public Library in California. I was ten or eleven -- maybe only nine -- when I first started reading the Groff Conklin anthologies. "Call Me Joe",



"All You Zombies", and dozens of other stories whose titles or authors I have forgotten -- they stirred my imagination and the stories stayed with me as the most interesting I had ever read.

But I quit reading SF before I was thirteen, and didn't start again until a friend turned me onto Bradbury (I devoured I SING THE BODY ELECTRIC, then DANDELION WINE, then everything by the miracle-maker that I could lay hands on). My new sister-in-law introduced me to the Foundation trilogy, and I then systematically read every SF book by Asimov I could find. I was nineteen or twenty when I finally succumbed to social pressure and suffered through THE HOBBIT, which condescends to the reader unbearably; then I read LORD OF THE RINGS and was transformed from a casual reader of SF and fantasy to a dedicated one. Ellison and LeGuin right after I got back from my mission in 1973, Clarke soon after. I had read TUNNEL IN THE SKY and CITIZEN OF THE GALAXY in a junior high library -- now I read THE MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS and GLORY ROAD and decided I loved Heinlein. It was only last year that I first read Niven -- and then drank every book of his I could get like water while on a series of business trips.

So much for my upbringing in SF. I was never a letter-writing fan and didn't even discover fandom until after I had sold my first story to ANALOG. And my reading was never limited to SF. I have always read history and biographies; I actually enjoy children's literature (good ones, of course) more than SF; and the major influence SF has had on me is that because I was familiar with it, I chose to write it first. SF has a viable short fiction market, unlike most other fields. I was able to break in with short stories. Well, novelettes, anyway. But I don't consider myself limited in either my reading or writing to SF. After all, while SF was my first fiction, I had already written more than a dozen

plays had them produced before I ever tried prose fiction. Dialogue comes to me more naturally than action, which may be why my description is so spare.

For instance, my taste in poetry runs to Shakespeare, Donne, Hopkins, and Housman; my taste in plays runs to (of course) Shakespeare, Albee, Goldman, and Stoppard; and my favorite books this year were A DISTANT MIRROR, ORIGINS OF CONSCIOUSNESS, HUMBOLDT'S GIFT (I discovered Bellow only recently), JULIAN (likewise with Vidal), THE CHRONICLES OF THOMAS COVARIANT THE UNBELIEVER, ROCKY MOUNTAIN EMPIRE (by Sam Taylor), DREAMSNAKE, and BENBOW AND PARADISE (by Francois Camboin). Only one of them was SF. There were other SF books I read and enjoyed, of course. But these were the ones that had a possibly profound effect on the way I think and the way I write. My first success has been in SF, but my roots are elsewhere. Like anyone else, my roots are in my childhood, which means my family; my childhood and adolescence were not devoted to SF. Ergo, the influence is not all that deep.

SFR: Who are your favorite authors?

CARD: As to my favorite SF authors -- my list is much the same as anyone else's, I suppose. I have worshipful feelings toward LeGuin; I long to be as effective as Ellison; Niven is an excellent craftsman; Zelazny has magic on even-numbered weekdays. In fantasy, I admire Tolkien's depth, Peake's characters, Donaldson's understanding of humanity, and McKillip's writing ability. I deplore the Perelandra trilogy, but Lewis's Narnia books and his TILL WE HAVE FACES stand as masterpieces to me. Outside the whole SF & F scene, I enjoy Vidal immensely, and Bellow is well worth the wade, while Thomas Williams has pleasant darkness and John Hersey and James Clavell are much better at creating worlds than anybody in the genre of SF.

Enough of a list.

SFR: What is your writing history within science fiction?

CARD: I first wrote fantasy, couldn't sell it, and wrote "Ender's Game" because I thought of it. Actually, I first thought of the idea for the null-gravity wargames for children when I was nineteen (I even remember the spot -- I was being driven to BYU along the Riverbottoms road between Orem and Provo, Utah, and it was spring) and then wrote a scenario for it while I was in Brazil. When Ben Bova rejected one



of my fantasies (yes, I sent a fantasy to ANALOG -- I had never read the magazine) with a note that he liked the way I write but wanted some hard SF, of course I thought of the null-gravity wargames and started writing it on the lawn outside the Salt Palace while a girlfriend took her boss's children to see the circus --- I was just the transportation. I switched from longhand to the typewriter because it went faster, and finished the story and sent it off. Ben liked it, but suggested cutting. He also said that another editor might disagree, so (not knowing better) I next submitted to GALAXY, which meant four months of frustration and an ultimate rejection -- but a nice one -- from Jim Baen. So I rewrote it (actually, just cut down the battle scenes) and sent it back to Ben. I got a check for \$450 in June of 1976. He then rejected my next story, made me rewrite the next two twice each, and has bought almost everything else I've written since.

I didn't sell to anybody but Ben (because I sent him everything first, and he bought all the good ones) until Ed Ferman bought a story that Ben had never seen in the fall of 1977; Jim Baen bought a story from me for DESTINIES in April of 1978; Robert Silverberg picked up what I think is my best story to date at about the same time; and I decided I was no longer an ANALOG writer -- though, to tell the truth, ANALOG feels like home to me and as long as Ben is still paying top rates at OMNI, he'll see an awful lot of my short stuff.

SFR: Do you see yourself eventually writing works other than science fiction?

CARD: I am already branching into other writing markets. I have always branched into other writing markets. One of my favorite stories is a little family piece called

"Gert Fram" that appeared under one of my pseudonyms in the ENSIGN, July 1977. I have long been writing and still am writing plays. My agent has in hand the outlines for two books that are definitely not SF. I will always write SF. I will always write other things, too.

I don't visualize my writing. I hear it. I just tell what people say, think, and do, and as much description as is necessary to make it all make sense. The pictures unfold to me as I write. With one exception: I do draw detailed maps. But then, that's the way I doodle, and A PLANET CALLED TREASON (coming out from St. Martin's in 1979) began as a map with inexplicably ordinary names on it.

SFR: How do you write -- how many drafts do you write?

CARD: One. Unless an editor asks for another.

SFR: Would you encourage people to write science fiction?

CARD: Why should I? Who needs competition? A good writer should be encouraged to write whatever he writes well. A bad writer should be discouraged until he quits or gets mad enough to learn to write well. But why should I encourage anybody to write SF? If they like SF, and know the field, they'll write it anyway, or try to. But a lot of fine writers simply can't do SF; and a lot of fine writers simply can't do anything else. Makes no difference.

SFR: How do you view the future of humanity?

CARD: What? Humanity has a future? I doubt we'll get through the 1980s with Western civilization intact. All the grease has long since cozed away, and we're rattling along blissfully until the motor freezes up. When it stops, are we going to feel a lurch!

SFR: Do you look at technology as an end or a means to the future?

CARD: Technology is wonderful. Only technology will give us clean air and indoor toilets at the same time. I want both. The back-to-nature people are welcome to nature. I hate camping, can't stand not being clean, like being warm in the winter, enjoying seeing good movies -- and the know-nothings who want to get rid of all the good things in order to return to some fictitious era when life was simpler (what the hell's simpler about pioneering!) are free to set themselves up in medieval feudal society anytime they like. Imagine the mafia in control of farming. That's feudal society. I like this way better.

Of course, technology won't make us better people. But going back to nature won't solve that, either. The overwhelming majority of mankind aspire to the level of scum. They always have. And while I believe in the perfectibility of man, I don't believe there's much hope of even a majority actually achieving perfection -- or even trying very hard. Yet: The majority of mankind is basically decent, if decency were given any incentives. For all that the Victorian era is now hated, for all that I deplore the hypocrisy, there was something to be said about the basic courtesy of human relations that was striven for openly. The selfishness of the fad self-help movements today is a retreat from responsibility. From humanity, I think. Freedom from responsibility to other people, responsibility to other people, isn't freedom at all. It's abdication. It's serfdom. Remind me to write a dissertation on the topic someday.

SFR: Where do you see yourself in the future?

CARD: I'm not a perfect person. In a society of perfect people I would be a boil on the body politic. I would be punctured quickly. In the society I think we'll actually have ten or fifteen years from now, I will be a total misfit, but an eloquent one, and more people will hate me than not. That's sheerest vanity, of course. Actually, almost no one will notice me. That's the way of things, you know. In a collapse of society, the writers will disappear, like every other artist, until society is functioning again. And if, as I believe is likely, we swing back to puritanism again, all my books of today will be held against me. Just so I can get rich, invest it wisely, and not need acceptance by then.

Actually, I don't consider myself a prophet. I'll ride with

the rest of the world. If you all derail somewhere, I'll smash up right along with you, just as surprised and embarrassed and, perhaps, dead as everyone else.

SFR: How about television?

CARD: Television is marvelous. The only machine mankind has invented that can systematically lower the IQ. Actually, TV is potentially good, and there are shows that I enjoy. Paper Chase, Lou Grant, Quincy -- they've had good episodes. My 7-month-old son watches television intently if he happens to be in the room when it's on. I think he gets exactly as much out of it, understanding none of it, as most people get out of it understanding, as they suppose, everything.

SFR: Does 1984 scare you?

CARD: 1984 doesn't scare me. 1979 does.

SFR: What is your job as a writer?

CARD: The world is wallowing in pleasure and pain, and doesn't know the difference. It's my job as a writer to help identify which is which.

SFR: Thank you, Mr. Card.

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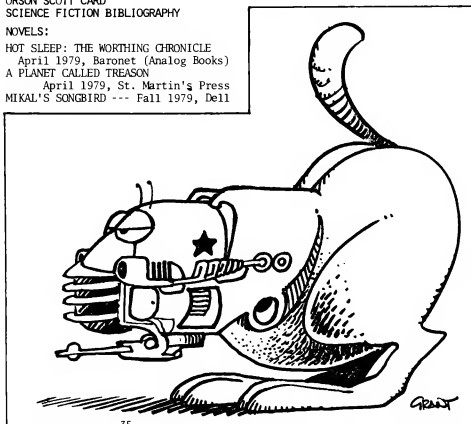
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"But We Try Not to Act Like It" --- DESTINIES
"Adagio and Benediction" --- CHRYSLIS
"Eumenides in the Fourth Floor Laboratory" --- CHRYSLIS



YOU GOT NO FRIENDS IN THIS WORLD

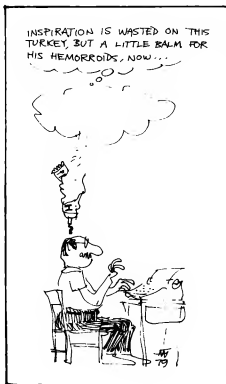
A Review Of Short Fiction By Orson Scott Card

MAGAZINES & BOOKS REVIEWED

ANALOG, May, June
 ASIMOV'S SF ADVENTURE MAGAZINE, Summer.
 CHRYSALIS 4
 DESTINIES April-June
 FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION, April, May, June, July
 GALAXY 39:9
 GALILEO 11 & 12
 HEROIC FANTASY, DAW 1979
 ISAAC ASIMOV'S SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINE, April, June
 OMNI, April, May, June
 UNEARTH 8, Winter

STORIES REVIEWED (In Order)

Samuel R. Delany, "The Tale of Gorgik"
 Gerald W. Page, "The Hero Who Returned"
 Manly Wade Wellman, "The Seeker in the Fortress"
 H. Warner Munn, "The De Pertriche Ring"
 Tanith Lee, "The Murderous Dove"
 A.E. Silas, "The Mistaken Oracle"
 Don Walsh, "Ghoul's Head"
 Charles Saunders, "Death in Jukun"
 Larry Niven/Jerry Pournelle, "Spirals"
 Spider Robinson, "God is an Iron"
 D.C. Poyer, "Due Process"
 George R.R. Martin, "The Way of Cross and Dragon"
 Jack Dann, "Camps"
 Richard Wilson, "The Story Writer"
 Spider Robinson, "Local Champ"
 Alan Ryan, "Good Night, Thou Child of my Heart"
 Bob Leman, "Loob"
 James P. Girard, "In Trophonius's Cave"
 Grania Davis, "Jumping the Line"
 Kevin A. Lyons, "The Star Creature"
 Marta Randall, "The View from Endless Scarp"
 Stephen Leigh, "Encounter"
 Fred Saberhagen, "Victory"
 Charles L. Grant/Thomas F. Monte-leone, "When Dark Descends"
 Larry Niven/Steve Barnes, "Locusts"
 Dona Vaughn, "Marate and the Beast"
 Gregory Benford, "Dark Sanctuary"
 John Kessel, "In an Alien Wood"
 Dean Ing, "Fleas"
 Stephen Kimmel, "Computerized Fireflies"
 Paul Novitski/Tony Sarowitz, "Illusions"
 Michael Bishop, "Storming the Bijou, Mon Amour"
 Richard Bowker, "The Earthwork"
 Cynthia Felice, "Only Human Eyes Can Weep"
 Karl Hansen, "Wires"
 Robert F. Young, "The First Mars Mission"



Gary Jennings, "The Relic"
 Tanith Lee, "Red as Blood"
 Alfred Bester, "MS Found in a Coconut"
 "Galatea Galante"
 Paul Nahin, "Old Friends Across Time"
 "The Language Clarifier"
 Bill Pronzini/Barry Malzberg, "Prose Bowl"
 John M. Ford, "Double in Brass"
 Randall Garrett, "The Napoli Express"
 Tom Sullivan, "The Mickey Mouse Olympics"
 Philip Jose Farmer, "The Freshman"
 Gordon Eklund, "The Anaconda's Smile"
 Robert Bloch, "The Freak Show"
 Russell Kirk, "Fate's Purse"
 Paul Anderson, "House Rule"
 Joe Haldeman/Jack C. Haldeman II, "Starschool on Hell"

I gave up trying to draw clear lines between science fiction and fantasy years ago -- it's too frustrating, and as soon as I find a rule that works, some writer writes something that squarely straddles the line. And when I find that three of the best stories in one review

period are pure, unadulterated heroic fantasy, the barriers fall down completely. This time, at least, I'm including heroic fantasy in the column. (And if you don't want to read reviews of heroic fantasy, skip the next few paragraphs -- I'll clearly mark where I begin the science fiction reviews.)

When I first met Conan, I was less than enthralled, and my opinion of Robert E. Howard's talent and creations has only gone downhill from then. Yet, for some perverse reason, he spawned a genre that has far more possibilities than he himself was able to realize in his stories. For instance, "The Tale of Gorgik", by Samuel R. Delany (ASIMOV'S ADVENTURE, Summer), is one of a collection of fantasy stories that, if this and a sample he read at a recent convention are a fair indicator, will be brilliant. While there is no overt magic in the story, there is always Delany's own sorcery, tracing the rise of Gorgik, a mine slave who, through erotic swordplay and good intentions, rises to a position of enviable power in an empire that makes Moorcock's Albion in GLORIANA look a bit unsophisticated. The real strength of the story is not its plot or action, however. It is Delany. He can weave words, folks, and even if you were tuned off by DAHLGREN (I was) Delany writing today is the only person who can make Delany writing ten years ago seem like an amateur.

What really turned my attention to heroic fantasy for this column was an anthology called, appropriately, HEROIC FANTASY (DAW). I was at first amused to see that the editors, Gerald W. Page and Hank Reinhardt, had each included one of his own stories. I was a bit cynical when I read them -- but to my delight, Page's story, "The Hero Who Returned", was the best in the book. (Question: Is it ethical for the editor to have written a story that overshadows his contributors' work?) Page avoided the pseudo-archaisms that are the bane of the genre; while he was playing against the stereotypes of the field, his three characters all came alive for me; and the obviousness of the metaphor of the climax did nothing to diminish its impact. He pulled off something else, too -- after all the action was over, after most heroic fantasy heroes would have ridden off into the sunset, Page folded the story in on itself and topped his action-adventure climax with

a more inward, character-dependent one.

Lighter in tone was "The Seeker in the Fortress" by Manly Wade Wellman (HEROIC FANTASY), a marvelous story where the magic is excruciatingly logical and the hero is slightly bemused at his own irresistibility. Wellman writes with more wit than most, and even the minor characters are well drawn.

The rest of HEROIC FANTASY was quite enjoyable, and while many of the stories did not transcend the limitations of the genre, there were five that stood out for me. "The De Petriche Ring", by H. Warner Munn, touched that sentimental, childish part of my heart that Sabatini reached with CAPTAIN BLOOD when I was ten. There is no magic -- it's really a historical set in France at the time of the pathetic Children's Crusade. "The Murderous Dove" by Tanith Lee weaves plot with in plot in a series of assassination attempts in an Arab-like desert; it should be read more for the fun of the surprises than for any particular grace in the writing.

A.E. Silas's "The Mistaken Oracle" seemed at first to be a pale imitation of Leibler's Fafhrd and the Grey Mouser stories; by the end, however, it became clear that while the echoes of Leibler are no doubt intentional, they were also essential for the integrity of this rather touching and intriguing tale. "Ghoul's Head" by Don Walsh, a Samurai fantasy, gave me a grisly mental picture of a man walking around with a severed head clinging to his sleeve.

Charles Saunders has set a series of fantasies in Africa. "Death in Jukun" is one of the series, and I enjoyed the folktale feeling of it. One thing that bothers me about the story -- and most heroic fantasy stories -- is the lack of background of the leading character. He comes from nowhere and goes nowhere. An epic hero should be a wanderer -- but we knew where Odysseus was from and where he was going and why he was having so much trouble getting there -- I miss the depth of character that to me is essential, even in heroic fantasy. All fiction is ultimately biography, and if a short story focuses on only one incident, that does not obviate the need to connect it, if only by threads, to all the other incidents that comprise the hero's life.

SCIENCE FICTION BEGINS HERE:

Somebody once called science fiction the "fiction of ideas", and some other people were silly enough to believe him. Not that the ideas aren't important in science fiction,

particularly years ago when one-idea stories like "Nightfall" and "The Star" became classics in the field without creating one meaningful character. But there are few ideas that are enough to sustain a story alone; and when the intent of the author is to persuade rather than intrigue, the ideas become an obstacle to the story's success. "Spirals" by Larry Niven and Jerry Pournelle, (DESTINIES, April/June) is a story that is more polemic than fiction. Don't misunderstand -- I agree with most of the points they make in the story. But it is a warning, a solution, a savaging of Senator Proxmire; they are advocates, not story tellers. If the story had not suffered from the attempt at persuasion I wouldn't complain. But the story does suffer. Their digs at Proxmire are distracting and annoying. The obvious demand for my allegiance kept distancing me from the characters to a point where, at the end of the story, I didn't give a damn about the ideas or the characters.

A step down, however, is "God is an Iron", by Spider Robinson (OMNI May). Robinson is a good writer, and this is almost a good story, until the characters start trading orations at the end. It's as if he can't quite trust us to get the point. He tells it all through symbol -- why does he have to preach it afterward? While he isn't trying to persuade as Niven and Pournelle were, it cheapens his story to have the characters get up to the rostrum and declare the Real Meaning. I don't know whether he mistrusts his own writing or his reader's intellect, or whether he's

being deliberately artless as an act of rebellion against an old English teacher, but it's so frustrating to be reading along in a fine story and find that instead of a climax there's a platonic dialogue; instead of closure there's clever wordplay.

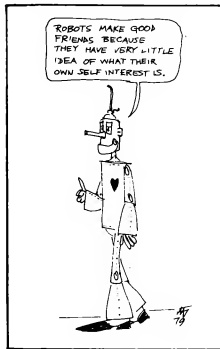
I'm not against messages in stories. In fact, I believe it's impossible to write a story without a message, even if the message is only a writer's contempt for himself and his readers. Robinson's writing is good enough, though, that his sermons are utterly unnecessary -- there was nothing said in his preaching that wasn't already crystal clear just from the events of his story.

And the next step down is a GALILEO (11 & 12) story called "Due Process" by D.C. Poyer. As with Niven's and Pournelle's story, and Spider's, Poyer is a better writer than this review is going to indicate. I am concentrating on the negative only because these three stories epitomize something that I deplore in fiction. Poyer has gone further down the ladder of polemics. Where Niven and Pournelle were attacking and trying to solve existing problems, and Robinson created good characters and only botched them up at the end, Poyer has set up a straw man. A complex computer is fighting for civil rights, and not once in the story does Poyer seem to admit the possibility that a reasonable, well-intentioned human being could oppose treating a computer as a sentient being. All the people opposing the computer have ulterior motives; all the people favoring it are nice. Instead of getting at the important questions about sentient computers, the computer "proves" his humanity by being glib -- almost exactly as glib as an unusually clever Miss America contestant at question time. Is that proof of humanity?

Poyer is a talented writer. He has simply fallen prey to the temptation to stack the deck in favor of the idea he wants to put across, not realizing that a story works on subtler and more important levels than scoring points against characters you created only so you could destroy them.

Enough of this diatribe. On to my favorite science fiction stories this time around.

George R.R. Martin is a master, and in "The Way of Cross and Dragon" he has a story that, without the sentimentality of some of his earlier works, has a tremendous emotional impact. Perhaps it is because I am deeply committed to a religion that the story struck me so forcefully, but Martin shows an under-



standing the workings of faith that is rare in a field of writing where atheism is normally the given. And he has created one of the most attractive heresies I have ever heard of, complete with a manufactured religious myth with as much power as some of the ones people have actually believed. Fine work. Award material. (OMNT June.)

Jack Dann is capable of writing stories I loathe. Now I discover that he is capable of affecting me even more strongly in the opposite direction. "Camps" (F&SF May) is the story of a man in a hospital who keeps tracking back in time to a place he never was -- a concentration camp, where survival depends as much on psychological strength as on physical. It is also a love story, a story of healing, and beyond that the tale must speak for itself. "Camps" will certainly be on the Nebula ballot next year -- and I, for one, won't be the least bit disappointed if it wins.

In "The Story Writer" by Richard Wilson (DESTINIES April/June), the ideas tumble along madly, like Vonnegut's, only instead of Vonnegut's self-parody, his "see me, see me, see me write", Wilson has opted for a virginal sincerity, so pure it tames the unicorn of my skepticism. A lovely, insane, sweet, hopeful story. A man sits in a flea market, writing stories for hire, and discovers that he is writing himself a life. It was rambling and long -- I wish it had been longer.

Maybe Spider Robinson will forgive me for attacking "God is an Iron" -- I think his "Local Champ" (CHRYSAIS 4) is one of the finest stories he's written. It is the ironic story of a rather vicious being so powerful that he overlooks the possibility that he pretty well amounts to nothing.

And in the same issue of CHRYSAIS is Alan Ryan's "Good Night, Thou Child of My Heart". It is a spiritual story, and Ryan deals well with the ambiguity of the service of God; "It isn't easy being a good priest," the bishop says. Dylan answers: "It isn't easy being a bad one, either". Occasionally Ryan's own voice intrudes on the story, making editorial comments on his own writing, but otherwise this is a well-made story.

Time paradox stories, I thought, had been done to death when Heinlein did "All You Zombies" and "By His Bootstraps", not to mention the complexities of Asimov's THE END OF ETERNITY. Fortunately, however, good writers have discovered that they can play with time paradoxes as metaphors or for the human values affected by time travel. Two of the



best stories this period both use time travel paradoxes. Bob Leman's "Loob" (F&SF April) is utterly implausible, yet powerful and grimly beautiful. A mindless ape has the power of God, to do and undo in the past -- and what he thoughtlessly does to the most important man in town is too terrible to endure. And he does it over and over and over again. "In Trophus's Cave" by James P. Girard (F&SF May) could have wallowed in sentimentality. Instead it rejoiced in being a story of the love of a father for his son, beautifully told, with a climax that is marvelously right.

My list of best stories is longer than usual. Partly this is because we've had a good few months. Mostly this is because, with SFR quarterly again, I have another month's worth of reading for each column. However, I have taken to reading the issues as they arrive, so I don't have a mad three or four days before writing the review. I have found it makes no difference in the number of stories I like or dislike. It does, however, make a tremendous difference in how nicely I treat my wife during those three days before deadline.....

So let me wind up my list of "best of the quarter" stories with two highly unusual stories. Grania Davis's "Jumping the Line" (F&SF July) is a haunting picture of a society that exists in order to get to the head of a line that sprawls through a trackless wilderness. Their place in line is their most precious asset; new families are formed when a young couple jumps the line, with their food cards in hand, to try to cut in farther ahead. This is one I can't get out of my memory -- it just makes me wonder whether I'm holding very well onto my place in the line.

And the short-short "The Star Creature" by Kevin A. Lyons (UNEARTH 8) managed, in only a few

paragraphs, to paint an alien society so perfect and right-seeming that the human who comes to them seems oddly strange; and the place he eventually finds among them is perfect. The kind of story I can't help but say Yes to.

Stranded human colonists on an alien world -- an old motif, done to death many times by amateurs and professionals alike. But Marta Randall's "The View from Endless Scarp" (F&SF July) starts when survival is completely out of the question. Markowitz has refused to go home with the rescue ship, for a reason that soon emerges as absurd, even to her. In a long trek across difficult wilderness, she and Kre'e, a mocking alien, discover that while they began hating each other, trying to hurt each other, they were really on the same quest after all, and needed each other if they were to continue. And continue they do, even after they find out the truth about the quest's objective.

Another story that deals with two enemies becoming friends is "Encounter" by Stephen Leigh (DESTINIES April/June). Voll is a man made into a weapon, able to destroy not just men but hardware, invincible. Because of him, his side won the war -- and then, not knowing what to do with him, they locked him in a pleasant prison. One of his enemies finds a way to get in, in order to kill him. How and why she doesn't makes good reading.

Fred Saberhagen's "Victory" (F&SF June) tells of the end of an endless intraplanetary war that has suspicious resemblances to the Vietnam War -- and some important differences. And another war, the age-old struggle between good and evil, takes a new turn in "When Dark Descends", by Charles L. Grant and Thomas F. Monteleone (CHRYSAIS 4). Though the story uses the devices of horror, the real power of this tale comes from the writers' unusual clarity in defining exactly what evil is, what it consists of -- and how, clumsily, the protagonist manages to get into the war on the wrong side.

Human beings become pre-men in two very different stories. Larry Niven and Steve Barnes, in "Locusts" (ANALOG June), start with the supposition, "What if all the babies born to human beings were suddenly throwbacks to *Homo erectus*?" The impact on a tiny, once-hopeful colony on a distant planet is powerful. The story only suffers from being too short -- a novel's worth of ideas are thrown away or skipped over lightly. And "Marate and the Beast" by Dona Vaughn (GALILEO 11 & 12) tells of a woman who tries very

only had to treat men properly -- still shy and all the other women of her world have concrete evidence that men are animals, incapable of being taught to live like civilized women.

The human-meets-alien theme is treated unusually well in Gregory Benford's "Dark Sanctuary" (OMNI May); Benford makes a plausible case for his idea on why we haven't ever been "found" by an alien society, though the universe is crawling with them; and why the sort of human who would finally discover them wouldn't find them so alien at all. And far from the hardware of the asteroid belt, John Kessel's "In an Alien Wood" (GALILEO 11 & 12), while it gets off to a slow start, creates a vicious but disdainfully merciful alien.

A gay activist recently told me he thought Dean Ing's "Fleas" (DESTINIES April-June) was anti-homosexual. I was surprised. I thought Ing had done a creditable job of treating one particular type of homosexuality as a cover for a modern vampire -- and if we insist on reading more into the story than Ing meant, we can only take the ending to be anti-heterosexuality! A good story, whatever your sexual preference. And in "Computerized Fireflies" in the same issue of DESTINIES, Stephen Kimmel creates a computer named Sid that sweetly, touchingly panders, in its mechanical way, to its owner's sex life. The most likeable computer I've met since Mycroft -- I want one in my house.

First and foremost, I'm a theatre person, and "Illusions" by Paul Novitski and Tony Sarowitz (IA'sfm June), does an excellent job of capturing the ambiguity of theatrical life. When are you onstage? When are you off? And the irony is that the protagonist discovers she has succeeded only after her utter failure.

Another aspect of theatre is the dedicated audience. Michael Bishop, in "Storming the Bijou, Mon Amour" (IA'sfm June), creates an insane society in which people spend their lives terrorized into watching old movies. Gary Cooper Seymour finally assaults the castle of the fiendish dictator, only to discover that there are worse ways to live than watching the old flicks.

"The Earthwork" by Richard Bowker (UNEARTH 8), deals with the love of an artist for his work -- which is only equalled by the other loves in the story. Though occasionally Bowker stumbles, and the interludes of factual articles are a mistake, this is a very personal story, and Bowker has a gift for voice and vision. Another love story is Cynthia Felice's "Only Human Eyes Can

Weep" (GALILEO 11 & 12); in it she plays with a kind of magic that causes rocks to absorb the prevalent emotions of a place. Marred by a talky ending, the story still manages to make me like the idea of giant insects.

And this love story will turn you inside out. I don't like graphic sex in stories, as a rule, but in Karl Hansen's "Wires" (CHRYSLIS 4), the sex is excruciatingly necessary; our victory in nuclear war will amount, quite literally, to cold-hearted rape.

To those who thought Ray Bradbury had done all that could be done with Mars and nostalgia, think again. Robert F. Young's "The First Mars Mission" (F&SF May) weaves the old ROCKET SHIP GALILEO dreams of children into a touching, beautiful little story.

What if the blood of Christ really resided in its reliquary? Could the genetic code be used to clone him anew -- in short, to resurrect him? Gary Jennings's "The Relic" (F&SF June) is a delightful speculation on the matter. And, as long as we're bringing myths to light, Tanith Lee gives a view of Snow White that Disney never dreamed of in "Red as Blood" (F&SF July). At first it reads like a pretentious retelling of a too-well-known fairy tale. But this time around, you aren't rooting for the prince.

Alfred Bester had two stories this time. "MS Found in a Coconut" (ANALOG June) shows us a Will Shakespeare we'd rather not know existed -- after all, are we sure he didn't think (and act) like a hack writer, an actor hungrier for applause than for art? And in the April OMNI, Bester's retelling of the Pygmalion myth in "Galatea Galante" was delightful most of the way through. Enough other people have raved about the story for me to know that I'm a minority in thinking that the ser-

ious ending after many pages of glib humor just doesn't come off. (One quibble -- in eight lines of Portuguese, either Bester or the typesetter managed to make seven separate mistakes. Why use a language, if you're going to use it wrong?)

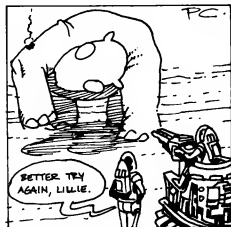
Paul Nahin also comes in twice, first in the May ANALOG with "Old Friends Across Time", a jewel of a story with an unnecessary first and last paragraph that trivialize it, and second with "The Language Clarifier" (OMNI May), in which a machine masters the hardest translation of all -- bureaucratese into English.

The funniest/bitterest story these last few months has to be "Prose Bowl" by Barry Malzberg and Bill Pronzini (F&SF July), in which a young writer has his first shot at the world championship writing contest, churning out a thousand words in front of a huge crowd of cheering fans. Another funny story with a bite is John M. Ford's "Double in Brass" (IA'sfm April), a tale in which the CIA runs up against a model train that's far too good and a cigarette lighter that works far too well.

Using his alternate world in which Richard I did not die so young and the Plantagenets still dominate Europe, Randall Garrett, in "The Napoli Express" (IA'sfm April), shows Agatha Christie where she blew it in "The Orient Express"; and I must confess I like Garrett's version a bit better. And justice also triumphs in "The Mickey Mouse Olympics" by Tom Sullivan (OMNI June), a story of genetic manipulation of athletes that is funny throughout.

I know I'm already way over my word limit, Dick, and I'm leaving out stories left and right. So let me simply recommend the May issue of FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION, which, besides two stories I already have reviewed, includes fine fantasies by Philip Jose Farmer ("The Freshman", which takes place in the Magic Department of a strange university), Gordon Eklund ("The Anacanda's Smile", a UFO story that is actually chilling), Robert Bloch ("Freak Show", which is not so much chilling as ironic), Russell Kirk ("Fate's Purse", a story of greed in which it doesn't matter whether you think anything supernatural has taken place or not), and Paul Anderson ("House Rule", not a story, but still a lovely vignette).

And, finally, "Starchool on Hell" by Joe and Jack Haldeman (ASIMOV'S ADVENTURE Summer), continues the adventures of Springer and his Starchool friends. This is still good rip-snorting adventure and suspense, but I'm beginning to wonder, when these are combined in-



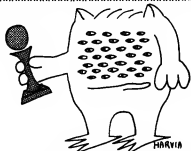
to a book, what the Haldemes are going to do for a climax. I would not want to have to top the adventures they've gone through so far!

A NOTE TO AUTHORS:

Especially now that I'm having to review more issues of magazines per column, I inevitably leave out good stories. This column is devoted to my favorites, those that otherwise stood out in some way, or stories whose failings trigger one of my infinite supply of diatribes. Don't regard my failure to include mention of your story as a pan review. And certainly don't come up to me at conventions and say, "Hey, Card, what was wrong with my story?" Nothing was wrong with your story, particularly if you're big and mean and drunk.

PS: Our fearless editor was a little too quick to apologize on my behalf. I knew perfectly well that FGSF has won multiple Hugos for Best Professional Magazine; what I said was that Ed Ferman was long overdue for a Best Editor Hugo, and he has never received one, according to my handy-dandy Franson and DeVore A HISTORY OF THE HUGO, NEBULA AND INTERNATIONAL FANTASY AWARDS. They are completely different awards, since editing is only a part of producing a magazine, and the Professional Editor category ups the competition by including anthology and (conceivably) book editors.

PPS: I apologize for my thoughtlessness in using a former SF editor's name in an uncoveted series of awards. The name of the awards is officially changed to the Nadir Awards, except for the special Laser Awards, which no longer refer to anything other than an unusually controlled beam of light. Besides, I wasn't the first to give out awards by the former name -- the losers' party at MidAmerican, I am told, gave out similar awards for that year, though the awards were primarily given to fiction, which I avoid.



The beauty of the name Balrog is in the eye of the beholder. Of course, sometimes it takes more than one eye to see it.

ALIEN THOUGHTS CONTINUED

6-2-79 Before I get on with writing the torrid second portion of my pulse-pounding erotic novel, SPLITTING (being serialized in my personal journal, REG) I'd better do some work on this magazine, namely a comment that I just voiced to Elton Elliott in a phone conversation.

He mentioned, to my minor discomfiture, that as long as seven years ago I and others in the s-f field were saying the then-current s-f boom would bust real-son-now.

It didn't. It hasn't. It will. Due to several factors (boredom probably among them) s-f has taken an ever-larger share of the hardcover and pocketbook market. Westerns have faded. Possibly murder mysteries have faded. I'm not up on the current market shares. But s-f has sure as hell squashed some other genres.

And I think s-f will maintain its market share for a long time. Might even increase it.

But I think the overall market volume of book sales will rise and fall in tandem with the general economy. During a severe recession or depression, for instance, people might even read more, but would turn to trading with each other, and buying used books....

I tend to measure the s-f output by the yardstick of what I can read per month. Any amount of new books and magazines beyond that personal need/appetite I egocentrically view as excess and Bad.

And what's good enough for Geis is good enough for the rest of the country--and the world, right?

Wrong.

The audience for each variety of s-f and fantasy is so large that several publishers can make a good living off it. Who knows what the limit is?

Publishers are now just beginning to cut back and stretch out their previous publishing schedules. But wow the output is still incredible. As below.

RECEIVED-----

SILVERLOCK by John Myers Myers. Ace 76671-4. \$2.25, 1979. Orig. published 1949, prev. Ace printing in 1966. This edition has Forewords by Poul Anderson, Larry Niven and Jerry Pournelle. Note: This is an advance copy; publishing date is August.

GUTS by Byron Preiss (with additional text by C.J. Henderson). Illustrated by Gray Morrow. Ace 30873-2, \$1.75, 1979.

Note: the 30 or so full-page comic-book-type illustrations make this a very short novel. It's s-f (time-travel) and set up for at least one sequel.

COLD WAR IN A COUNTRY GARDEN KILLER PINE

FRATRICIDE IS A GAS by Lindsay Gutteridge. Futura (110 Warner Rd., Camberwell, London SE5, England), 85p.

Note: A trilogy about a man who is shrunk to about half an inch.

STARDANCE by Spider and Jeanne Robinson. Futura, £1.10, 1979. The English paperback printing.

A WIZARD IN BEDLAM by Christopher Stasheff. Doubleday, \$7.95, 1979. Original 'science fiction fantasy' by the author of THE WARLOCK IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

THE THIEF OF KALIMAR by Graham Diamond. Fawcett \$1.95, Aug. 1979. [Advance copy]. Original sword & sorcery novel.

THE WEB BETWEEN THE WORLDS by Charles Sheffield. Ace 87862-8, \$4.95, 1979. S-f original, novel, in the trade paperback format.

MAGAZINE OF FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION. July, 1979, \$1.25.

Note: I've been neglecting to list the s-f and fantasy prozines. I resume. I see that Ed Ferman has begun to decorate and loosen up the texts with a variety of graphics. Still no story illos, thank God.

SIVA! by Walt and Leith Richmond. Ace 76836-9, \$1.95, 1979. Orig. published as THE LOST MILLENNIUM in 1967. Great cover by Steve Fabian.

DIMENSION OF MIRACLES by Robert Sheckley. Ace 14860-3, \$1.95, 1979. S-f novel, orig. published in 1968.

THE THIRD INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION by G. Harry Stine. Ace 80664-3, \$2.25, 1979. Non-fiction speculation about factories in space. Mostly written in 1975.

RETIFF UNBOUND by Keith Laumer. Ace 71505-2, \$1.95, 1979. S-f collection including the 1971 novel, RETIFF'S RANSOM.

LEGACY by James H. Schmitz. Ace 47850-6, \$1.95, 1979. S-f novel orig. published in 1962 as A TALE OF TWO CLOCKS.

HOT SLEEP: THE WORTHING CHRONICLE by Orson Scott Card. Ace 34345-7, \$2.25, 1979. S-f novel. Original.

CONAN by Andrew J. Offutt. Bantam 12970-8, \$1.95, 1979. New Conan sword & sorcery novel, authorized by Conan Properties, Inc.

THE FATE OF THE PHOENIX by Sondra Marshak and Myrna Culbreath. [A new Based-on-Star-Trek novel.] Bantam 12779-9, \$1.95, 1979.

ALTERED STATES by Paddy Mayhew. Bantam 12472-2, \$2.25, 1979. Horror novel first pubbed by Harper & Row in 1978.

THE MICROCOLONY by Gordon Williams. Bantam 12103-0, \$1.95, 1979. S-f novel, sequel to **THE MICRONAUTS**.

THE CARNELIAN THRONE by Janet E. Morris. Bantam 11907-9, \$1.95, 1979. New S&S novel, #4 in the Silistra series.

SONG OF THE PEARL by Ruth Nichols. Bantam 11662-2, \$1.75, 1979. An after-death love fantasy. First published by Athenium in 1976.

THE APPARITION by George Bishop. Bantam 12555-9, \$2.25, 1979. Occult out-of-body novel. First Publication.

THE HATE GENIUS--DOC SAVAGE #94 by Kenneth Robeson. Bantam 12780-2, \$1.75, 1979. What-if World War II novel, first published in **DOC SAVAGE MAGAZINE**, Jan. 1945 as **VIOLENT NIGHT**.

THE FIRST THREE MINUTES by Steven Weinberg. Bantam 11425-5, \$2.50, 1979. Non-fiction: a modern view of the origin of the universe. First published by Basic Books in 1977.

LEGION by Charles L. Grant. Berkley 4108-5, \$1.75, 1979. S-f novel. The third future history novel dealing with the Parric family. First two were **ASCENSION** and **THE SHADOW OF ALPHA**.

A STIR OF ECHOES by Richard Matheson. Berkley 4107-7, \$1.95, 1979. Supernatural novel, first published in 1958.

COLD HAND IN MINE by Robert Aickman. Berkley 4109-3, \$1.95, 1979. Eight-story collection of terror stories, first published by Scribner's in 1975.

LINKS by Charles Panati. Berkley 4048-8, \$2.25, 1979. Supernatural [life-after life] novel, first published in 1978 by Houghton Mifflin. This edition has a different ending than the hardcover edition.

THE TWO OF THEM by Joanna Russ. Berkley 4106-9, \$1.95, 1979. S-f novel, first published by Berkley in hardcover in 1978.

STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND by Robert A. Heinlein. Berkley 4377-0, \$2.50, 1979. First published in 1961. 49th printing. New cover painting by Carl Lundgren.

POLARIS by Sheldon Perkins. Belmont Tower S1386, \$1.75, 1979. New s-f novel.

THE WALL I LEFT BEHIND ME by William Halling. St. Martin's, \$8.95, 1979. Original s-f novel.

THE PLANET MASTERS by Allen Wold. St. Martin's, \$8.95, 1979. Original s-f novel.

TWO HAWKS FROM EARTH by Philip Jose Farmer. Ace 83365-9, \$1.95, 1979. S-f novel, expanded from its orig. publication as **THE GATE OF TIME** in 1966. Ten thousand more words and a different ending.

THE BLOODY SUN by Marion Zimmer Bradley. [a Darkover novel] Ace 06854-5, \$2.25, 1979. Expanded from its 1964 Ace edition. Also included is a new Darkover short story: "To Keep the Oath."

CONAN #1 by Robert E. Howard, L. Sprague de Camp and Lin Carter. Ace 11671-X, \$1.95, 1979. S-f collection of stories and biographical material about Howard and Conan and the world during the Hyborian Age. First published 1967.

CONAN #2 by Robert E. Howard, L. Sprague de Camp and Lin Carter. Ace 11672-8, \$1.95, 1979. Eight-story collection, some stories written by de Camp & Carter from ideas left by Howard or in the spirit of Howard. Orig. published in 1969.

CONAN #3 by Robert E. Howard and L. Sprague de Camp. Ace 11673-6, \$1.95, 1979. Five longer stories, three by Howard, two by de Camp "with" Howard. Orig. published 1968.

THE BLADE OF CONAN Edited by L. Sprague de Camp. Ace 11670-1, \$1.95, 1979. Non-fiction: all about REH's fiction, about the Hyborian Age, about Conan, about the S&S hero, about the S&S story. This is its first publication.

CONAN AND THE SORCERER by Andrew J. Offutt. Ace 11684-1, \$1.95, 1979. Orig. Conan novel authorized by Conan Properties, Inc. Dozens of illustrations by Maroto.

VOICES FOR THE FUTURE--Volume Two. Edited by Thomas Clareson. Bowling Green Univ. Popular Press, cloth \$12.50, paper \$5. 1979. Essays on major s-f writers, in the academic mode.

SERVANTS OF THE WANK by Jack Vance. DAW UEL467, \$1.75, 1979. S-f novel, #2 in the Tschai, Planet of Adventure series. First published in 1969.

FIRES OF AZEROTH by C.J. Cherryh. DAW UEL466, \$1.95, 1979. New s-f novel, final volume of the Morgaine trilogy. Previous volumes were **GATE OF IVREL** and **WELL OF SHITUAN**.

MORLOCK NIGHT by K.W. Jeter. DAW UEL468, \$1.75, 1979. New s-f novel.

MAEVE by Jo Clayton. DAW UEL469, \$1.75, 1979. New s-f novel in the Diadem series. IRSDU was published by DAW in 1978.

MASTER OF HAWKS by Linda E. Bushyag. Dell, \$1.75, 1979. Advance copy. S-f novel. Scheduled for July publication.



Hey, REG! Do you mind reading us a bedtime story before you turn out the light. We could use the extra carbon dioxide.

THE DREAMS OF DONALD ROLLER WILSON Hawthorn Books, \$9.95, 1979. 64 paintings by Wilson, in full color, in the 8-1/2 x 11 trade softcover format. Heavy, slick book stock. Personal fantasy themes...surrealist and bizarre. An excellent craftsman.

LETTER FROM ALAN DEAN FOSTER
Box BC1-11
Big Bear Lake, CA 92315
30 April 1979

'Another unfortunately absorbing issue: #31. Unfortunately, because I insist I'll skip at least the next page because I haven't got the time, and never seem able to escape being drawn in by the next letter, article or whatever. Though I had to borrow Jim McQuade's copy, 'cause mine hasn't arrived yet (first time this has happened).

'Sorry to have to disillusion your disillusionment on page 37. I have no intention of living in a hive. I fully intend to live "Out in the Sticks", but not in Old Fashioned Purity. I have experienced the latter and found it highly aromatic in a most disagreeable way.

'For \$40,000 you can have a completely solar-powered home (with ample battery backup for cloudy and night-times) constructed today. The key there is not "\$40,000". It is "today". Highly uneconomical at that rate, but wait ten years, when the price of solar cells is down to about 5¢/per and the efficiency-conversion rate up to 60 or

70%. Not that I think many homes will be powered that way, because independence means ... no power companies. No utilities. Before they give homeowners energy independence, the large companies will set up enormous conversion plants throughout the Southwest to sell solar power through their inefficient (and investment-heavy) wire transmission systems.

'People I've chatted with in the Dept. of Energy in Wash. D.C. are fairly confident we'll have a working fusion plant by 2000, commercial systems going into operation by 2020. That's dangerously late, but it's not the far future, either. Because of the danger of single-home power systems, wind and biomass in addition to solar, the big companies will push like hell on fusion. Incidentally, these folks at Energy believe the first practical system will come from the magnetic containment fusion systems being worked on now, such as Tokamak and others, and not from laser-induced fusion like that portrayed recently in Scientific American (though the Shiva laser system makes the gadgetry in most SF films look like tinkertoy).

'There's a fellow down here in San Bernardino who claims to have demonstrated a completely solar-powered motorcycle that can travel 55mph with a respectable cruising range. They have discovered diamond-bearing kimberlite in Wyoming (which has nothing to do with your comments or mine re energy, but was too fascinating not to mention).

'I hope to be living out in the sticks in 20 years or so. In my solar-powered, cooled and heated house, into which I will plug my electric car or cycle, my personal satellite-receiving TV dish (cost today: \$10,000), my globe-spanning computer which will have, among other things, direct access to the Library of Congress and British Museum computers, and other assorted goodies which cannot be imagined. The electric car problem, by the way, is not with the power source but with inefficient batteries. That will be solved. Mass transportation vehicles such as aircraft will doubtless become hydrogen-fueled. I'll give up solar independence for fusion, if any breakthroughs occur.

'Much of the above technology is functioning today: The photovoltaics, the Mercedes hydrogen-powered bus, etc. To those who say the chronology is too optimistic, I refer to my father or any SF fan of similar age. He carries in his wallet a computer that adds, subtracts, multiplies, divides, does percentages, functions as a stop-



watch, an alarm clock, a 24-hr. watch, an intermittent alarm, and is the size of a couple of credit cards. Try telling him fusion is a dream of the far future.

'The only thing that scared the folks at Energy was the attention being devoted to transmission of power via micro-wave from satellite to Earth. People are up in arms about possible danger from micro-wave ovens, and here some fools are seriously considering turning up-million ergs on us unsuspecting ground-dwellers. We'll have solar and fusion independence ... if we don't fry ourselves first.

'The sad thing is that most of the above could happen in 10 years instead of 50 or 100 ... only the energy cartel will milk every dollar out of hydrocarbons they can before they invest in new technologies ... not realizing that when you are out of hydrocarbons, you're out of plastics. Come to think of it, maybe it's not such a bad situation after all '

((I wonder how the big, multinational energy companies are going to prevent self-sufficient home energy systems from emerging if cheap, efficient solar cells do emerge, as seems likely now? Can the technology be suppressed? Whatever the future brings, it will be governed by the iron laws of cost effectiveness, supply and demand. The supply of hydrocarbons may figure artificially in the development of the new solar and fusion technology, since oil and coal energy will be needed to sustain the new technology...and if too much time and hydrocarbons are wasted, the new technologies may be too expensive, too, because of their need of hydrocarbon-necessary parts. Too long a wait and any mass production technology may be cost-impossible. We face a crucial skin-of-our-teeth era in the next fifty years.))

LETTER FROM MIKE GLICKSOHN
141 High Park Avenue
Toronto, Ont., Canada, M6P 2S3
May 19, 1979

'Thanks, as always, for SFR #31. Your magazine maintains its exceptionally high quality and readability and remains the consistently best source of the work of Alexis Gilliland. Either you inspire him to even greater heights of comic brilliance than usual or you get first pick of everything he does because it always seems to me that the very best of his work appears in SFR.

'The one thing I wanted to comment on in this issue was the small section where Elliott talks about John Norman. As it happens, I met Dr. John Lange at a small convention here in Toronto two weeks ago. Until a few days before the con, I'd never read a Gor book, although I'd read probably hundreds of reviews and commentaries on the series, most of them negative. So I was quite interested to see what sort of man could inspire such voluninous and venomous reaction among fans. I picked up a used Gor novel the weekend before the con, just to see what all the fuss was about. I wasn't impressed; not by the nature of the book nor by the quality of the writing. But I was still fascinated to know what a 'John Norman' would be like.

'Well, Dr. John Lange is an archetypal academic. Middle aged, white-haired, quiet and conservative in appearance. He's articulate, extremely well-educated, a splendid public speaker and a good private listener. He is obviously proud of the Gor series and likes to talk about the enormous amount of research that has gone into it. He is obviously very well read in history, anthropology, literature, sociology and many other areas that a classically educated person would be expected to know. He admits that he's writing male fantasy but believes

in the world of Gor; that is, believes that under the circumstances set up in the series the culture of Gor is not only logical but inevitable. And despite his intelligence and education he honestly seems to think there is something in the nature of women which would lead them to accept such a society.

'Perhaps the most unusual thing I learned from meeting him was that he seems to be largely unaware of the very intense negative reaction to his work in fandom. He's very pleased to relate the amount of strongly supportive mail he receives, much of it from women as he is quick to point out. (And I couldn't help but notice that after his speech at the con here -- which was about the Gor novels and the Gorean society and was informative, amusing and pretty well non-sexist -- five of the eight or nine people who went up for autographs were the five most attractive young ladies at the convention. That's few people approached him, by the way, is not indicative of any anti-Norman sentiments: It was a very small con and most people there were first-timers and primarily media-oriented. Apparently there was no feminist confrontation with him at all.)

'When I asked him about the sort of reaction he gets to the Gor books he did admit to getting a few angry responses but he dismissed them as a crank reaction and I got the impression that they were rather few and far between. If he was in any way aware of his standing with fandom he certainly hid it well. But this was only his third meeting with fandom as such -- and it was very far from being a typical fannish convention -- so it's possible that he really doesn't know the extent of the feminist backlash against his books. Certainly sales figures must all be on his side or the series wouldn't still be extending itself.

'As the tone of these comments has probably shown, I found that much to my surprise I liked Dr. John Lange. Unless you were an active feminist who had a considerable familiarity with his literary output, I imagine it would be hard not to like him. He's an interesting speaker, both in public and in small-group conversation and he's had a considerable number of fascinating experiences, which he relates in an entertaining manner. He's erudite, can be witty, is generally non-abrasive and has the ability to appear genuinely interested in the people he's talking to. If you can overlook the fact that John Norman writes the Gor books, John Lange is a pretty nice guy.'

((Thanks for the close-up impression of Mr. John Lange. As the old saying goes: the map is not the territory, and the author is not the book.

((I get so tired of people who try to impose intellectual and moral missions on fiction...a higher purpose (usually to help grind a particular axe...). I see fiction as an entertainment medium...in the sense that it satisfies the urge/need in people for experiences and lives they've never had (and will never have) and also satisfies deep character/personality hungers that most likely they'd not like to admit to anyone--including themselves.

((Fiction gives people what they need/want, obviously, or they wouldn't buy it. And because there is a wide (sometimes not-nice) variety of fiction needs, there is a supply. It's that simple. The problems enter when certain groups try to impose their rules and censorship on this variety of fiction. They attack the supply, not the demand, because they know damn well that while people "should" not want "evil" fiction, human nature cannot be changed! That gives birth to all kinds of contortions of mind to justify censorship and other forms of control---"In the public interest", "For your own good", "To protect the children". Sophistry and bullshit.))

LETTER FROM ROY TORGESON
SCIENCE FICTION & FANTASY EDITOR
ZEBRA BOOKS
304 East 78th Street
New York, NY 10021
(212) 988-7526

'Roy Torgeson, Science Fiction & Fantasy Editor for Zebra Books wishes to make the following announcements:

'1. CHRYSLIS 5 will be published in August and CHRYSLIS 6 in December. Both volumes are still open and Roy is looking for good stories of all kinds. Rates are 2¢ - 5¢ per word as an advance against a share of the royalties.

'2. Roy Torgeson will be editing a new original fantasy anthology series, IMAGINARY WORLDS. The first volume will be published Fall, 1979. Roy is looking for all types of fantasy stories, as long as they include an imaginary world of some sort. Rates are 2¢ - 5¢ per word as an advance against a share of the royalties.

'3. TARA OF THE TWILIGHT by Lin Carter will be published in September. This will be the first novel in Zebra's erotic/pornographic

series and erotica series. Writers interested in participating in the series should contact Roy. Payments are \$1500 - \$2500 advance against royalties.

'4. Summer, 1979, Zebra will begin to publish the first titles in "The Lin Carter Fantasy Series". At least five titles will be published in 1979 and seven to nine in 1980. Lin will write an introduction to each volume which will be handsomely packaged with a distinctive cover design. The first three titles in the series will be JOHN SILENCE by Algernon Blackwood, PHRA THE PHOENICIAN by Edwin Lester Arnold and a collection of Robert Bloch's "Cthulhu Mythos" stories, tentatively titled WHEN SHADOWS LENGTHEN. Additional titles will be announced in the near future.

'5. WEIRD TALES will live again! WEIRD TALES will be revived in paperback magazine format with Lin Carter serving as Editor. Lin Carter and Robert Weinberg have come to an agreement regarding rights and Lin has signed a four-book contract with Zebra.

'Lin Carter and Roy Torgeson will work together closely on all stages of the paperback magazine version of WEIRD TALES. Each issue will contain thirteen items, including an Eyrie column and a letter column. One or two reprints from WEIRD TALES will appear in each issue, but all of the remaining items will be original.

'Stories are being solicited from authors who appeared in WEIRD TALES and authors who are recognized as following in the WEIRD TALES TRADITION. Unpublished stories by WEIRD TALES authors who are no longer living are being solicited from their estates.

'Inquiries should be sent to Lin Carter, 100-14 195th Street, Hollis, NY 11423, or Roy Torgeson.

'The first issue of WEIRD TALES will be published Fall, 1979, and the second issue Winter, 1979-80. Subsequent issues will be published on a regular basis.

'True to an old magazine tradition, we hope to include advertising in all issues of WEIRD TALES. Interested advertisers should contact Roy Torgeson.

'5. Other Zebra titles scheduled for 1979 include: DRACULA IN LOVE by John Shirley (Spring), A PLANET CALLED UTOPIA by J.T. McIntosh (Spring), NIGHTFEAR by Frank Belknap Long, a collection of 17 stories including "The Horror from the Hills", edited by Roy Torgeson with an introduction by Alan Ryan and Roy Torgeson (Summer) and a continuation of the Saga of Eric

Brighteyes, A WITCH'S WELCOME by Sigfríour Skaldaspillir (Summer).

'6. Roy Torgeson is looking for original science fiction, sword & sorcery and fantasy novels. He is also looking for a writer interested in continuing the adventures of TROS OF SAMOTHRAE. Payments range from \$1500 - \$2500 advance against royalties.

'7. Reviewers interested in Zebra titles should contact Roy Torgeson in order to be put on the Zebra Review List.

'8. Book dealers who are experiencing difficulties obtaining Zebra titles should contact Roy Torgeson, who will forward letters to Zebra's Sales Manager.

'9. It is recommended that letters and manuscripts be sent to Roy Torgeson, 304 E. 78th Street, NY, NY 10021. If you send anything to Zebra Books, 21 E. 40th Street, NY, NY, 10016, please be sure that Roy Torgeson's name is on the letter or package.'

6-18-79 Our friends at the postal service have done it to us fanzine publishers again. As of July 6 there will be horrendous increases in second, third, and fourth class rates.

It isn't known yet what the single-piece rates will be for second and third class rates, but the circular I have says single-piece book rate goes from 48¢ for the first pound to 59¢.

59¢! What happened to the President's 7¢ price guidelines?

And to add insult to injury, there is no easy way to make 59¢ in postage without messing with a lot of 3 or 14 stamps plus tens or twenties or 15-centers. You go into a post office and ask for 59¢ stamps and the clerk will laugh at you.

It is a federal offense to assault a federal employee.

So what I'll be doing is using four 15-centers to make 60¢....gifting the idiot post office with 1¢ per book/SFR mailed. (But, then, I suspect they secretly planned it this way--to get that extra penny.)

A few of you have groveled to me that there's no interest for you in my simply listing books and mags received if I haven't anything to say about them.

I can see that point of view. And I add comments whenever I can. But many, many subscribers live in small towns and cities and order a lot of their s-f reading material

by mail; they need to know what is available, and if I've gotten a review copy, that means it is in stock and they can order it from their favorite dealer---or even from the publisher.

Admittedly, there is a LOT of s-f being published now. But for those who resent the space used to record the items received, take heart---with the recession that is closing its rusty fist on our economy will also come a slowdown---a drastic slowdown---in publishing schedules. And in a year or so it will be possible for one man to seriously think of reading all the new s-f being issued by the publishers.



RECEIVED

RAJAN by Tim Lukeman
Doubleday, \$7.95, 1979
Original sword & sorcery s-f with an apparent Samurai flavor.

1980 SCIENCE FICTION CALENDAR

Doubleday, \$5.95
Eight s-f artists--D.K. Stone, Larry Kresek, Gary Viskupic, Ed Valigurski, Michael R. Whelan, Richard V. Corben, Ron Dillig, and Richard Powers--with jacket and cover art here shown large, in full color, on coated stock and without intruding titles and blurbs.

CONAN THE BARBARIAN, Vol. 4,

(Color comics)
Ace 11695, \$1.95, 1979.
By Roy Thomas and Barry Smith.
A very good rendering of two Conan formula stories--a beautiful woman, lots of swordplay, an evil sorcerer... It's a lot quicker to "read" a Conan book this way, and you don't lose much detail or narrative.

SUB-ZERO by Robert W. Walker
Belmont Tower \$1395, \$1.75, 1979.
Original s-f novel. Near-future disastrous weather.

BATTLESLAVE GALACTICA Vol. II,

(Color comics)
Ace 04877-3, \$2.25, 1979.
Comment: Is it really possible to charge \$2.25 for a comicbook in paperback format and get away with it? The drawing and color and etc are all good professional work. Three GALACTICA episodes are pictured.

MYSTERIOUS VISIONS Edited by Charles Waugh, Martin Greenberg and Joseph Olander.

St. Martin's, \$15.00, 1979.
Twenty-six s-f stories by mystery writers. Foreword by Isaac Asimov. It looks like a feast.

NIGHTWATCH by Andrew M. Stephenson
Dell, \$1.95, 1979.
Original s-f, scheduled for Aug.

DR. SCOFFLAW by Ron Goulart
OUTERWORLD by Isidore Haiblum
Dell, \$1.95, 1979.
Two short s-f novels combined in one volume: this is the third such Dell double. Scheduled for August.

SOME SUMMER LANDS by Jane Gaskell
Pocket Books 82053-2, \$1.95, 1979.
First published by St. Martin's in 1977. The Atlan Saga, Vol.5.

HEROES AND VILLAINS by Angels Carter
Pocket Books 82866-5, \$1.75, 1979.
First published in 1969. A barbarian future---a kind of future gothic novel.

BEYOND APOLLO by Barry Malzberg.
Pocket Books 82847-9, \$1.75, 1979.
First published in 1972. Intro-spective s-f. Oh, the agony of it all!

DOME by Lawrence Huff.
Pocket Book 83182-8, \$2.50, 1979.
Original nuclear reactor disaster novel. Timely, which may explain the high price.

THE ROAD TO CORLAY by Richard Cowper.
Pocket Books 82917-3, \$1.95, 1979.
Far-future s-f, first published 1975.
Note: Copyright in name of Colin Murry, whom I assume is the author's real name.

DYING INSIDE---excerpts read by the author, Robert Silverberg. Caedmon TC 1612. [Long Play Record]

CHILDHOOD'S END---excerpts read by the author, Arthur C. Clarke. Caedmon TC 1614. [Long Play Record]

THE VOYAGE OF THE DAWN TRADER---from the Chronicles of Narnia by C.S. Lewis. Read by Anthony Quayle. Caedmon 1615. [Long Play Record]

THE TRUTHS OF DUNE: "FEAR IS THE MIND KILLER"---read by the author Frank Herbert. Caedmon 1616. [Long Play Record]

THE HAUNTER OF THE DARK by H. P. Lovecraft. Read by David McCallum. Caedmon 1617. [Long Play Record]

SPACELAND by Pierscheria
DAW UE1460, \$1.75, 1979.
s-f, originally published in 1978.

SAGA OF LOST EARTHS by Emil Petajä.
DAW U1462, \$1.95, 1979.
Science fantasy, first published in
1966. Two short novels: SAGA OF LOST
EARTHS and THE STAR MULL.

STARMASTERS' GAMBIT by Gerard Klein.
DAW UE1464, \$1.75, 1979.
Originally titled GAMES PLAYERS OF
THE INFINITE when first published
in France, 1958. Translated by C.
J. Richards.

THE 1979 ANNUAL WORLD'S BEST SF
Edited by Donald A. Wolheim.
DAW UE1459, \$2.25, 1979. S-f an-
thology of ten stories. Don was
assisted by Arthur W. Saha, an old-
time fan.

SURVIVOR by Octavia E. Butler.
Signet EB673, \$1.75, 1979.
S-f novel, first published by
Doubleday in 1978.

QUASAR, QUASAR, BURNING BRIGHT by
Isaac Asimov. Avon 44610, \$2.25,
1979. Science essays reprinted
from F&SF 1976-77.

A DEAD GOD DANCING by Ann Maxwell.
Avon 44644, \$2.25, 1979. Original
s-f novel.

NIGHTMARE EXPRESS by Isidore Haiblum
Fawcett 4204-3, \$1.95, 1979. Orig-
inal s-f novel.

THE HUGO WINNERS, VOL. 3, BOOK 2.
Edited by Isaac Asimov. Fawcett
4045-2, \$1.95, 1979. 10 stories:
the second half of THE HUGO WINNERS,
Vol. 3, originally published by
Doubleday in 1977.

THE DRAGON LORD by David Drake.
Berkely/Putnam, \$10.95, 1979.
Fantasy novel. Scheduled for
September publication.

STAR ANCHORED, STAR ANGERED by Su-
zette Haden Elgin. Doubleday, \$7.95,
1979. Original s-f novel: a Coyote
Jones adventure.

6-26-79 I find myself trapped! En-
gulfed in another battle to find
room enough for too much material.
Tomorrow I'm going to begin the paste-
up of this issue and before a week
has passed I'll get that desperate,
haunted look.

"Lessee, lebenty-seven reviews
still in the file...an extra in-
terview...that article I'd forgotten
about...three regular columns each
running an extra page longer than
usual...more good letters than I can
print...too many editorial entries...
too many new book listings..."

"I'll tell you what to do, Geis!
Turn the editorial reins over to me
and your problem is solved."

"Alter, I'd rather die. You'd

fire people, kill columns, wipe out
features, revamp the zine. You'd
run Alter-Ego diatribes on every
page!"

"True, but that's what this rag
needs, Geis! More Alter! More zip
and zang! More electricity!"

"I cannot trust you, Alter.
You'd land me in a court of law for
libel or slander inside three months.
And I would have one hell of a time
convincing the judge that you did it
and not me!"

"Well, look at it this way: if
you do get into legal trouble, and
do try to tell a judge about me...
You'll be sent down to the state fun-
ny farm for observation and evalua-
tion, and all your problems will be
over. They'll keep you. All these
pressures and decisions will be off
your shoulders. You'll be free."

"Yeah, and what of your fate,
Alter, if I get put in Ward 12 with
a lot of schizoids. You want to
spend years in that kind of disori-
ented snake pit? You want to talk
to people who really will believe
you exist?"

"Umm... Tell you what, Geis.
Let's just keep you in the chair for
now. I need to think for a while."

"I thought so. Okay, we go to
the last round-up of books and mags
received, this issue."

RECEIVED

THE RESURRECTIONIST by Gary K. Wolf.
Doubleday, \$7.95, 1979. S-f original
novel.

THE TWO FACES OF TOMORROW by James
P. Hogan. Ballantine 27517, \$1.95,
1979. Original s-f novel.

THE DRAWING DARK by Tim Powers.
Ballantine 27604, \$1.95, 1979.
Original fantasy.

THE HERMES FALL by John Baxter.
Ballantine 28081, \$2.25, 1979. First
published by Simon & Schuster in 1978.
S-f novel.

THE BEST OF HAL CLEMENT edited by
Lester del Rey. Ballantine 27689,
\$1.95, 1979. S-f collection.

HEGIRA by Greg Bear. Dell 13473,
\$1.75, 1979. Orig. s-f novel.

SLAVES OF SLEEP by L. Ron Hubbard.
Dell 17646, \$1.75, 1979. S-f novel
originally published in 1939.

DREAM SNAKE by Vonda N. McIntyre.
Dell 11729, \$2.25, 1979. S-f novel
first published by Houghton-Mifflin
in 1978.

SOFT TARGETS by Dean Ing. Ace, \$4.95,
1979. Near-future s-f. Original
novel.

UNIVERSE 8 edited by Terry Carr.
Popular Library 04443-8, \$1.75,
1979. S-f collection, first publish-
ed by Doubleday in 1978.

FIRE BALL by Vic Mayhew and Doug
Long. Signet J8701, \$1.95. S-f
disaster novel. First published
in 1977.

SOVEREIGN by R.M. Meluch. Signet
EB8715, \$1.75, 1979. Orig. s-f novel.

DOMINE by James Branch Cabell. Bal-
lantine 28171, \$2.25, 1979. Fantasy
classic first published in 1920.

THE BEST SCIENCE FICTION OF THE YEAR
#8 Edited by Terry Carr. Ballantine
28083, \$2.25, 1979. S-f anthology.

A SCANNER DARKLY by Philip K. Dick.
Ballantine 26064, \$1.95, 1979. S-f
novel first published in 1977 by
Doubleday.

CASTLE ROOGNA by Piers Anthony.
Ballantine 27925, \$1.95, 1979. Orig.
fantasy novel. Sequel to A SPELL
FOR CHAMELEON.

THE DOPPELGÄNGER GAMBIT by Lee Kil-
lough. Ballantine 28267, \$1.95,
1979. Original s-f novel.

THE WAY TO DAMNOR by Bill Starr.
Ballantine 28166, \$1.95, 1979. S-f
novel first published in 1975. First
of a series.

MAGAZINE OF FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION.
August, 1979. \$1.25.

OKAY, OKAY...I'M ABLE TO USE A FEW
SHORT BOOK REVIEWS OF NEW S-F AND
FANTASY.

NO-NO! NOT ALL AT ONCE!
AAARRRRGGGHHH!

ALIEN THOUGHTS CONTINUED ON P. 63

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OTHER VOICES, OTHER VOICES, OTHER VOICES, OTHER

THE STAND

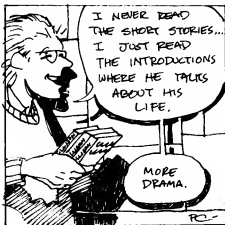
By Stephen King
Doubleday, Garden City, NY, 1978
823 rough-cut pages, beautifully
eerie dust jacket, good but cheapo
binding.

Reviewed by Donn Vicha

As the full-page ad in the CHICAGO TRIB "Book World" section stated: "When the end comes, those who are left will have to choose sides". Book 1, CAPTAIN TRIPS, the West Coast name given to the superflu which wipes out nine-tenths of the world's population, describes how the End comes and who survives. ON THE BORDER, Book 2, tells how the survivors wander across the country to form ragtag bands, all the time pulled by the elements common in each person's dreams and night-mares, toward camps in Las Vegas and Boulder, Colorado. THE STAND, Book 3, is precisely that: the duel between the forces of good and evil. Written with a full command of a large cast and a huge range of emotions, THE STAND is more than a popular formula played by a master (recognized by John D. MacDonald) of the horror genre.

In reading King's earlier works, SALEM'S LOT and THE SHINING, I had to be peeled off the ceiling after the phone rang or the door buzzed. I cared about the characters, so much so that the suspense was stronger and closer, more personal, in a word, riveting. THE STAND is no less suspenseful but doesn't focus all its efforts at trying to scare or gross the piss out of me. The cast is large and fully delineated, ordinary yet extraordinary because of the circumstances in which they are met. Different senses of humor exist among these people and you laugh a different way for each of them. The tragedies are big; somehow the smaller they are, the more deeply they touch you. While there is plenty of adventure for the survivors in merely finding the means of survival, there is a definite, religious aspect to their finding the will to continue.

What begins as a standard and well-written After-the-End story, slowly wheels onto a mystical, surreal plane. The surroundings are mundane -- what you would realistically expect in this sort of thing -- yet take on the qualities of a Simulation Game of the war between good and evil. You keep expecting the actual world to drop away and the people to shed their earthly garb for robes and armor, to trade bolts of lightning and oaths to shake the mystic ground on which they stride. No man's will is entirely free to keep from taking the stand.



What more can I say to recommend this fine book and storyteller than to say they moved me, made me laugh, shudder and cry, and firmly but gently ruffled my smug sense of agnosticism.

STRANGERS

By Gardner Dozois
Berkley, \$1.75

Reviewed by Michael Maida

On the cover Triptree is quoted saying that STRANGERS offers "a promise of wild, rich alienness" and it is true. STRANGERS is about a man, Farber, and an alien woman, Liraun, who fall in love and marry. While this seems an obvious theme for an SF story, I'm surprised that I've never before seen it developed in this much depth. It may be due to the difficulty of presenting an alien strange enough to make the story interesting yet not so alien that the plot loses credibility. (Man professes undying love for giant sponge.)

I think Dozois has the proper balance here. His alien here is a Cian, a short, furry humanoid, vaguely feline. (Farber literally feels like an ape in comparison.) Most important, she *thinks* alien. The most fascinating parts of the book are where Farber and Liraun struggle, desperately at times, to understand each other. The culture and myths of the Cian also are different and don't quite "make sense" to the reader. Yet given the circumstances, one can understand how such beliefs could evolve.

The novel is less than satisfying for two reasons. There's too

little action; Farber spends much of his time cooped up inside and going to pot because of it. (Part of the problem here may be Farber's own boredom affecting the reader in a similar fashion!) Also, Farber doesn't quite ring true. He doesn't seem to be the type who could fall in love with a human woman from a minority group, let alone an alien. He even punched a man who called Liraun a nigger!

Finally, the "shock" ending is easily anticipated by any reader with intelligence. The fact that Farber did not figure out the truth about Cian births may say something about his intelligence! Still, you could do worse for an evening's read.

A WAR OF SHADOWS

By Jack L. Chalker
Analog Books/Ace Books, 1978, 314 pp
\$1.95

Reviewed by Dean R. Lambe

Any book by Chalker deserves attention. His magnificent WARS OF THE WELL WORLD saga is a joy of creativity and characterization. He's more than proven his facility with alien settings and cosmic scope. Alas, when his focus returns home from "a galaxy far, far away," there is little substance in A WAR OF SHADOWS.

Much of this story about biological warfare against small American towns is unfortunately parallel to Scottia & Robinson's recent THE NIGHTMARE FACTOR -- unfortunate, since most readers will not be surprised by the real villain. Might this country, 20 years or so hence, welcome a fascist government as protection against terrorists who have brain-deadening recombinant DNA tricks? Sure. Could the military-industrial complex put together a puppet leadership? Of course. And might FBI chief inspector Edelman establish his own secret counterforce? Well, why not. No, I don't quibble with those aspects of A WAR OF SHADOWS. The weapon though, the "Wilderness Organism," seems highly improbable. Even if our friendly intestinal bug, *E. coli*, could be transformed into such a nasty brain-biter, and even if brain damage effects were consistent, why is a psychiatrist in charge of serological and molecular biologists? Dr. Sandra O'Connell and her scientific colleagues are simply not credible. And why rename the Center

For Disease Control and move it from Atlanta?

The book is disappointing, flat. Maybe I expected too much. Maybe Chalker should stick to distant planets and far futures. Then again, a below par Chalker novel is still a pretty good read, a strain on the universality of Sturgeon's Law.

THE EXILE WAITING
By Vonda N. McIntyre
Fawcett, \$1.50

Reviewed by Michael Maida

By all means, go out and get THE EXILE WAITING! It may not sound like much in a plot summary, for that won't reveal its rich detail, convincing characterization and depth. Besides all this it's a thriller that's tough to put down.

The story centers around Mischa, a tough little orphan girl in Center. Center is the cave city where most of Earth's population lives several centuries after the nuclear holocaust. Mischa is forced to steal to both support herself and to appease her uncle, who enslaves her through the psychic powers of her crippled, mutant sister, Gemmi. Mischa is an empath herself, a fact she keeps quiet for fear of being exiled along with the other mutants.

Desperate to escape Earth and the irresistible pull of her sister's mind, Mischa breaks into the mansion of Blaise, one of the wealthy few who control Center, to try to plead her case. Blaise is not interested and she is beaten and released.

Enter Subone and Subtwo, a pair of "pseudosibs" who land in Blaise's spaceport and usurp his power. They are an interesting pair, having been raised under carefully controlled circumstances as a psychology experiment. Initially almost identical, they begin diverging when they are forced to adapt to the decadent society of Center. When she approaches the pseudosibs, Mischa captures Subtwo's fancy and she is taken under his wing.

The second half of the book is extremely tight and well written. In it Mischa and Jan Hiraku, one of Subtwo's passengers, become fugitives after Mischa's brother Chris tries to kill Subone. In one especially moving passage, Chris dies while telepathically linked to Mischa, which almost destroys her. During their flight through the caves where the mutants live, Jan and Mischa are forced to examine and change their attitudes about life and death.

While hunting them down, Subone and Subtwo almost crack from the dangers and oppressiveness.

This is a weird book. It combines things like telepathic mutants, a post-holocaust Earth, two "Super Mr. Spocks" with a girl coming of age, the experience of death, romantic involvements and an extremely intense, almost stream-of-consciousness writing style. From this brew emerges a fine novel.

THE SURVIVORS
By Marion Zimmer Bradley
and Paul Edwin Zimmer
DAW Books, #320 for Jan, 1979
238 pp., \$1.95

Reviewed by David A. Truesdale

The sequel to Marion Zimmer Bradley's HUNTERS OF THE RED MOON, brother Paul teams up to help his talented sister in the further adventures of the intrepid threesome, Dane, Riana and the intelligent protosaurian Aratak, as they must resolve interesting mysteries on the backward and highly dangerous planet Belsar Four.

As with most of Ms. Bradley's books (as well as DAW books in general) this is a sci-fi-fantasy employing the ostensible trappings of science fiction but written in the detailed, intriguing, colorful style so prevalent in many popular fantasies of today. It makes for a good blend, as works by Cherry, Bradley, Jo Clayton, E.C. Tubb, Jack Vance, Tanith Lee (THE BIRTHGRAVE), newcomer Ansen Dibell and countless others have proven, but with so many, it would seem, doing roughly the same hybrid sort of fiction, it therefore requires something extra -- read distinguishable -- in order for the work to be a memorable, or outstanding one. With so many highly talented people working in the fields of science fiction and fantasy today, one just cannot write what would have been considered "above average" any more, and expect it to stand out from the crowd. And while THE SURVIVORS has its memorable passages, its strange and colorful situations and aliens, its excitement and sense-of-wonder, (making for its "above averageness"), so too does it contain its small storytelling oversights which make it merely competent (one example is the recurring, irritating inclusion of 20th Century jargon sprinkled (however sparsely) into the alien/fantasy setting, thus momentarily stretching -- if not entirely snapping -- the willing suspension of disbelief).

And so, with some reluctance, fully realizing the time and hard work that must go into any writer's work who really cares about his work, I must say that THE SURVIVORS is what I would now term "average".

THE H.P. LOVECRAFT COMPANION
By Philip A. Shreffler
Greenwood Press, 1977, \$13.95
Bibliography and Index

Reviewed by S. Walker

The book separates into four major sections. "Lovecraft's Literary Theory" deals with Lovecraft's opinions about and relation to British and American fantasy writers, as well as his relation to American writing in general. The second section synthesizes fifty-seven stories -- more or less the Lovecraft canon -- and provides information on the real-life sources of several, including photographs. Next, Shreffler has prepared an alphabetical list that identifies Lovecraft's characters and monsters. The final section discusses Lovecraft's gods plus his knowledge of witchcraft, demonology and books on magic.

This is a lot of relevant material to present in less than two hundred pages, and the book's weakness is its lack of exhaustive depth.

Yet Shreffler's observations are accurate and well-informed, and occasionally arguable (e.g. "... it cannot be refuted that the fate of Lavinia Whateley in 'The Dunwich Horror' is purely sexual in nature.').

I think this work is primarily an introduction to Lovecraft for the student who has read some stories and wants to learn more. For the veteran Lovecraftian, this vade mecum acquaints the memory with fugitive facts -- who or what is "Buddai"? -- now pulled together in one place.

That the author has omitted a Lovecraft biographical section will appear a fault to some, a relief to others.





A HANDFUL OF DARKNESS

By Philip K. Dick
Gregg Press, 1978, \$11.00

Reviewed by Tom Staicer

Most of Philip K. Dick's reputation has been built by his novels, especially the multi-layered reality visions such as *THE THREE STIGMATA OF PALMER ELDRITCH*, *A SCANNER DARKLY* and *FLOW MY TEARS, THE POLICEMAN SAID*. Readers familiar with his novels will be surprised to see the elements present in this collection of his earliest short stories. *A HANDFUL OF DARKNESS* was the very first book collection of his writings. It has not been available since the British Sphere paperback in 1955.

For some reason the earlier story collections of many authors have more inventiveness, idea content and "energy" than their recent ones. Perhaps it is because most SF authors began writing magazine SF stories, then sold a novel or two and found that they could no longer afford the time to devote to short fiction. Earning a living at writing becomes easier when royalties from previous novels begin coming in. Collections published recently by some of the masters of SF contain leftovers, scraps, memoirs, vignettes and very few good short stories.

A HANDFUL OF DARKNESS, then, represents a writer who was struggling to make a living as a new SF writer. In his first three years of writing for publication, Dick sold nearly 100 stories. At one point he had seven stories on the bestsellers during one month. This 1955 collection was culled from a large inventory rather than a small one. There was no need to pad the word count with a leftover manuscript or two.

Nine of the fifteen stories are not available elsewhere. One appeared in *THE BOOK OF PHILIP K. DICK*, three in *THE BEST OF...* and three in *THE PRESERVING MACHINE*.

The volume itself is part of the excellent Gregg SF reprint series. Thus, it is printed on acid-free paper and bound in high quality cloth binding. The new introduction by Richard Lupoff adds to its collector value.

The stories themselves vary from mediocre 1950s style (surprise plot twist endings and so on) to inventive looks at reality from Dick's unique point of view. We can see elements of his later qualities emerging in some of the stories.

"Exhibit Piece", "Imposter" and "Colony" among others, show how reality itself may be suspect when the most mundane things are seen in a totally different light than normally. In "Colony", the Earth astronauts are victimized by their own microscopes, towels and even rugs which suddenly take on an alien, menacing life force of their own. A flash of humor comes when a crew member has just been saved from being murdered by his own room rug. "That's my rug. I brought it from Terra. My wife gave it to me. I-I trusted it completely".

"Exhibit Piece" deals with one of two possibilities, depending on the reader's viewpoint to decide which. Either a 1950s suburban American wants to escape into a future world from his unhappy life or, a future man builds a museum replica of 1950s life and then escapes into it and actually lives in the 1950s.

"Imposter" poses the problem of a man who is told he is a robot and must think of a way to convince everyone he is real. Since consciousness could be implanted in a robot or a human, anyone could be in that situation and not be certain about the truth.

Although uneven in quality, this collection has more good stories than bad. Anyone who enjoys Philip K. Dick's fiction will find some enjoyment in this book.

NIGHT SHIFT

By Stephen King
Signet Books, 326 pp. + introduction by John D. MacDonald & Foreword by Mr. King. (22 pp.) \$2.50

Reviewed by Paul McGuire III

Stephen King is a superb creative writer. Some of his short stories have simple premises which, in retrospect, seem obvious. I've seen ads in comic books for miniature plastic soldiers ever since I can remember. How simple, easy, to

think, "What if they came alive?" Well, I didn't think that, Stephen King did.

In "Trucks" you feel the heat, hear the air horns, smell the petrol; you are in a small diner besieged by murderous driverless trucks -- whether you want to be or not.

"Boogeymen" is an excellent psychological story -- up until the end -- when it becomes something else. Stephen King writes horror stories. There are twenty of them in *NIGHT SHIFT*.

"Children of the Corn", "The Mangler", and the others will scare you as much as any short fiction you have read, because Mr. King knows how to write realism, which is all important to horror fantasy.

BORN TO EXILE

By Phyllis Eisenstein
Arkham House Publishers, Inc.
Aug., 1978, 202 pp., \$8.95
Dust jacket painting by Stephen Fabian

Reviewed by David A. Truesdale

"For eight weary months Alaric the minstrel has trudged the lonely road of exile. Born with preternatural powers, he had been found abandoned on a hillside, newborn and naked, a bloody severed hand clutching his ankles. Rejected by his foster family as a witch child, separated by death from his only companion, Alaric now wanders through the world as a solitary wayfarer, a knapsack and lute his only possessions". Such reads (and an accurate description it is, too) the inside jacket of this beautiful book. It includes a full page Stephen Fabian illustration for each of the five novelets, as well as a black and white reproduction of the cover painting for the frontispiece.

The title tale "Born to Exile", finds Alaric in his fifteenth year, knapsack and lute in hand, requesting work at the castle Royale. He is accepted, but soon enough is mistrusted by the court magician Medron to the point where, when in the boudoir of the beautiful Princess Solinda, Alaric is interrupted in his favorite pastime by Medron, and just in the nick of time escapes, to be aided in his eventual getaway by the Princess herself. Sore, tired, and hungry, he stumbles into the "Inn of the Black Swan" where he falls in love with the tavern woman Mizella, who inadvertently arouses his suspicions as to the real nature of the Inn -- that it is nothing more than a web, a trap where travelers are murdered for their wealth. Again, barely es-

caping a certain death, Alaric clutches Mizella to his supernatural breast and spirits them both away into the wintry woods, where they trade tales of personal woe, then share their bodies in love.

After sharing the adventure of "The Witch and the Well" with Mizella, in which he uncovers more of his lost past, he is brought once again to his home and relatives where it is learned that he is a son to the Baron. In "The Lords of All Power" he claims his right to be at court-side, but through the jealous machinations of his young peers is imprisoned far beneath the Castle in a black, damp, tomb of stone, left there to certainly die -- a newly arrived rival heir to the throne removed forever.

Once more Alaric uses his power to transport himself from one place to another by way of supreme concentration and frees himself from the confines of the smothering tomb. He finds himself in a large underground cavern that eventually leads him to the legendary "Castle Under the Hill". Here he finds enough provisions for the immediate future and teleports himself away from all those that seek him harm -- and those that love him: Solinde, Mizella and his surviving relatives. "Once again he was merely a minstrel -- not a baron's son, not a lord of power, but a wandering exile".

The book reads very well. Phyllis Eisenstein shows remarkable skill in her economic prose, sympathetic treatment of her characters, and in the treatment of her subject matter. She uses a mild blend of magical fantasy and the psi power of teleportation to excellent use, with the background that of the feudal society so often germane to the imaginary worlds of many other fantasists.

This is a top quality book on all counts, and Phyllis Eisenstein is a young writer whose output I would definitely like to see increase.

ENEMIES OF THE SYSTEM

By Brian W. Aldiss
FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION, June, '78
Harper & Row, August '78, \$7.95, 60 pp.

Reviewed by Mark Cofta

Too often, we consider the passage of time as advancement. There is the silent implication that because time has passed, humanity has progressed. Man is little more than the sum of his parts, and as those parts are constantly replaced, it takes much more than time for the species to advance. History has shown that individuals

and economic forces provoke man's progress in fits and starts. The most important aspects of progress are not technological, but social.

Aldiss takes us ahead to the millionth anniversary of homo uniformis, a creation of the largely extinct homo sapiens. He throws uniformis on a planet that supports the descendants of a pre-uniformis expedition and examines their ideology, which is based on unity and conformity.

ENEMIES OF THE SYSTEM is a nice mix of discussion and action, as the ultra-rational uniformis is suddenly stranded and surrounded by hungry humanoid. A little danger and man shows that, even in a million years, theory and talk will not replace survival.

Highly recommended, but too short, if this is complete (as is proclaimed on the cover). The characterizations are disappointingly weak, too. The implications of this work, on the nature of homo sapiens, individuality, and progress -- and the plot -- are fascinating and stimulating, but not fully developed.

ARTHUR REX

By Thomas Berger
Delacorte Press, 1978, 499 pp.
\$10.95

Reviewed by Mark Cofta

Over the years there has been a small but steady output of novels based on the legend of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. The latest, and one of the most original, is Thomas Berger's ARTHUR REX.

While Steinbeck's TALES OF ... was a carefully done poetic work, Berger's is a "legendary novel". It's a witty, bawdy tale written in a light, simple medieval style that is a joy to read. Berger has the enviable talent of saying an incredible amount with a great economy of words. He paints a Camelot that is vivid and colorful, and characters who are distinct and three-dimensional. ARTHUR REX is written more realistically than most renditions. If you can accept a little magic -- and I hope we all can -- the legend as presented by Berger will seem very fresh, lively and clear.

The story itself is well known. He twists things around a bit, mainly by cutting out the Holy Grail almost entirely. It isn't missed, though; his wit and feeling for ad-

venture and storytelling more than make up for any omissions in the tale. The Christian ethic of Camelot is neatly worked in as a goal of the nobility, as a desired state of behavior that no one, except the young, sickly Galahad, reaches.

One of the nicest aspects of this rendition is the author's presence. The reader isn't alone in ARTHUR REX -- Berger is telling the story and is an amusing, engrossing narrator. ARTHUR REX is worth reading not only as a rousing good tale of adventure, but for Berger's cleverness and wit and his fresh view of a well-worked legend.

BELOVED SON

By George Turner
Pocket Books, 1978, 371 pp., \$2.25

Reviewed by Dean R. Lambe

A massive tour de force of psychological philosophy, a morality tale of biological condemnation, BELOVED SON recalls the essence of Dante, of Milton, of Huxley. It is also an oft turgid, patently silly, illogical extension of behaviorism and situational ethics which leaves the reader wondering why he bothered.

The story is set thoroughly in Australia in the post-collapse world of 2032 -- a world of young people largely born after the Five Days of 1992, a do-your-own-thing world under the guidance of a few surviving elders, the Ombudsmen. To this strange new world, Commander Albert Raft and his remaining five international crew members return in the first starship, Columbus, after a 42 year jaunt to Barnard's Star. Raft's crew are quickly isolated by Ian Campion, Australian Commissioner of International Security. All but native-Australian Raft and psychiatrist James Lindley from vanished England are



soon thrown to the wolves and disappear. International Security, it seems, rules the world without force and is ethically powerless to protect the individual.

Raft and Lindley then become targets of the underlying factions for change and corruption in re-built Australia. These returned astronauts are privy to a terrible secret: biologist John Heathcote cloned Raft before he left for the red dwarf star. Now, thanks to time-dilation and "slow metabolism", Raft and his 80-plus clones are about the same age. The clone is spread throughout the world, bent on non-violent, yet often deadly, revolution and Raft may be telepathic with his own images.

An extremely convoluted power struggle develops between and among Raft, International Security, Civil Police, assorted nebulous regional governments, the still more-or-less living mad scientist Heathcote, rival clone brothers, and a truly Freudian delight -- the mysterious "Lady". The conclusion, if such it is, represents about six steps backwards in terms of political-philosophical reality, and is complete with a neo-crucifixion. The soul, not the flesh, gets it this time around. Ho-hum.

Perhaps lovers of 19th Century English literature will find more to their liking in this novel than I -- especially Trollope lovers. Certainly Australians may find it more their cup of tea than the rest of the English-speaking world. "There'll always be an England" -- except here (is this a Downunder putdown, since only those Green Isles were completely destroyed in the holocaust of bombs, plagues, and famines?). And if the USSR has degenerated into a hegemony of religious feudalism, China has closed her borders and withdrawn again, and the US has become a confederation of communist states, wouldn't it be nice to know more than those bald facts? Finally -- and most frustrating to this SF reader -- shouldn't at least somebody in this still technologically oriented culture ask Commander Raft and his crew why they went to Barnard's Star in the first place, and what they found there?

For all its faults, however, BELOVED SON marks George Turner as a writer to watch. A shorter, more tightly controlled work from his hand could well be a bombshell.

THE FANTASTIC IMAGINATION II:
AN ANTHOLOGY OF HIGH FANTASY
Edited by Robert H. Boyer
& Kenneth J. Zahorski
Aven, NY, 1979, xi + 307 pp., \$2.50
Order from: Avon Books, Mail Order
Dept., 250 W. 55th St., NY, 10019.
Plus 25¢ for postage & handling.
ISBN: 0-380-41533-X

Reviewed by Frederick Patten

The back-cover blurb says that the first volume in this series "elicited such overwhelming enthusiasm from the academic world and the reading public that this second volume has been published". I enjoyed the first volume thoroughly myself so I can believe this. It was an excellent blend of scholarly and popular presentations. Happily this second volume is fully as good as the first.

This anthology contains 16 'works of high fantasy, that is, of stories which take place in or border on a magical or supernatural other world, places like Joiry and Prydain', to quote the editors. They are presented in chronological order from 1867 to the present. Some were written for adults, as Sylvia Townsend Warner's "Elphenor and Weasel" from the NEW YORKER magazine, and some were written for children, as Frank R. Stockton's "Old Pipes and the Dryad". All, however, carry a maturity that is in the best traditions of high fantasy. Readers who are looking for works to equal Tolkien or Eddison should certainly sample this volume.

Within the genre the editors have consciously covered as wide a scope as possible. There are both familiar classics, as C.L. Moore's "Jirel Meets Magic", and neglected gems by now-obscure authors, as Barry Pain's "The Glass of Supreme Moments". Some are based on familiar European mythology, as Lord Dunsany's "The Kith of the Elf-Folk", while others are set in an Oriental fantasy world, as Kenneth Morris' "Red-Peach-Blossom Inlet". Yet others abandon all traditional mythological

formats and present themselves in modern literary or even sfnal forms, as Ursula K. LeGuin's "April in Paris". There are stories designed to sparkle with sophisticated wit and urbane humor, as Eric Linklater's "The Abominable Imprecation", and stories designed to imitate the innocent simplicity of the old folk tales, as Lloyd Alexander's "The Smith, the Weaver, and the Harper". Some are more seriously adventurous or dramatic, as Selma Lagerlof's "The Legend of the Christmas Rose". There are even two original stories here. "Above Ker-Is", by Evangeline Walton, is from a manuscript which had lain forgotten for over 50 years until the editors asked her for an example of her writing in short-story form. "Crusader Damosel", by Vera Chapman, was written especially for this book. Both are equal in quality to their illustrious company, so THE FANTASTIC IMAGINATION II has justified its existence if only by getting these two tales into print.

The above summary includes 12 of the 16 stories. The remaining four are George MacDonald's "The Golden Key", David H. Keller's "The Thirty and One", Joan Aiken's "A Harp of Fishbones", and a selection from Patricia McKillip's "The Throne (sic.) of the Eril of Sherill". Each story is introduced by a two- or three-page biography of its author and critique of the work.

I enjoyed every one of these tales. THE FANTASTIC IMAGINATION II is essentially an anthology of the same kind of literature that Ballantine Books presented in Lin Carter's excellent Adult Fantasy series, but in short story rather than novel form. Readers who have been pleased by the average Ballantine fantasy title will certainly appreciate Avon's two FANTASTIC IMAGINATION volumes. Let us hope that Avon, Boyer & Zahorski can find enough material to expand THE FANTASTIC IMAGINATION into a regular annual series.

THIS IS ISAAC ASIMOV'S ANNOTATED
NECRONOMICON. HE SAID: "IT'S A
STRANGE BOOK, TAKE IT TO A
STRANGE EDITOR."



1979

THE INCREDIBLE UMBRELLA
By Marvin Varley
Doubleday, 218 pp., \$2.95
Jacket by Cathy Canzani

Reviewed by Steven Edward McDonald

The unlikely story of J. Adrian Fillmore (gad, what a name!) who comes across a rather odd bumber-shoot, which proceeds to plunge him into lands of literary adventure -- in the style of Pratt/de Camp's famous Harold Shea. Kaye takes his unfortunate hero through several worlds, including Gilbert and Sullivan, DRACULA, the original and final versions of the Sherlock Holmes canon -- explaining, tongue-in-cheek, the name of his hero -- FRANKENSTEIN, THE ARABIAN NIGHTS, FLATLAND and various permutations of Jonathon Wild.

The book itself is sewn together from three long novelets published in FANTASTIC, resulting in a slightly episodic feeling. However, each separate story is built on the preceding one, gradually shifting towards a climax, solution and return for Fillmore. The pace, and comic inventiveness, handled mostly in a deadpan manner suggestive of the events in the movie, THE WRONG BOX (starring Michael Caine, Peter Cook, and Dudley Moore, with latter playing a decidedly villainous fellow who loves to kick stray dogs), is kept up almost until the end, including one crackpot chapter in which a couple of thousands words are used to set the reader up for a pun that is a perfect demolition job, flagging only in one or two places -- particularly, the Aladdin sequence, which is handled in a manner that owes more to a Doris Day movie than anything else. Fortunately, the book recovers from that slip, and ends reasonably honestly, with the problems of most of the characters solved.

A fine read, highly recommended to fantasy fans missing the occasional dollop of humor.

TITAN

By John Varley
Berkley-Putnam, 1979, \$9.95

Reviewed by Elton Elliott

In 1977 and 1978 John Varley was nominated for four Hugo Awards and two Nebulas, more than any other writer; his first novel THE OPHIOUCHI HOTLINE placed #3 on the 1978 Locus Poll. Compared to Isaac Asimov, the young Robert A. Heinlein, Varley was considered by many to be the most innovative SF writer since the Golden Age of John Wood Campbell

Jr.'s ASTOUNDING, and certainly the biggest effort of the 1970s.

TITAN is his second novel, a book I looked forward to with a mixture of anticipation and dread. Anticipation because the summer of 1976 (when Varley came out with such marvelous tales as "Gotta Sing, Gotta Dance", "The Phantom of Kansas", and "Overdrawn at the Memory Bank") was to me the Golden Age of SF, and dread because the history of SF is littered with examples of authors who came on the scene with a distinctive voice and incredible potential only to lose or fritter away their uniqueness and never to even approach their potential.

Whether this was the result of too much adulation too soon (SF is prone to place a high value on differentness by its very nature; this differentiation is sometimes confused with excellence) or whether such things are the result of aging and the nature of the writing process is moot -- the point is in its occurrence and my concern.

Titan is the name given to a hollow torris, the size of a small moon, found by the first expedition to Saturn. The object is considered artificial by the expedition, a fact which seems to be buttressed when what appears to be a docking system malfunctions and their vessel crash-lands on the surface.

All of the crew is knocked out by the impact, and when the captain of the expedition, Cirocco Jones, awakes, she is on the interior of the construct separated from her crew and without food, supplies or clothes, but burdened with disturbing "memories". The rest of the plot deals with her attempts to find the rest of the crew, and to find out who or what was behind what she believes is their abduction.

What then are my reactions to TITAN. Well, first off, the background is stunning, and as usual with Varley, endlessly inventive. The characterization is well realized, with the exception of a crew member by the name of Gene, who I believe is sort of a straw character whose major purpose is to serve as a convenient platform for the author to show the evils of M.C.P.-ism. I don't disagree with what Varley is saying, I just disagree with the way in which it is presented. But that is a minor caveat; the main problem with TITAN seems to be a lack of intensity. This lack of intensity occurs on two levels, one structural and the other thematic.

Structurally the problem is that the plot is too slight for the length and complexity of the book. The re-



sult is that the story is overwhelmed by the wealth of background detail. Reading it, I got the sense of the author pulling the ropes, and lighting the set now and then. It seemed almost as if Varley was more interested, or preoccupied with the setting than he was with the story. Too often this gap in structural focus made the going fuzzy, in the sense that the words were on paper but they never transmitted a picture to my mind of what was happening or what the characters were seeing. In sum, the plot's slightness and corresponding lack of intensity worked to the detriment of the plot's urgency.

Thematically the problem is a little more subtle. In the past Varley's fiction has dealt, in the main, with the search for identity. In his stories which have dealt with this, the search happens on both a personal and a societal level. With TITAN the societal search for identity is absent, or at best greatly muted. The fact that a search of this double-pronged nature has been going on is one of the major strengths of Varley's work. Not only because it is applicable to the people and situations Varley has been writing about, but because it addresses some of the concerns facing our society and the people living in it. The fact that in TITAN we never get a clear sense of the societal search denies this novel the source of a lot of intensity that moves through a great deal of his earlier work.

For a good example of how this search worked in some of his stories, read "Gotta Sing, Gotta Dance". I'm not saying this particular concern is the main reason why Varley's work is popular, but the resonance effect this theme stirs in the reader's mind is one of the factors that lead to Varley's work being acclaimed so quickly.

There is, however, a lot that is good in this book. The newness and freshness were a particular source of delight for me. Is TITAN a success? I don't know, for most

authors like me. My feelings about the book are mixed, on odd numbered days I liked it, on even days I'm not so sure. I can, however, recommend it, an average Varley work; TITAN would be the work of a lifetime for most authors.

PIONEER REPORTS THAT A JOVIAN WIND OF CHARGED PARTICLES IS SPRUTTERING SULFUR FROM THE SURFACE OF IO.

IO SULFUR, AWAY, EH?



THE SANDCATS OF RHYL

By Robert E. Vardeman
Major 3209; c. 1978, 192 pp.

Reviewed by Steve Lewis

I knew a Bob Vardeman once, about 10 or 12 years ago. He produced a pretty good fanzine out of New Mexico, and maybe he still does. I'm all so 99 and 44/100 percent sure that he's the author of this book. What it reads like is a cross between a serial from an aging issue of AS-FOUNDING SF from the late 1940s and that kind of glorious space adventure that made PLANET STORIES a legend in its own time. But here's the real connection: Rhyll is probably the most dust-infested planet in the galaxy. Just like Albuquerque.

Rhyll makes even the Sahara look like an oasis in comparison. The only answer to the question of what humans are doing there in the first place is a vague shrug. What brings galactic adventurers Roderick Nightwind and his cyborg partner Hauser there are some notes they find written by a dead archaeologist, telling them of a find "utterly beyond belief" and somewhere on the planet.

Don't get me wrong. This is a book that's fun to read. I intended the cross-lineage I suggested above to be a compliment, more or less. And in addition, one of the discoveries that are made on this hell-hole of a world is a race of intelligent cat-like creatures left to guard a fabulous abandoned underground city filled with unknown riches and powers, which seems to say that I'm not the only one with fond residual memories of all those "lost race" novels so popular in the 1920s

and before. Sad to say, in today's world all those lost people have had to be shoved off-planet, but then again, we do have the whole universe to play with, don't we?

While this isn't the sort of book I'd push old ladies out of the way to get my hands on, neither is it the sort of sci-fi that gives science fiction a bad name, and there's too much of that around these days.

THE WHITE DRAGON

By Anne McCaffrey
Del Rey/Ballantine, 1978, 447 pp.
\$8.95
SF Book Club Omnibus Edition, 1978, 289 pp.

Paperback, Del Rey, for May, 1979

Reviewed by Martin Morse Wooster

The new Dragon novel of Anne McCaffrey (the third in the main series, the fifth overall) has had extremely strong sales for an SF book by a genre author. THE WHITE DRAGON made the Publisher's Weekly bestseller list, McCaffrey being the first SF author to do this since Arthur C. Clarke. (CHILDREN OF DUNE and LUCIFER'S HAMMER, after all, were only bestsellers in paperback.) The book has led the LOCUS list for months, and shows every sign of doing well in softcover. Why?

The Dragon novels are popular because of the wide range of genres covered in each book. The books are not strictly fantasy or science fiction, but are instead an amalgam: the structure SF, the mood fantasy. Swords compete with telegraphs for the reader's attention.

A far more interesting amalgam in the Dragon books is the melange of Campbellian and Gothic elements. McCaffrey is one of the last of the Campbell authors: Campbell bought her first sales, and much of DRAGON-FLIGHT was published in ANALOG. The theme is Campbellian: a primitive planet gradually rediscovering long-lost technology, and using these discoveries to advance the culture and the race. But there is also the Gothic: these are, in essence, Romantic works, with much of the characters and action easily translatable into, say, a Regency novel. Romance, for McCaffrey, depends on setting rather than action, and it is a major fault of these works that there is little conflict in them. The bad characters are not evil, just misguided or snide.

The third Dragon book abandons much of the Campbell legacy and some

of the Gothicism. Unlike its two predecessors, THE WHITE DRAGON is a juvenile; it has a juvenile hero, Jaxom, Lord Holder of Ruatha, as well as a juvenile theme -- the maturity of Jaxom, as he tries to attain his heritage and his destiny. Most of the characters from DRAGON-QUEST and DRAGONFLIGHT are offstage, only coming into the book to tut and strut at regular intervals. The shift of tone towards adolescence is also a shift in attitudes towards technology: The machines exist, and are used, but not manipulated and scarcely improved. The romance of discovery is geographical rather than scientific: new continents, not new engines.

Nonetheless, THE WHITE DRAGON is an achievement, having far more depth and solidity than most SF novels. The dragons are still fascinating, although one wishes that McCaffrey would restrain herself a bit in describing their accomplishments. And Pern is a world of its own, not just a fuzzy carbon of a standard setting. By itself, THE WHITE DRAGON would be a qualified success; however, the book does not reach the high standard set by DRAGONQUEST, a fine novel even by mainstream standards.

THE WHITE DRAGON, while not brilliant, is a major novel. It will be on the Hugo ballot for much the same reasons CHILDREN OF DUNE and THE SHATTERED CHAIN were: intensive support by a block of hard-core fan. Series build this support in ways that individual novels, however brilliant, cannot. It would be a shame if McCaffrey fan would honour the author by voting for a work far from her best. Perhaps the Noreascon II committee could reinstate the Hugo for Best Series, last given in 1966. Then McCaffrey could earn a justifiable award for the whole of this series, a sum far greater than any part.

ZANONI: A ROSCRUCIAN TALE

By Edward Bulwer-Lytton
Paperback, 410 pp., \$6.95.
Steinerbooks, 5 Graber Hill, Blauvelt, NY, 10913.

Reviewed by Neal Wilgus

Although written in the 1840s, Bulwer-Lytton's ZANONI takes place in the 1790s and reaches its climax during the height of the French Revolution's Reign of Terror in 1794. Zanoni and his friend Mejnour are Chaldean "alchemists" who have already lived four or five thousand years by the time the story opens. Slow moving and wordy by modern standards, ZANONI is the melodrama

of the immortal Zanoni's fall when he allows himself to be become entangled with Viola, a young Italian singer.

In a subplot a young English artist named Glyndon, who loses Viola to Zanoni, becomes a student alchemist under Mejnour and it is mostly through his eyes that we learn about the Dweller of the Threshold -- the supernatural (or perhaps extra-dimensional) being from which Zanoni and Mejnour somehow draw their occult powers. That phrase -- Dweller of the Threshold -- probably sounds familiar for Lytton was a definite influence on H.P. Lovecraft and echoes of the phrase are found in countless Dwellers and Lurkers in the continuing Cthulhu Mythos. Interestingly enough, Glyndon may well have been a model for Lovecraft's Charles Dexter Ward -- at least both had ancestors who mucked around in alchemical mysteries and ended up getting their descendants into metaphysical messes.

ZANONI has many flaws but it also has enduring value as an early treatment of immortality and alien intelligences and in fact histories of SF like Bailey's PILGRIMS THROUGH SPACE AND TIME acknowledge Lytton's book as one of the "classics". Steinerbooks has reissued the title as an occult classic, but SF readers, who may tend to shy away from that label, may well find it worthwhile as one of the root sources in their own field.

MIRACLE VISITORS

By Ian Watson

Ace 5355-8, Dec. 1978, 342 pp.
\$1.95

Reviewed by Keith Soltsy

Ian Watson first appeared on the SF scene a few years ago with a promising novel THE EMBEDDING. In his five novels to date he has examined the nature of consciousness and its interface with reality. In MIRACLE VISITORS he uses the UFO phenomenon to look at these themes from another point of view.

Michael Peacock has a (very) close encounter of the third kind at the age of 16 but suppresses the memory until it is brought out under hypnosis by John Deacon, a researcher into unusual states of consciousness. Michael's girl friend Suzie and UFO researcher Barry Shriver, are drawn into Michael's experience by a chain of unusual events.

Watson expounds (and expounds and expounds) on the theory that UFOs are not real objects but mani-

festations of a collective higher consciousness or Whole Planet Life of which we are just cells. (Readers of SFR might recall the review of Jacques Vallee's THE INVISIBLE COLLEGE in #18.) This Whole Planet Life or Biomatrix is gradually going insane as the human race, which performs a function equivalent to brain cells in the human body, is polluting the biosphere.

Along the way Michael and his friends are treated to a trip to the moon in a transmogrified red Ford Thunderbird (surely every driver's favorite fantasy), chased by a pterodactyl-like manifestation of the destructive side of the Biomatrix (sound familiar?) and are visited by a Green Man (though thankfully not a LGM).

Watson does explain everything in terms of his particular beliefs. Unfortunately the resolution of all the plot elements does not carry any emotional impact as he has let his concern with ideas overwhelm any character development.

I would be tempted to call MIRACLE VISITORS a satire of the UFO mentality if Watson hadn't devoted so much space to his theories. As it is, this book, which is packaged to take advantage of Close Encounters, will no doubt be popular with UFO enthusiasts. Anyone looking for a good read would be advised to look elsewhere, as the philosophizing gets tedious after a few chapters.

THE YEAR'S BEST FANTASY STORIES: 4

Edited by Lin Carter

DAW Books #318 for Dec., 1978

208 pp., \$1.75

Cover by Esteban Maroto

Reviewed by David A. Truesdale

This collection should be labeled THE YEAR'S FINEST SWORD & SORCERY TALES, for it focuses exclusively on this type of fantasy and consistently ignores all others. As such, it

is fairly representative of this popular sub-genre, and this year includes some very fine stories (four of which are original to this collection).

Four other of the eleven pieces are from original short story collections edited by Andrew J. Offutt and are intriguing and well-crafted: "The Changer of Names" by Ramsey Campbell, Robert E. Howard & Andrew J. Offutt's "Nekht Semerkeht", "The Tale of Hauk", a scary life-returns-from-the-grave story by Paul Anderson, and Tanith Lee's "Odds Against the Gods". Suffice it to say that I enjoyed nearly every story in the book -- save Lin Carter's tired rehashing of a story theme he seems continually to want to write; this time it involves his perennial adolescent protagonist who is the son of the head of a wandering tribe of savages who must break the deadly spell of "The Pillars of Hell", that just happen to be located smack-dab in the middle of a vast wilderness (and the very same path) of our wanderers. It's simple, goes nowhere, but is over-loaded with glowing pillars, stereotypical pagan rites, swirling colors, etc., and we've read it many, many times before -- but several stood out for their originality and/or ingenuousness, such as Philip Coakley's "Lok the Depressor", how the agonizing human birthing of a child is aided with the help from "The Cloak of Dreams", a finely wrought tale by Pat McIntosh, and the always entertaining adventures of Phyllis Eisenstein's Alaric the Minstrel, with "The Land of Sorrow".

Mr. Carter gives a capsule survey of THE YEAR IN FANTASY, dedicates this year's collection quite rightly to the late Edmond Hamilton, and rounds things off with an appendix of what he considers the best fantasy novels, collections, and reprints of the year. An interesting added little tidbit is a paragraph wherein he explains just why he thinks Terry Brooks' THE SWORD OF SHANNARA is "THE WORST BOOK EVER". I wouldn't go that far, but most certainly feel he has a legitimate right to bitch,

DRIVING A FROZEN CARRIST INTO
THE HEART OF A VEGETARIAN
VAMPIRE COULD ONLY HAPPEN
IN A FANZINE.



and his arguments are well taken.

The lust-awakening, beautifully done Naroto cover doesn't hurt either, and only serves to underscore the fact that this is a collection of sword & sorcery stories.

With that in mind I recommend this collection.



THE MARTIAN INCA

By Ian Watson
Ace, 1977, 299 pp., 52044-8
First Ace printing, Oct., '78

Reviewed by Stephen Lewis

Barry Malzberg probably wouldn't care for the comparison, but in many ways this is a more coherent account of the mental tribulations, anguish and sexual tensions undergone by long-term astronauts in space than I'm tired his books are all about. As a crew of three heads for Mars to fulfill man's destiny (according to NASA) of ever-modifying and terraforming his always expanding environment, a Russian probe returning to Earth with a sample of Marsdust crashes in Bolivia, bringing about an epidemic of death and to two Indian survivors, a mystical rebirth.

Watson is completely correct in one regard: On page 117 he notes that other people's dreams are always boring. Other people's bull sessions about the fabric of the universe and the internal workings of the human mind come in a close second.

Part of the difficulty that results, in terms of the story, is that too many paragraphs refuse to stand up under word-by-word analysis. They are very impressive in page-lengths, but just as the revolution of the would-be reincarnation of an ancient Inca collapses, so does any climactic relevancy of the astronauts' journey.

This is obviously a book that

says more as a whole than do most of those with precisely formulated solutions to mankind's problems. Still, without personal involvement no message of any kind has much of a guarantee of being read or understood.

CITY OF THE BEAST or WARRIORS OF MARS

By Michael Moorcock
DAW Books, #321 for Jan., 1979
160 pp., \$1.50, cover by Richard Hescox.

Reviewed by David A. Truesdale

Originally published in 1965 and the first part of a trilogy, Michael Moorcock explains in a new introduction that it took him all of an entire week to pen the three short volumes, at the request of the publisher of NEW WORLDS, back in 1964. They tell of the adventures of scientist Michael Kane, how he is transported to and from an inhabited Mars of long, long ago, the battles he fights, the strange countries and creatures he meets, and the exotically beautiful, scantily clad woman he falls in love with but is forever being separated from, and reunited with.

This first story derives -- as they all do -- directly and openly from the Mars novels of Edgar Rice Burroughs, and can be relied upon to entertain, relax and amuse. It is pure, action-packed, heroic-adventure fantasy in a time-proven tradition, and it's nice to have all three once again in new editions. Relatively minor Moorcock, they should nevertheless be on your shelf.

The second in the series, LORD OF THE SPIDERS or BLADES OF MARS, and the third, MASTERS OF THE PIT or BARBARIANS OF MARS, have also been published by DAW for February and March, respectively.

NIGHTWORLD

By David Bischoff
Ballantine/Del Rey, 197 pp., \$1.75
Cover art by Carl Lundgren

Reviewed by Paul McGuire III

David Bischoff seems incapable of writing a noun without putting several descriptive adjectives around it, and he chooses metaphors with the simple enthusiasm of a high school creative writing student. In the first chapter alone we have "light was trickling away rapidly", "sparkling, mirror-surfaced streams" and "milky white orb of the moon", as

well as "puffy" clouds casting "eerily", whispering breezes, trees that have canopies, weeds and branches that set snares on the ground and a sky that looks like an inverted bowl. Gosh, ain't writin' grand? Fires mutter, sputter, flicker and hiss -- everything but burn. I presume when Roger Zelazny called this "Cleanly written" he meant that it wasn't pornographic.

So much for style. The plot of NIGHTWORLD concerns a planet populated by werewolves, dragons, vampires, etc. that are really androids controlled by a computer named Satan. The hero and friends set out to destroy it.

THEY WALKED LIKE MEN

By Clifford D. Simak
Avon, \$1.95
256 pp., 1979 (reissue of 1962 work)

Reviewed by John DiPrete

This is Simak's wild and wolly SF/Fantasy, one of his zanier efforts. A self-parody of wit, plot, characterization and style of Simak's previous work, it is often punctuated with foolishness. As "pure" story, the tale is unbelievable (comedy doesn't excuse this) and offers scant genuine suspense. It's clever (funny, surprising), descriptive (consistently top-grade) and nice-to-read. But it lacks believability, suspense.

The plot: an army of bowling ball-shaped creatures try to take over earth and are conquered by an alien lust for skunk odors. They love the perfume-ecstasy of skunk and are baited into one almighty "bowling ball" of deliriousness. (I don't think I'll mention the talking dog...)

You get the picture. If you read Simak, put it somewhere below CITY and WAY STATION (both classics) and a few levels above his cruder works, ALL FLESH IS GRASS and TIME AND AGAIN. If you don't read Simak, give it a 5 on a 1-10 basis.

STAR PROBE

By Joseph Green
Ace, 1976, 1st Ace printing, Dec. 1978, 218 pp. (78275-2)

Reviewed by Steve Lewis

Of Green's other work, all I remember reading is THE MIND BEHIND THE EYE, in which two people from Earth carry out a spy mission to the stars while encased in a chamber

inside the brain of a giant alien they control. No lie. Here's a book that I've always thought as vastly underrated, a true tour de force of science and imagination. It was seven years ago that I read it, and I've never forgotten it.

STAR PROBE demonstrates some of the same flashes of excitement that I remember from the earlier book, but unfortunately, not nearly as often. Still, in terms of producing chills of anticipation and actual accomplishment, the feat of capturing and then boarding an unmanned alien ship, against the express wishes and legal injunctions of a fearful world government, compares with little else I've read recently. Green is still on my wavelength, or I'm still on his.

What the probe also sends into action are such radical anti-technology groups as the New Friends of Earth Society, fighting the scientific establishment as usual, represented here by Rockets International, which is fully aware of the knowledge (not to mention commercial rewards) to be gained by contact with beings from other worlds. On the one hand, FOE is totally opposed to money not spent on human welfare; RI says that space research benefits all mankind.

Let me tell you which side I'm on. Someday Proximism will become as pejorative a term as McCarthyism is today -- I hope.

Of course, I'm aware there is a common ground, and so is Green.

I'm only sorry that he chose to portray the conflict between these irreconcilable adversaries in terms of any sort of direct personal confrontation. Harold Hentson, president of RI, meet Jodie Carson, aka Sarcoma, flaming revolutionary heading the descendants of today's slogan-shouting environmentalists.

(There are other kinds.) The man-to-woman, male-to-female approach is not only tremendously unlikely, but at times downright crude and shallow.

Nevertheless, in spite of the intermittent lack of polish, Green is a solid believer in the indomitability of the human spirit. I'm glad to say it shows.

SYMBIOTE'S CROWN
By Scott Baker
Berkley, \$1.75

Reviewed by Michael Maida

A very interesting and very original first novel. The cover blurb succinctly sums it up: "On Earth he was less than a man, but here he created God".

A young man suffers from mental retardation due to malnutrition as an infant. When he, Amber, and his sister, Jane, inherit a fortune from their grandparents, they opt for a dimensional transfer. This transports them to an alien world and puts them inside an alien body and gives Amber's mind a chance to occupy an unimpaired brain.

But things aren't all rosy on their new world, Deirdre. They and the other colonists are faced with a life or death struggle against the sentient ecology of Deirdre, the Forest Mind. While on Earth, Amber had been introduced to a trance state called the Latihan by a religious brotherhood. Amber felt that God would talk to him, even though the brotherhood made no such claims about the Latihan. On Deirdre, due to his experience with the Latihan and an intense yearning for God, he makes contact with the Forest Mind. Naturally, he is convinced he has communicated with God, although the Forest Mind is simply attempting to use him. Eventually, the alien entity engulfs him. Or he merges with it. At the end he/God/Forest Mind offers the other colonists the key to their salvation. Or is it their damnation?

So there's some food for thought here, and the book reads well and holds your interest. Amber is presented sympathetically and with skill. I like to think it was a happy ending.

IN MEMORY YET GREEN

By Isaac Asimov
Doubleday, 1979, \$15.95
732 pp. + ix + 24 pp. photos

Reviewed by James J.J. Wilson

If you think you know Isaac Asimov you are sadly mistaken. Everyone who reads this book, including Asimov's closest friends and relatives, is bound to learn something about Isaac Asimov. Although I found the book fascinating from beginning to end, I fear its vast size will discourage all but the most devoted Asimov fans. And this is only the first of two volumes of his massive autobiography.

This volume traces Asimov's family from nineteenth-century Russia to the middle of 1954. At first glance it would appear that Asimov had gone into too much tedious detail in describing his background and early life, but I found many passages less detailed than I had hoped and feel that the inclusion of more anecdotes could have easily

stretched this volume by another hundred pages or more.

This book is mandatory for all students of science fiction and of writing in general. Asimov skillfully gives the reader an insight into the early days of SF and introduces the personalities of some of the giants of the field such as John W. Campbell, H.L. Gold, and Frederik Pohl. Asimov also tells all the details of the writing and selling of his first stories and, eventually, his early novels.

Above all, this book serves to show that Asimov is not the idol that some would make him out to be. Rather, that he is merely a human being with similar problems, weaknesses, and fears as all the rest of us.

This is not a gossip or pre-emptive expose such as Damon Knight's *THE FUTURIANS*. It is more like listening to an old and trusted friend tell you his life's story. While it is of particular interest to SF and Asimov fans, even those who have never heard of Asimov should find this book generally interesting and very often fascinating. I urge everyone to search out and read a copy. You won't be sorry.

STAR WATCHMAN
By Ben Bova
Ace, 224 pp., \$1.95

Reviewed by Steven Edward McDonald

Ostensibly a juvenile: The tale of Star Watch Junior Officer Emile Vorgens, who is dropped into the middle of conflict between the Shinarrians, Imperial Marines and the feline Komani (who rides a fascinating device called a flying saddle). It starts off a bit muddled, but picks up pace pretty quickly, keeping the pace up until the finish. Bova has (obviously) improved as a writer, but this book, from 1964, is pretty well written, has a fair space-opera story, some good conflicts, and a good sensawunda (an ingredient missing from too many books these days), reminiscent in some parts of a well-written Van Vogt, and in others of a slightly cockeyed Heinlein. Solid and readable.



SMALL PRESS NOTES

BY THE EDITOR

HALLOWEEN IN ARKHAM by Harry O. Morris, Jr. Selket Images, 506 Alaska, Arlington, TX 76011. \$10.00, 1979. Note: 15 full-color collages on heavy linen textured stock. This is a numbered and signed edition of 500 copies.

Review: Harry combines 19th Century etchings, mostly, with his own work, adds color, and emerges with surrealistic/nightmare images that compell examination and interest. My interest is in how he does it rather than in the "meanings" that might be found in the pictures.

The value of these is a matter of personal taste.

MERCURY The Journal of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific.

Andrew Fraknoi, Executive Officer, sent me three recent issues to acquaint me with the magazine and the Society. Membership in the Society is \$15 per year and includes 6 issues of the bi-monthly **MERCURY**. There are other membership options. Address: Astronomical Society of the Pacific, 1290 24th Av., San Francisco, CA 94122.

Comment: An interesting non-technical magazine, slick paper, dealing with current developments and current speculations in astronomy. Many large photos and illustrations. Some articles on astronomical history. Book reviews.

Would be of value to a hard-science fiction writer...and an interested layman.

FANTASY--THE FANTASY ARTISTS NETWORK ZINE #2

Edited by Carol Fisher and Kathy Hammel. Send mail to Fantasy Artists Network, POB 5157, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413. Sample copy \$1. Membership is \$4. USA and Canada, \$7. overseas.

An offset zine devoted to the display of members' artwork, with articles on the practical side of fantasy art--how to get published, for instance. Plus interviews, letters, etc. Very worthwhile project for editors, publishers and the artists. And there is some excellent art on display here.

MORE FANTASY BY FABIAN--THE ART OF STEPHEN E. FABIAN Edited by Gerry de la Ree. \$15.75 From Gerry de la Ree, 7 Cedarwood Lane, Saddle River, NJ 07458.

Here we have 120 black and white drawings--covers, mostly--well, maybe mostly full-page interiors--anyhow a whole slew of Steve's best



I expected to do the small press notes all through the "Alien Thoughts" instead of bunching them in one place in a column. But I kept putting it (reviewing) off and the pile grew, and then another pile grew...and before I knew it I had a base case of piles, and....

So here we are in a formal column again. Life is like that. So I go with the *flow*.

Ahhh...the pain!

b/w work, including a hundred or so that I have never seen. Also included are some SFR covers, and if memory serves, at least one from the first major SFR run in the late sixties and early seventies. Or was it on a **PSYCHOTIC** cover?

Whatever, Steve's skills, mastery of his medium, his sense of drama and composition make this collection a must for all you Fabian freaks.

All these are on slick stock, offset, in big hardcover--the usual superb de la Ree quality production, and the drawings are here presented in finer detail without distracting cover blurbs, etc. than on the original appearance.

WEIRDBOOK 14

Edited and published by W. Paul Ganley, POB 35, Amherst Branch, Buffalo, NY 14226. \$3. per issue.

Since there are virtually nil professional big-press outlets for weird/horror fantasy, it remains for **WEIRDBOOK** to serve as a small press vehicle, which it does admirably.

This is an all fiction issue, with stories by such as Grant Carington, Adrian Cole, C. L. Grant, Tanith Lee, Andrew J. Offutt, Gerald W. Page, and Darrell Schweitzer.

These are of high professional quality, mind; no amateur crapola. These are stories the writers wanted to write--maybe had to write--and have nowhere else to see print, in realistic terms. But since anthology editors all read **WEIRDBOOK**, many of these stories will appear in years to come in big-press books and will continue to earn money for the writers for a long time.

The point is, this magazine and these stories are worth the money.

CONVENTIONAL FANZINE #3

Edited and published by Eva C. Whitely, 4707 Warner Dr., Manchester, MD 21102. 50¢. A fanzine devoted to

s-f and fantasy conventions, this issue contains a long, detailed how-to article, "A Guide to the Auctions", which is written from long experience in attending and conducting s-f convention auctions. Required reading for all would-be convention putters-oners and attendees.

Also in the zine are con reports and con listings.

Umm, I forgot to mention that the auctions article was written by Jack Chalker.

THRUST #12

Edited and published by Doug Fratz, 11919 Barrel Cooper Court, Reston, VA 22091. \$1.50. (\$2.00 overseas.)

There's always something cooking in **THRUST**--a controversy, an argument, an outrageous opinion.... Contributors Ted White, John Shirley, Darrell Schweitzer, Charles Sheffield, and a letter from Harlan Ellison all see to that.

PILGRIM 1

Edited by Roger Kunshick and Richard Monfrini, published by Roger Kunshick, 904 E. 44th St., Austin, TX 78751. \$2.50.

Slick paper, letter size, 52 pages...**PILGRIM** is all illustrated science fantasy stories plus two art folios. A fine color cover by Jesse Flores. The artwork in the strips are apparently pencil drawings, which is okay...but since the skill level of the artwork is in the almost-professional level, the pencil technique seems to accent the flaws and slight lack of expertise. This is a market/vehicle for young, talented artists. The publisher is seeking contributions.

STARSHIP 35 Summer 1979

Edited and published by Andrew Porter, POB 4175, New York, NY 10017. \$2.25.

The best issue I've seen, and I've seen them all. The interview with Richard Lupoff is excellent, the articles on Phil Dick and Fritz Leiber, the Robert Shekley article on how-to-write, the timely tribute/analysis of Randall Garrett, the interesting letter section.... the

classy artwork, the fine spaciness covered by Eddie Jones....all fine. I salute Andy. Great job. The use of photographs enhances the interview and the Leiber article especially.

FANTASY MONGERS #2

Edited and published by W. Paul Ganley, POB 35, Amherst Branch, Buffalo, NY 14226. \$1.50 per issue.

A magazine for collectors of pulps, books, fanzines, paperbacks, etc. In short an adzine with some letters, reviews, and a fiction piece---a fragment by H. Warner Munn. All well-done on white paper, offset, black ink.

BUT. As with most other adzines this one doesn't give any circulation figures so a potential advertiser can figure cost/benefit ratios and decide if an ad would be worth the money.

You can get a copy of FANTASY MONGERS #1 free.

VECTOR #32---THE JOURNAL OF THE BRITISH SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION
Edited by David Wingrove, 4, Holme-side Court, Nightingale Lane, London, SW12 8TA, UK.

A long, thorough, interesting interview with "Richard Cowper" (is he really named Colin Murray?). And the obligatory analysis of Cowper's works, this time by David Wingrove.

Cowper is a good writer---maybe a very good one, which is why I make note of this interview for you.

BRITISH FANTASY AWARDS

were recently given, and they honored:

Best Novel: (The August Derleth Award) CHRONICLES OF THOMAS COVENANT and THE UNBELIEVER by Stephen Donaldson.

Best Short Story: "Jeffrey is Five" by Harlan Ellison.

Best Film: CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND.

Best Artwork: Boris Vallejo for "Amazon Princess and Her Pet".

Best Small Press: FANTASY TALES 2.

Best Comic: Roy Thomas and Frank Brunner for "The Scarlet Citadel" in Marvel's SAVAGE SWORD OF CONAN.

Karl Edward Wagner was Goh at the annual convention and gave out the awards.

Thanks to Dave Reeder for the above information.

BOREALIS 2

Edited by John Bell. Published by Northern Star Press, P.O. Box 3174 South, Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada B3J 3H5. \$1.75.

A thin, well-done offset zine with some excellent art and a quality layout. Article on Phil Farmer's fiction, "Farmer of the Apes" and "The Hell-Bound Bus" by Spider Robinson are of interest.

KNIGHTS 20

Edited by Mike Bracken, published by Mike and Karin Bracken, 1810 Ramada Blvd., Collinsville, IL 62234.

With offset covers and perfect mimeography (like printing!) on very heavy stock, KNIGHTS' fifth anniversary issue is magnificently produced.

The art is fine---Grant Canfield, Joe Pearson, Craig Anderson's haunting inside back cover... Grant Carrington tells of the magnificent ordeal of a Clarion writers' workshop that includes Harlan Ellison as an instructor. And the letter section is excellent, providing meaty, thought-provoking brainfood.

A copy of #20 will cost you \$1.50.

WHIZZARD Spring, 1979.

Edited and published by Marty Klug, 5730 Chatport Road, St. Louis, MO 63129. \$2.00.

One of the better comic art fanzines. Interviews---often revealing and absorbing---with artists, articles, news, letters, and some very good artwork. The comic book industry is apparently notorious for its rip-off operators and slimy publishers.

UNEARTH HAS MOVED TO:

P.O. Box 779, Cambridge, MA 02139. Editor Jonathan Ostrowsky mentions that back issues of UNEARTH are available: \$s 1-7. These will become collectors items in years to come, especially the early issues. Send for prices and other info.

TERRY HUGHES WON THE TAFF RACE

He got more votes than Fred Haskell and Suzanne Tompkins combined, and will be the American fan-of-note who will attend the worldcon at Brighton, England, this year. TAFF stands for Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund.

Terry will be the American administrator of the Fund for next year, and the voters (who contribute \$1. when they vote) will decide which European fan will come to America for the 1980 Worldcon. For more info send to Terry Hughes, 4739 Washington Blvd., Arlington, VA 22205. Send a SSAE.

DRAGONARD #1

Edited and published by C.C. Clingan, POB 1836, Oroville, CA 95965. \$1.50 per copy. Irregular schedule.

A long-awaited 28-page offset, letter-size zine. Disappointing, in spite of its "copying" the SFR look in various ways. The two major items are a good interview with H. Warner Munn by Jessica Salmonson, and a clumsily written book review column by Elton Elliott. Elton is perceptive but his syntax is square wheeled; he needs editing almost always, and Chet may not be able to give it.

NEWS ITEM: KHATRU IS DEAD. Jeff Smith, in a June 4th letter to interested parties, signed the magazine's death certificate. Jeff is burned out, folks.

Jeff's address: 1339 Weldon Av., Baltimore, MD 21211.

ROBERT BLOCH---A BIO-BIOGRAPHY
Compiled by Graeme Flanagan, P.O. Box 1029, Canberra City, A.C.T. 2601, Australia. \$2.00.

This offset 64-page booklet contains writings about Bob by Harlan Ellison, Fritz Leiber, Robert Weinberg and Mary Elizabeth Counselman. Also a biography and two interviews---one covering WEIRD TALES and the other his writings for other magazines, and his motion picture work. There is a bibliography of his writings, photographs from times past to now. A valuable reference work and a pleasing tribute to a hell of a nice man.

THE WHOLE FANZINE CATALOG #9

Edited and published by Brian Earl Brown, 16711 Burt Road, #207, Detroit, MI 48219. 40¢, \$5/2.

Brian has dressed up the zine, organized his listings/reviews of all the fanzines received according to category: Newszines, Clubzines, by Country, Booklists. The largest category is United States Genzines. A very valuable effort. Recommended.

EXOTIC WEAPONS---AN ACCESS BOOK

Edited by Michael Hoy. Published by Loompanics, POB 264, Mason, MI 48854, \$6.95.

This volume of strange available weapons such as crossbows, oriental and medieval weapons, garrotes, silencers, slingshots, stunguns, primitive weapons, water weapons, blowguns, airguns, police hand-to-hand weapons...and more, is a source book. The weapons are shown by photo or drawing, and places-to-buy are provided.



AND THEN I READ...



By THE EDITOR

JEM by Frederik Pohl. St. Martin's Press, \$10.00, 1979.

Big books are "in" for science fiction; all the big name authors are writing them, seeking a blockbuster bestseller.

The result is usually padding and subplots to stretch a story to 100,000 words or so. That's what Pohl has done here.

Jem is a far planet being fought over by the three power blocs on Earth---Food Bloc, Oil Bloc, and the Poor Bloc. Each establish a base on Jem and set about exploiting/eliminating the three native species. (All very neat.) Meanwhile, back on Earth, pressures mount and a series of miscalculations result in an all-out nuclear war.

And it is paralleled on Jem with war between the bloc bases.

All looks bleak and gloom for mankind. Unglucky humans appear to have ruined everything they touched. And in addition Jem's sun is about to flare and wipe out surface life again, as it does every few hundred years.

Now skip forward in time a few hundred years and lo!--a veritable utopia---a happy society has evolved on Jem: humans and natives in cooperation, social justice, extremely minimal government. It may make you hug yourself. It made me want to puke.

THE SWORD OF SKELOS by Andrew Offutt. Bantam 12970-8, \$1.95, 1979.

Another new Conan novel, written in the prime spirit of Robert E. Howard. Rich with color, action, sorcery. With some sex that Howard could not include in the pulp days.

This adventure continues the very young Conan's problems and alliance with the lovely Isparana, his continual fighting with kings and sorcerers...

Conan gives up the Eye of Erlik to Akter Kahn and is betrayed by the Khan and evil palace mage, Zafra. He is sought as ally by Akter's opposition in Zamboula... Yet the

greatest danger is the terrible, encorcelled Sword of Skelos!

Conan is admirably tough and cynical for a lad of 17 or 18, and man, can he fight!

Good characterization and convincing background detail. Andy is very good at this. He is miles ahead of deCamp and Carter at recreating Conan.

CONAN by Andrew J. Offutt. Ace 11684-1, \$1.95, 1979.

Copiously and effectively illustrated by Maroto. Sensuously written by Andy, with lotsa action and killing and fighting and danger, with a realistic recognition of sex (but nothing on-camera), this new Conan adventure is about as fine as a Conan adventure can be.

Conan is young in this story, about 19, and a thief (but an honest, honorable one) and in the process of trying to rob a top-rank evil mage is trapped and robbed of his soul by the sorcerer who then strikes a bargain with Conan---retrieve a precious object stolen by a lovely young woman thief that same night and I'll return your soul! Conan must obey.

It seems to me Andy is in love with arcane words and uses them too often, but whatthehell.

HEGIRA by Gregory Bear. Dell, \$1.75.

A good, solid, interesting s-f quest novel set on a far-future huge planet. Three men, for various personal reasons join to find answers to questions about their lives and their world.

Bear has mastered the "onion" technique as he peels off layer after layer of reality to expand and expand the significance and history of the planet Hegira and its peoples and its miles-high spaced obelisks which contain on their faces the full, millennia-long history and knowledge of mankind.

Two of the men die and the role of central character shifts in this multiple point-of-view novel.

Well worth the money. Note that women have no major roles; the book is essentially a male older-Juvenile.

MASTER OF HAWKS by Linda E. Rushyager. Dell, 1979. (Probably \$1.75, but not sure. I'm reviewing from galley proofs.)

A sword & sorcery novel combined with some limited telepathy. The book drags between the war/sorcery/telepathy sequences.

Hawk is a young man of mysterious ancestry who can control birds by telepathy. He is loyal to a good sorcerer king who is fighting an evil expanding empire and its sorcerers. He meets a high-born young woman with a different kind of telepathic power and they are attracted to each other.

The empire is beaten and Hawk learns he, too, is high-born. There is room for a sequel.

The magic and the telepathy is exciting, well-written. In between, the novel is dull. Linda needs to learn to structure all scenes for some conflict...and cut down on the non-essential dialog.

SUM VII by T. W. Hard. Harper & Row \$8.95, 1979.

All about the discovery of an incredibly well-preserved mummy in a newly discovered tomb in Egypt.

An attempt is made to revive the man! It succeeds, and the ancient high priest is more than at first thought.

The novel is in three parts: Discovery, Resuscitation, and Termination. The revelation at the end is telegraphed and anticipated by any s-f reader. Even so, the author writes so convincingly and interestingly of these events that the reader continues on and on to the end.

THE JESUS INCIDENT by Frank Herbert and Bill Ransom. Berkley/Putnam, \$10.95, 1979.

A starship, eons, and EONS ago (from present time in this farrrrrrr future) was sent from Earth with colonists in deep freeze, and essentially controlled by a sentient computer. The computer took over and began running godlike experiments with its load of humanity, cloning from the original stock to seed planets and observe...

At the time of this story Ship is weary of all this and has set its current load of humanity to find the best way to Worship. There are also some rotten apples in the crew who are into paranoia and power trips. There is this planet with apparent sentient undersea plantlife and utterly vicious landside fauna.

The picked/revived Chaplain/Psychiatrist of the Ship has a deadline: find the best form of Worship or all humanity will be terminated by Ship.

Interesting and provocative. Yes, but. There is so much busywork involving the plots and counterplots, so much paranoid introspection, so much shifting from storyline to storyline that it gets wearying, and excessive, so that when the final solution is arrived at and humanity saved---it's a so-what and is-that-all? solution, by the way---the

reader is left down and has the impression he's been led through a long maze for nothing.

A long book--about 337 pages. Seemed longer.

THE DREAMS OF DONALD ROLLER WILSON
By Donald Roller Wilson
Hawthorn Books, \$9.95, 1979.

This is a book of surrealist/ec-centric super-realistic paintings by a very highly skilled painter in oils. 64 paintings, all but a couple in full color.

They are essentially still life paintings--but with incredible contents: a cigarette-smoking cat, human bones, a sumptuously dressed monkey, shoes, cuts of meat, lengths of tree limbs, cardboard boxes, fedoras... These items appear again and again. Wilson also likes to drape tables with rugs, velvet, other beautiful cloth.

All this has some deep significance to his subconscious, obviously, but not necessarily to anyone else's. The main appeal of his work is the dazzle of his technique and the wild combinations of people, animals, and articles in his paintings.

MAKE US HAPPY by Arthur Herzog
Crowell, \$8.95, 1979.

Far future satire of present-day America. Evil all-seeing computer monitors mankind. The last Environmental Liberal and the last Communist Capitalist meet and argue. They and their women become rebels and for their sins are imprisoned on an artificial island where Consumers do battle and live impoverished lives. They escape and find the hidden home of the Computer, seek to pull the plug. Computer resists....

Big Name Authors sometimes write crap. This is mostly crap, though there are some good lines and acute insights.

A USUAL LUNACY by D.G. Compton.
Borgo, \$3.95, 1978.

Near future story, set in England, in which love is discovered to be caused by an infectious virus and is considered temporary insanity and is outlawed. Two lovers are on trial for political/hijack crime in which love is intermingled. Told in flashbacks during trial.

I am with those who think D.G. Compton cannot write a bad novel. This one is less good than others, which makes it damn good compared to the usual run of American s-f.

One reason the major publishers haven't picked this up is the very slangy English syntax---it's a terribly British novel. But if American s-f readers can't handle a look at lower class British ways and slang we're in trouble.

THE CHANGE WAR by Fritz Leiber.
Gregg Press, 1978.

Short stories, a number of which concern the time war involving two forces--the spiders and the snakes--who battle up and down the time continuum in attempts to alter and defend human history.

The title of one story--"The Number of the Beast" is identical to the title of the new Heinlein novel. Fritz's story was written in 1959 and published in GALAXY.

A good collection. It includes the classic, "Black Corridor," and "A Deskful of Girls." The major spider/snake story is "No Great Magic."

A good introduction by John Silbersack.

THE PIERCING by John Coyne. Putnam, \$8.95, 1979.

This novel about a doubt-ridden young priest who is deeply involved with a teen-age mountain girl who is afflicted with periodic stigmata---bleeding from vividly real wounds that replicate the wounds suffered by Christ on the cross---is flawed by the underlying premise: that a powerful demon in human form would bother to spend ten years undermining the priest's faith, setting up this girl as a legitimate saint, all in order to cash in the young man's soul.

The story is visual---as if written with one eye on a movie sale---and structured toward the same end. It would make a good movie---the girl's occasional nudity while in her stigmata "spell", the blood from her "wounds," the sex affair with a college girl, the desecrations of the church, the death of the old priest.... It would make a good R-rated EXORCIST-type movie.



AT THE HEIGHT
OF MY POWERS
AND I STILL CAN'T
CONTROL THE
DOW JONES....
BAH!

AND THEN I SAW....

BY THE EDITOR

ALIEN

is a taut, beautifully photographed horror/suspense film using an interstellar space tug crew and a horrifying alien to achieve the gripping involvement of the audience.

You have to believe the characters, the background and the monster in this kind of movie, and ALIEN is convincing in all respects.

The sense of realism is achieved by the hard, working technology of the spaceship, the honest dialogue, the working-crew characterizations.

The discovery and exploration of the huge alien spaceship which had landed/crashed on an uninhabitable planet is riveting. The skeletal remains of the alien spaceman are mind-blowing...and the eggs of the surviving monster alien species, activated by one of the exploring humans....the shock of an egg's opening and the attack of its hungry monster....is a jolt! From then on the horror and tension grow.

ALIEN is not all that violent and gory, but what there is is memorable! The movie is worth a first-run admission.

THE LAST WAVE

is a brooding, mood-piece about a successful lawyer in Australia who has precognition...and his "bad dreams" which presage involvement with a group of remnant city aborigines who are clustered around a tribal witch doctor/magician and the secrets of a deep underground cavern.

Richard Chamberlain plays the lawyer very well, and the aborigine actors are excellent.

The mood of approaching doom is created and maintained by the savage, extraordinary rains that continue throughout the film, especially at night.

The lawyer's last premonition shows himself trapped in a leaking car staring out at pedestrians underwater, drowned in a city-engulfed monstrous tidal wave.

The revelation of the taboo cavern are science-fictional and intriguing. There is a message in this film that modern man cannot like.

THE HUMAN HOTLINE

S-F NEWS BY ELTON T. ELLIOTT



Remember the address for this column is: Elton T. Elliott, SFR, 1899 Wiessner Dr. N.E., Salem, OR, 97303. Phone: (503) 393-6389

Robert A. Heinlein's new novel, *THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST*, went up for auction on May 15 with an asking price of \$500,000 and an above-average royalty rate. Berkeley, which had bidding prerequisites, refused to set the minimum bid. Fawcett Books, however, made the minimum bid and received complete publishing rights. This was a surprise to some observers (as well as to some early press reporters) who expected the final price to be in seven figures. This was far and away the highest price ever paid for an SF novel by an author deeply identified with the genre.

Fawcett Gold Medal Senior Editor, Michaela Hamilton, who will edit the book, termed the manuscript "very polished" and said, in regard to editorial trimming or changing, that "few changes are expected".

The auction was conducted by Elton Wood, Mr. Heinlein's agent. Fawcett was represented at the auction by Arlene Friedman, with Fawcett purchasing all rights, Hardcover, Mass Market and Trade. The Trade rights are significant, as reliable sources indicate that Fawcett plans to launch a Trade line with the Heinlein novel. According to my source, the name for the new Trade line is Columbine Press, a rumor unsubstantiated by a second source, while a third reported no title had been chosen. There was no report on acquisition of serial rights.

Hourglass Productions are beginning a series of cassette recorded interviews with SF writers. The first five which I have received feature Randall Garrett, Marion Zimmer Bradley (interviewed by Katherine Kurtz), Fritz Leiber, Katherine Kurtz and their latest, featuring Isaac Asimov being interviewed by Randall Garrett. The cassettes cost \$4.98 plus 50¢ postage to:



Hourglass Productions
10292 Westminster Avenue
Garden Grove, CA 92643

Forthcoming interviews:

Benford, Niven, Anderson, Vinge (Joan D.), McCaffrey, C.L. Moore, Gerold, De Camp, Silverberg, Zelazny, Carr, Lupoff, Foster (Alan Dean), Lichtenberg.

Corrections: The July entry for Pocket Books, *RETIEF* and *THE WARLORDS*, should have read *RETIEF* and *THE REBELS*. Publication has been postponed.

Correction: Last issue, the name of the new Benford novel should have read *TIMESCAPE*.

A reader has asked about the third Null-A novel, by A.E. Van Vogt, reported by Frederik Pohl in the June, 1966 issue of IF. I asked Mr. Van Vogt, who replied that the title would have been *THE RETURN OF NULL-A*, but the project was side-tracked; Mr. Pohl left *GALAXY* and IF, and Van Vogt had other pressing projects. When Pohl became Bantam's editor, he told Van Vogt that he was interested in a Null-A or Isher story. However, Van Vogt's wife, E. Mayne Hull, died and Van Vogt lost interest in writing for a while. By the time he returned to full-time writing, Pohl had left Bantam. Apparently no other editor has shown interest in the Null-A, Isher or Null series since.

Gerold E. Rauth is interested in doing a biblio/biography of Richard S. Shaver and needs information on him. He wishes to contact others with the same interest or those interested in forming a Shaver Society. Contact Mr. Rauth at: 2251 Imperial Lane, #6
Green Bay, WI 54302

ACE

ACE

Ace Books is instituting a Trade line of SF in October with the publication of four titles. They will do one a month thereafter, making Ace, according to Editor James Baen, "the largest Trade SF, as well as paperback SF, publisher in the world".

The books will be reprinted in mass market editions. The better the sales, the longer a title is kept exclusively on the Trade market. The four titles in the program's maiden month are:

Fred Saberhagen-*EMPIRE OF THE EAST*
Gordon R. Dickson-*SPIRIT OF DORSAI*
Paul Anderson-*A STONE IN HEAVEN*
Dean Ing -----*SOFT TARGET*

EMPIRE OF THE EAST, an omnibus volume, contains three novels, *THE BROKEN LANDS*, *THE BLACK MOUNTAINS* and *THE CHANGING EARTH*, with a critical afterword by Sandra Miesel.

Dickson's *SPIRIT OF DORSAI*, which shares its background with the other Dorsoi novels, is only a sidelight to the series' main thematic plot thrust. Included is the novelette, "Brothers", along with new material.

A STONE IN HEAVEN is possibly the last Flандry story by Paul Anderson.

SOFT TARGET is the first book by Dr. Dean Ing, a University of Oregon professor of Communication, who was formerly in the aerospace industry. Dr. Ing is also a sports-car designer.

Upcoming titles from Ace include: *A PATCHWORK GIRL* by Larry Niven, *MASTERS OF EVERON* by Gordon R. Dickson and *INTERFACES*, edited by Ursula K. LeGuin and Virginia Kidd.

Ace SF, nominally separated from the rest of Ace, is undergoing its share of cash flow problems. Production has been cut down to six titles per month, but Mr. Baen assures us that by next spring it will be back to the regular eight or ten.

BANTAM

Bantam has joined the evergrowing number of publishers in the Trade paperback boom. In September they will present three heavily-illustrated titles:

Ray Bradbury ---- *MARTIAN CHRONICLES*
Byron Pruess & J. Michael Reaves ---

-----*DRAGONWORLD*
The Brothers Hildebrandt &
Jerry Nichols-*URSHURAK*

URSHURAK has been chosen as an October main selection of the Quality Paperback Book Club and an October alternate selection of the

Book-of-the-Month Club.

Other upcoming titles for Bantam are: ON WINGS OF SONG by Thomas M. Disch and an untitled story collection by Disch, edited by Samuel R. Delany. Bantam will do a series of original lensman novels; the first is WERSELE LENSMAN by David Kyle. Other releases: JEM by Frederik Pohl, ENGINE SUMMER by John Crowley, DRAGONDRUMS by Anne McCaffrey and numbers 5 & 6 in the Conan series.

BERKLEY/JOVE

Victor Temkin, President of Berkley Publishing Corporation, announced the acquisition of Jove Publications, Inc. from Harcourt, Brace, Janovich, Inc. on March 15th, and the formation of a new entity on the publishing scene -- the BJ Publishing Group.

Berkley and Jove imprints will have separate editorial staffs, but will share sales and production facilities. Both imprints will be distributed by Kable News and ICD respectively, their wholesalers before the merger.

Berkley will, according to the press release, "continue under its publisher, Rena Wolner, to publish a full line of fiction and non-fiction reprints of books licensed by all major hardcover publishers, books licensed from authors in simultaneous hardcover/softcover arrangements with its affiliate, G.P. Putnam's Sons, and other, plus its very successful complete science fiction line of originals, reprints and issues".

Jove will be headed by William R. Goode, who recently resigned as Editor in Chief of Dell Books.

Jove will no longer issue original SF, but will continue to reprint backlist titles, to be gradually phased out. No word on continued publication of popular SF books, such as the Stephen Goldin "Doc"-Smith-inspired IMPERIAL STAR series (Jove) or George R.R. Martin's critically-acclaimed original anthology series, NEW VOICES (Berkley).

DELL

Dell will be starting a new imprint in October, the Dell Fantasy Line, to publish at least one fantasy book a month. The success of recent Dell fantasy titles and the emergence of "a number of excellent and talented new fantasy writers in recent years" prompted their decision.

Packaging of the Dell Fantasy Line will be by Art Director Bruce Hall, and Jim Frenkel will be the editor, aided by Lou Stathis. They will publish WALL OF SERPENTS

by L. Sprague de Camp and Fletcher Pratt, WHO FEARS THE DEVIL by Manly Wade Wellman (with new illustrations by Tim Kirk) and others.

Dell will continue to publish two SF titles per month. Upcoming titles include: A Reissue of the ILLUMINATUS! trilogy, which is under consideration for a movie, THE SUNBOUND by Cynthia Felice, BORN TO EXILE by Phyllis Eisenstein (another fantasy title), WALL OF YEARS by Andrew Stephenson, THE SPELLSTONE OF SHALUTS by Linda E. Bushyager, AN INFINITE SUMMER (a story collection) by Christopher Priest and THE FORTUNES OF BRAK (another fantasy) by John Jakes.

POCKET

In November Pocket will publish as their lead title, a fantasy novel, THE BOOK OF THE DUN COW by Walter Wangerin, a Lutheran minister who was born in Portland, Oregon. This is his first fictional effort. Pocket paid \$300,000 for the paperback rights. Other upcoming releases include: Two books by Hilbert Schenck, WAVE RIDER (set for January) and AT THE EYE OF THE OCEAN (Mr. Schenck is the director of the Ocean Engineering program at the University of Rhode Island), THE FACE OF THE DEEP by James Young (his first novel), STAR LORD by Louise Lawrence, THE WHITE HART by Nancy Springer and THE PUPPIES OF TERRA by Thomas M. Disch (the complete version, first time in America).

PAPERBACKS

ACE

August:

Gordon R. Dickson --- HOME FROM THE SHORE
Charles Sheffield --- THE WEB BETWEEN THE WORLDS
James Baen, Editor --- DESTINIES #4
Reginald Bretnor, Editor --- THE FUTURE AT WAR: VOLUME #1
Fred Saberhagen --- THE ULTIMATE ENEMY
Thomas J. Ryan --- THE ADOLESCENCE OF P-1
Marion Zimmer Bradley --- THE DOOR THROUGH SPACE
John Myers Myers --- SILVERLOCK

SPECIAL FRITZ LEIBER PROMOTION:

Fafhrd & Gray Mouser

SWORDS AND DEVILTRY
SWORDS AGAINST DEATH
SWORDS IN THE MIST
SWORDS AGAINST WIZARDRY
THE SWORDS OF LANGMAR
SWORDS AND ICE MAGIC

September:

Randall Garrett --- TOO MANY MAGICIANS
Lolah Burford --- THE VISION OF STEPHAN

Gordon R. Dickson --- THE SPACE SWIMMERS
James H. Schmitz --- THE DEMON BREED
Barry N. Malzberg --- MALZBERG AT LARGE
Jerry E. Pournelle --- A STEP FARTHER OUT

October:

Larry Niven --- THE MAGIC GOES AWAY
Robert Asprin --- THIEVE'S WORLD
Dennis Schmidt --- KENSHO
Greg Bear --- PSYCHOLINE
James Baen, Editor --- DESTINIES #5
Paul Anderson --- A STONE IN HEAVEN
Fred Saberhagen --- EMPIRE OF THE EAST
Gordon R. Dickson --- THE SPIRIT OF DORSAL
Dean Ing --- SOFT TARGETS

AVON

August:

Clifford D. Simak --- ALL THE TRAPS OF EARTH
Robert Silverberg, Editor --- CAR SINISTER
(With Martin Greenberg and Joseph Oleander)

September:

Paul Adler --- SAUCER HILL
(On the docket is a non-fiction title, A READER'S GUIDE TO SF, by Baird Searles, Martin Last and Paul Meehan.)

October:

Roger Zelazny --- COURTS OF CHAOS
(Fifth in the Amber series and reportedly the last)
Harry Harrison --- BILL: THE GALACTIC HERO

BANTAM

August:

Harry Harrison --- THE STAINLESS STEEL RAT WANTS YOU

September:

Samuel R. Delany --- TALES OF NEVERYON
Frederic Brown --- HONEYMOON IN HELL
Robert E. Howard --- WOLFSPHEAD
Ray Bradbury --- MARTIAN CHRONICLES
Byron Preiss & J. Michael Reaves --- DRAGONWORLD

The Brothers Hildebrandt & Jerry Nichols --- URSHURAK

October:

Mack Reynolds --- LAGRANGE FIVE
Karl Edward Wagner --- THE ROAD OF KINGS
(Conan #4)

BERKLEY

August:

Tom Reamy --- BLIND VOICES
Gregory Benford --- THE STARS IN SHROUD
Gerald Bailey --- THE SWORD OF POYANA
Robert Silverberg --- THE FEAST OF ST. DIONYSIUS

September:

T.H. White --- MISTRESS MASHAM'S REPOSE
D.G. Compton --- SYNTHAJJOY
Robert E. Howard --- THE LOST VALLEY OF ISKANDER

Richard Matheson -----SHOCK WAVES
Richard Matheson ----- WHAT DREAMS
MAY COME
Robert Thurston & Glen Larson -----
BATTLESTAR GALACTICA III:
THE TOMBS OF KOBAL

October:

Poul Anderson -----THE AVATAR
Suzee McKee Charnas ----- MOTHERLINES
Suzee McKee Charnas--WALK TO THE END
OF THE WORLD
Richard Matheson ----- SHOCKWAVES

DAW

August:

Tanith Lee ----- ELECTRIC FOREST
Isaac Asimov & Martin Greenberg, Ed.
-----ISAAC ASIMOV PRESENTS THE
-----GREAT SF: VOLUME II
Jack Vance ----- THE PANDRE
Drey Prescott ----A SWORD FOR KREGAN
(#20 in the Antares series)
Tanith Lee -----DON'T BITE THE SUN

September:

Andre Norton -----QUAG KEEP
C.J. Cherryh ----- HESTIA
Michael Moorcock -- THE TIME DWELLER
Emil Petaja ----- THE STOLEN SUN
A.E. Van Vogt----- LOST: FIFTY SUNS
(Listed as a reprint)

October:

M.A. Foster ----THE DAY OF THE KLESH
Brian M. Stableford--THE PARADOX OF
-----THE ZETS
Edward Wellen ----- THE DOUGLAS
CONVOLUTION
A. Bertram Chandler--THE BROKEN CYCLE

DELL

August:

John Varley ----- THE PERSISTENCE
OF VISION
Gardner Dozois, Editor ----- BEST SF
STORIES OF THE YEAR #7
(Illustrated by Jack Gaughan)
C.L. Moore -----JUDGMENT NIGHT
(Cover by James Fox)
Andrew Stephenson -----NIGHTWATCH
Michael Moorcock -----THE ETERNAL
CHAMPION
(Cover by Boris Vallejo)
James Frenkel, Editor--BINARY STAR #3
(Illustrated by Jim Odbert)
Includes two novellas:
DR SCOFFLAW by Ron Goulart,
OUTERWORLD by Isidore Haiblum

September:

Phyllis Eisenstein --SHADOW OF EARTH
(Illustrated by San Julien)
Isidore Haiblum ----- THE WILK ARE
(Revised Edition) --- AMONG US
(Cover by Larry Kresek)

October:

Robert Asprin -----ANOTHER FINE MYTH
Theodore Sturgeon ----- THE STARS ARE
----- THE STYX
(Cover by Rowena Morrell)
Algis Rudys ----- SOME WILL NOT DIE
(Cover by Milo Cintron)

DEL REY

July:

Piers Anthony ----- CASTLE ROOGNA
Lee Kilough--THE DOPPELGANGER GAMBIT
Terry Carr, Editor -----THE BEST SF
-----OF THE YEAR #8
James Branch Cabell----- DONNEI
Philip K. Dick ---- A SCANNER DARKLY
Bill Starr ----THE WAY TO DAWNORLD

August:

Clifford D. Simak ---- FELLOWSHIP OF
-----THE TALISMAN
Jack L. Chalker ----THE DEVIL WILL
-----DRAG YOU UNDER
James Blish ----- THE BEST OF
-----JAMES BLISH
James Branch Cabell--THE HIGH PLACE
L. Sprague de Camp ----- LEST
-----DARKNESS FALL
Bill Starr ----- THE TREASURE OF
----- WONDERWHAT

September:

Katherine Kurtz ----- SAINT CAMBER
(Second in the Camber trilogy)
Jane Roberts----- SPACE ANGEL
Terry Carr, Editor-----THE BEST SF
-----NOVELLAS OF THE YEAR #1
Fritz Leiber ----- THE BEST
-----OF FRITZ LEIBER
James Branch Cabell ---- SOMETHING
----- ABOUT EVE
James White ----- HOSPITAL STATION

October:

Brian Daley --HAN SOLO AT STAR'S END
Robert Don Hughes ----- THE PROPHET
----- OF LAMETH
James White -----AMBULANCE SHIP
Alan Dean Foster ----- MIDWORLD
James Branch Cabell----- THE CREAM
----- OF THE JEST
Fletcher Pratt ----THE WELL OF THE
----- UNICORN

FAWCETT CREST

August:

Andre Norton ----- STAR RANGERS

September & October:

No titles scheduled.

FAWCETT GOLD MEDAL

August:

Graham Diamond--THE THIEF OF KALIMAR
(Mr. Diamond is a staff artist
at THE NEW YORK TIMES)

September & October:

No titles scheduled

POCKET

August:

Marion Zimmer Bradley--THE RUINS OF
-----ISIS
Jane Gaskell ----- KING'S DAUGHTER
Jack Vance -----THE BEST OF JACK VANCE

September:

Richard Cowper -----THE ROAD TO CORLAY

Thomas M. Disch-----THE GENOCIDES
Poul Anderson ----- THE BEST OF
----- POUL ANDERSON

October:

Norman Spinrad -----A WORLD BETWEEN
Keith Laumer -----RETIEF: EMISSARY
----- TO THE STARS
(Contents changed from Berkley's rare
1960's edition)
Cherry Wilder ----THE LUVK OF BRIN'S
(First of a series) ----- FIVE
Cecilia Holland ----- FLOATING WORLDS
(Cover redone)

POPULAR LIBRARY

August:

Sam Dann ----- THE THIRD BODY

September:

Moyna Caldecott ---THE TEMPLE OF THE
----- SUN
(2nd in the Sacred Stones trilogy)

SIGNET

August:

Robert Adams --CAT OF A SILVERY HILL

September:

Joan D. Vinge ----- EYES OF AMBER
AND OTHER STORIES
Brian W. Aldiss -----THE DARK LIGHT
-----YEARS

October:

Robert A. Heinlein -----DOUBLE STAR

TRADE PUBLICATIONS

BARONET

Gordon Eklund & E.E. "Doc" Smith ---
-----LORD TEDRIC #3:
---BLACK KNIGHT OF THE IRON SPHERE

STARBLAZE

Michael Whelan's first art col-
lection, WONDERWORKS: SCIENCE FIC-
TION & FANTASY ART, is available in
a limited 2,000-copy edition. In-
cluded are over 100 paintings and
drawings, 58 in color, with comment-
aries by Poul Anderson, C.J. Cherryh,
Alan Dean Foster, Anne McCaffrey,
Michael Moorcock and Kelly Freas.

HARDBACKS

BERKLEY

August:

David Drake -----THE DRAGON LORD

September:

D.G. Compton ----- WINDOWS
Scott Baker -----NIGHTCHILD
Poul Anderson--THE MERMAN'S CHILDREN

October:

Ursula K. LeGuin ----- MALAFRENA
Michael Bishop ----- TRANSFIGURATION

DOUBLEDAY

August:

Stuart Schiff ----- WHISPERS II
Peter Tate ----- GREEN COMA

September:

Andy Stone -----SONG OF THE KINGDOM
George Alec Effinger ----- HEROICS

October:

Ardat Mayhar -----HOW THE GODS MOVE
IN KYRANRON

HARPER & ROW

August:

Isaac Asimov, Editor-----SF OF THE
SOLAR SYSTEM
Freeman Dyson ----- DISTURBING THE
(Non-fiction) UNIVERSE

MAGAZINES

AMAZING & FANTASTIC

(No publishing schedule)

According to several letters I have received, Omar Gohagen (name of the editor) is not fiction. Several people have been added to the editorial staffs.

AMAZING has added a fan column, written by Steve Fahnestalk. FANTASTIC has also added a fan column, by Jim Wilson. Dave Truesdale will do a book review column and Craig Anderson will do a media review column for FANTASTIC. The publishers still have not changed their payment policy to authors of reprinted stories.

ANALOG

(Monthly since January....)

Thomas Easton will be the regular book reviewer for ANALOG. Spider Robinson will do several guest review columns each year.

DESTINIES

(#2--Jan, #3--April ...)

The July issue will feature an article on Orbital Elevators by Charles Sheffield, author of the featured fiction. The schedule has been upped to bimonthly for the summer, but Editor Baen says he doesn't have "enough material or time" to sustain it.

FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION

(Monthly, Jan. through July ...)
October Issue:

Marks the 30th Anniversary of F&SF. For \$2.50 it will include the usual departments as well as a Feghoot and 8 pages of cartoons.
(Out in late August/early September)

November:

Featuring Part #1 of LORD VALENTINE'S CASTLE by Robert Silverberg, it will run about 40,000 words, over half the issue. To run in four parts, it will include all but about 20 to 30,000 words of the text.

GALILEO

(#11/#12--March, #13--July....)

The July issue, out in early June, got good distribution in the Wil-

lamette Valley area. Possibly they will go monthly in 1980.

OMNI

By October OMNI's print run will increase to 1.5 million. According to Ben Bova, within a year they could increase another .5 million, totalling TWO MILLION copies per issue. So much for those in SF who predicted a quick failure. OMNI readers don't appear to be ordinary buyers of SF magazines; they probably have more in common with readers of PSYCHOLOGY TODAY or THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.

STARLOG/FUTURE LIFE

The word is they are badly understaffed and overextended. Plans for an SF magazine are apparently off.

ETERNITY

The first issue of the new ETERNITY will, in the words of Editor Stephen Gregg, "bear no more than a minor resemblance to the previous incarnation". Edward Bryant will do the film column, Karl T. Pflock the science column and Orson Scott Card the book column, plus Andrew J. Offutt with a personal overview of the field. More info next issue.

my own columns will expand, especially "And Then I read...." and "And Then I Saw....", to include a new one: "And Then I Heard...." (s-f records).

I have a few good letters to print and no room, of course. Next issue.

Pity to poor editor. *Snurfile*

CANNED MEAT

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REG #1-2-3 are sold out. REG #4 is the current issue.

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Send subscriptions to:

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P.O. Box 11408
Portland, OR 97211

REG #12 nearly ready for mailing

7-8-79. As a result of a truly traumatic week of assembling this issue and having to confront the agonizingly cold equations of a 64 page limit and 72 pages of material, next issue will see Changes. I've had to return Bill Warren's movie news and reviews column for lack of room, and in the process decided to forgo his column in future issues; I can (with the money I paid him per column) see the movies myself and write the reviews myself.

I had to cut Elton Elliott's news column heavily...but only of those terminable "Herman Blatt has sold a novel to Grunch. It will be the first of a twenty-volume series about interstellar killer mice." entries. I see no point in printing that news three times--once as a sale, once as a scheduled book, and once as a "Book Received" (and perhaps another time as a review).

I've bitten off too much in the way of new columns in the past year, and cut down my own material in SFR. I tend to cycle from one extreme to the other.

All the "Received" books and magazines and other items will be gathered in alphabetical order by author (when possible) in a return of THE ARCHIVES. I may use a reduced type size for that section.

BACK ISSUES

THE ALIEN CRITIC
SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW
NO OTHER BACK ISSUES ARE
AVAILABLE

\$1.25 per copy

EACH ISSUE CONTAINS MANY REVIEWS.
EACH ISSUE CONTAINS LETTERS FROM
WELL-KNOWN SF & FANTASY WRITERS,
EDITORS, PUBLISHERS AND FANS.

THE FOLLOWING LISTINGS ARE OF
FEATURED CONTRIBUTIONS

THE ALIEN CRITIC #5 Interview
with Fritz Leiber; "The Literary
Dreamers" by James Blish; "Irvn
Binkin Meets H.P. Lovecraft" by
Jack Chalker.

THE ALIEN CRITIC #6 Interview
with R.A. Lafferty; "The Trench-
ant Bludgeon" by Ted White; "Trans-
lations from the Editorial" by
Marion Z. Bradley.

THE ALIEN CRITIC #8 "Tomorrow's
Libido: Sex and Science Fiction"
by Richard Delap; "The Trench-
ant Bludgeon" by Ted White; "Ban-
quet Speech" by Robert Bloch;
"Noise Level" by John Brunner.

THE ALIEN CRITIC #9 "Reading
Heinlein Subjectively" by Alexei
and Cory Panshin; "Written to a
Pulp!" by Sam Merwin, Jr.; "Noise
Level" by John Brunner; "The
Shaver Papers" by Richard S. Shav-
er.

THE ALIEN CRITIC #10 An Inter-
view with Stanislaw Lem: "A Nest
of Strange and Wonderful Birds"
by Sam Merwin, Jr.; Robert Bloch's
Guest Of Honor speech; The Hein-
lein Reaction.

THE ALIEN CRITIC #11 Interview
with Avram Davidson; "Founda-
tion On Sand" by J. Alder-
son; "The Fan History"
by La.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #14 In-
terview with Philip Jose Farmer;
"Thoughts On Logan's Run" by Will-
iam F. Nolan; "The Gimlet Eye" by
John Gustafson.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #15 In-
terview with L. Sprague de Camp;
"Spec-Fic and the Perry Rhodan
Ghetto" by Donald C. Thompson;
"Uffish Thots" by Ted White.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #16 In-
terview with Jerry Pournelle; "The
True and Terrible History of Sci-
ence Fiction" by Barry Malzberg;
"Noise Level" by John Brunner;
"The Literary Masochist" by Rich-
ard Lupoff.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #17 In-
terview with George R. R. Martin;
Interview with Robert Anton Wilson;
"Philip K. Dick: A Parallax View"
by Terrence M. Green; "Microcos-
mos" by R. Faraday Nelson.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #18 In-
terview with Lester del Rey; Inter-
view with Alan Burt Akers; "Noise
Level" by John Brunner; "A Short
One for the Boys in the Back Room"
by Barry Malzberg.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #19 In-
terview with Philip K. Dick; Inter-
view with Frank Kelly Freas; "The
Notebooks of Mack Sikes" by Larry
Niven; "Angel Fear" by Freff; "The
Vivisector" by Darrell Schweitzer.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #20 In-
terviews with Theodore Sturgeon
and Joe Haldeman; "Noise Level" by
John Brunner; "The Vivisector" by
Darrell Schweitzer; "The Gimlet
Eye" by John Gustafson.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #21 In-
terviews with Leigh Brackett & Ed-
mond Hamilton, and with Tim Kirk;
"The Dream Quarter" by Barry Malz-
berg "Noise Level" by John Brunner.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #22 In-
terview with John Varley; "S-F and
S-E-X" by Sam Merwin, Jr.; "After-
thoughts on Logan's Run" by Will-
iam F. Nolan; "An Evolution of Con-
sciousness" by Marion Zimmer Brad-
ley."

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #23 In-
terviews with A. E. Van Vogt,
Jack Vance, and Piers Anthony;
"The Silverberg That Was" by Rob-
ert Silverberg.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #24 In-
terviews with Bob Shaw, David G.
Hartwell and Algis Budrys; "On Be-
ing a Bit of a Legend" by Algis
Budrys.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #25 In-
terviews with George Scithers,
Poul Anderson and Ursula K. Le
Guin; "Flying Saucers and the Sty-
mie Factor" by Ray Palmer; ONE
IMMORTAL MAN--Part One.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #26 In-
terviews with Gordon R. Dickson
and Larry Niven; "Noise Level" by
John Brunner; "Fee-dom Road" by
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